April 22, 1974

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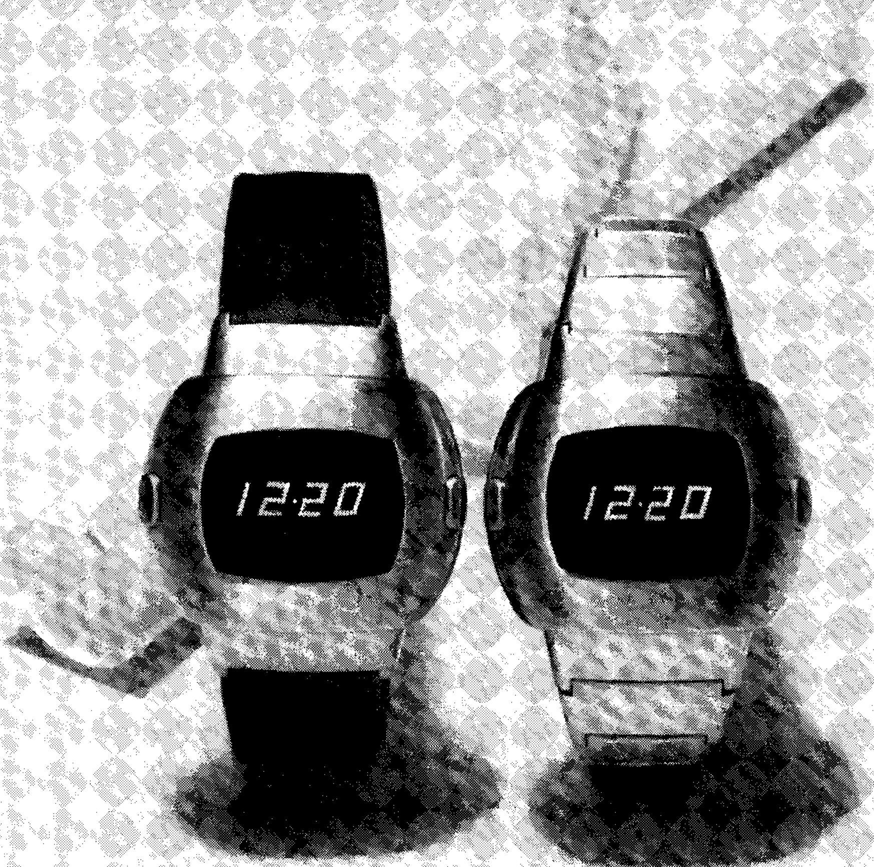

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

An American Millionaire—A comedy by Murray Schisgal, with Paul Sorvino, Bob Dishy, Austin Pendleton, and Joseph Bova. Directed by Gerald Freedman. Previews through Friday, April 19. Opens officially on Saturday, April 20, and will run through Sunday, May 26. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Bad Habits—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set at a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. With Paul Benedict, Doris Roberts, and J. Frank Lucas, among others. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

British Theatre Season—The Royal Shakespeare Company closes out the season at the Brooklyn Academy of Music with Michael Redgrave in two anthologies. THE HOLLOW CROWN, devised by John Barton: Thursday, April 18, at 7; Friday, April 19, at 1:30 and 8; Saturday, April 20, at 8; Saturday, April 27, at 8; and Sunday, April 28, at 2 and 7:30. . . . PLEASURE AND REPENTANCE, devised by Terry Hands: Sunday, April 21, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday, April 25, at 1:30 and 8; and Friday, April 26, at 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Candide—A triumphant version of the once-doomed Bernstein-Wilbur-Voltaire musical. Voltaire still comes out last, but it doesn't matter. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Circle—Natalie Schafer in W. Somerset Maugham's play. Opens Wednesday, April 17. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Clarence Darrow—Henry Fonda alone on a stage amounts to a big and stunning cast. His portrait of Darrow is a highly affecting one. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 27.)

The Dance of Death—Lacerating family combat was meat and drink to Strindberg. Zoe Caldwell, Robert Shaw, and Hector Elizondo enact with appropriate relish his bloodthirsty comedy. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, May 5.)

Dear Nobody—This recitation, by Jane Marla Robbins, of entries from the diaries of Fanny Burney becomes, at its best, a gossipy evocation of life in eighteenth-century England. Miss Robbins has chosen well, and the evening is consistently entertaining. Patricia Zipprodt designed her lovely costumes. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 28.)

Equity Library Theatre—Carl Sternheim's play BLOOMERS, adapted by Roger Hendricks Simon, will be the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, April 17. Opens officially on Thursday, April 18, and will run through Sunday, April 28. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fashion—A musical adaptation in modern dress of Anna Cora Mowatt's hit of 1845, with a cast of nine women and a man. There is some ridicule of the original play, which is annoying at first, but soon charm conquers all. Don Pippin is responsible for the melodic score, Steve Brown for the bright lyrics, and Mary Jo Catlett (as a social-climbing matron) for one of the funniest, most delightful performances around. Anthony Stimac was both adapter and director. (Little Hippodrome cabaret, 227 E. 56th St. 755-1820. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Find Your Way Home—A married man falls in love with a young male hustler, with unpleasant results. A play far more entertaining than one might suppose from its subject matter, and exceptionally well acted by Jane Alexander, Lee Richardson, Michael Moriarty, and John Ramsey. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Good Doctor—An uneasy marriage between Neil "Doc" Simon and Anton "Doc" Chekhov. The cast—Christopher Plummer, René Auberjonois, Barnard Hughes, Frances Sternhagen, and Kathryn Walker—is superb. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Good Evening—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a splendid two-man revue. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

Hard to Be a Jew—Joseph Buloff in a Yiddish musical taken from Sholom Aleichem's play. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Saturdays at 2 and 8:15, and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

In the Voodoo Parlour of Marie Leveau—A double bill by Frank Gagliano. The third in this season's New Phoenix Repertory Company's "Sideshow" programs. (Playhouse 2, 357 W. 48th St. Friday, April 19, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, April 20-21, at 3 and 7:30. For tickets, call 765-1620.)

Jumpers—Brian Bedford and Jill Clayburgh in a play by Tom Stoppard, imported from London. Directed by Peter Wood. Previews Friday through Sunday evenings, April 19-21. Opens officially on Monday, April 22. (Billy Rose, 208 W. 41st St. 947-5510. Nightly at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Killdeer—The tone is comic, but the story—

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

about a middle-aged failure whose marriage is on the rocks—is sad. Ralph Waite is entirely believable as the failure, and Barbara Barrie is marvellous as his wife who cannot disguise her disappointment in him. All the other performances, under Melvin Bernhardt's direction, are very good, too. Jay Broad is the playwright. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 21.)

Lorelei—The first ghost musical. The only thing in it that is not ectoplasm is the star, Carol Channing, who has true grit and would break her own leg for a laugh. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Manhattan Project—Final performances—Open rehearsal of a new play by Wallace Shawn, **OUR LATE NIGHT,** Wednesday, April 17, at 8. . . . ¶ Beckett's **ENDGAME,** Thursday through Sunday, April 18-21, at 8. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651.)

Moonchildren—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway a couple of years ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Michael Sacks, Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—O'Neill's sad and comic tale of a rude farm girl and her one encounter with love has been brilliantly revived, with Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Ed Flanders. The director is José Quintero. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Music! Music!—A plundering of some eighty years of popular music. The many performers are eager and talented, and the great songs make us forgive much that is second-rate. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 12.)

My Fat Friend—Being fat is a familiar metaphor for feeling unloved, and Lynn Redgrave touchingly plays a fat girl determined to get thin and be loved. George Rose plays a bitchy homosexual friend of hers, all for laughs, and laugh we do. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

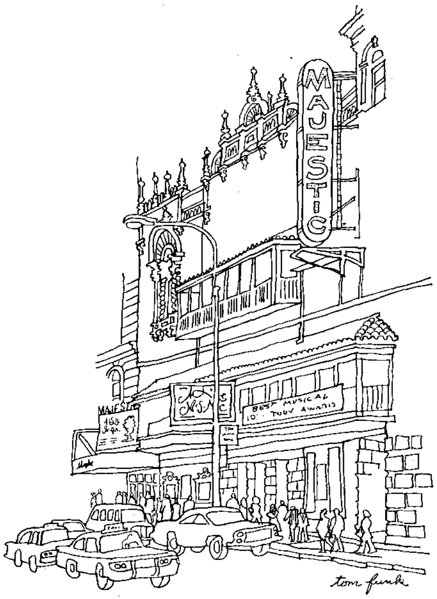
Noël Coward in Two Keys—A couple of neatly turned one-act plays by the late Master, delightfully enacted by Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, Anne Baxter, and Thom Christopher. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Over Here!—A musical about the war-torn forties, little of which is to be believed, though nearly all of it can be enjoyed. With the Andrews Sisters and a large, capable cast. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Raisin—A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Le Roi Se Meurt—Ionesco's play presented, in French, by Le Tréteau de Paris. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. Wednesday, April 17, at 7:30; Thursday, April 18, at 1 and 7:30; Friday, April 19, at 7:30; and final performances Saturday, April 20, at 1 and 7:30. For tickets, call PL 9-4747.)

The Sea Horse—Conchata Ferrell and Edward J. Moore in a two-character play by James Irwin. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 6 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)



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Thieves—A sort of "Grand Hotel" of high-rise apartment living, blessed by the presence of Marlo Thomas. The author is Herb Gardner. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ulysses in Nighttown—Zero Mostel in exquisite eruption as Leopold Bloom. Fionnuala Flanagan as his Molly is a sight for sore eyes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. With Kevin Conway in the leading role, and Elizabeth Sturges as a fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Wild Stunt Show—The Madhouse Company from London in a show made up of stunts—tricks and acrobatics. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 28.)

Words and Music—A forty-year retrospective of the works of songwriter Sammy Cahn, with Mr. Cahn as host, narrator, and performer, accompanied by singers Kelly Garrett, Jon Peck, and Shirley Lemmon. Directed by Jerry Adler. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,817 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.). . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **IRENE:** A synthetic musical, borrowing from the past without having been there. Jane Powell and the rest of the cast redeem the falseness with hard work and high spirits. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC:** Love in three-quarter time in 1973—it sounds improbable, but Stephen Sondheim, with his music and lyrics, and the director, Harold Prince, with his brio, bring it off. The cast includes Glynis Johns, William Daniels, and Hermione Gingold. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and John Rubinstein play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE SUNSHINE BOYS:** Jack Gilford and Lou Jacobi as a pair of acerbic old clowns in a characteristic Neil Simon comedy. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 21.). . . **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 21.). . . **WHAT'S A NICE COUNTRY LIKE YOU DOING IN A STATE LIKE THIS?:** A satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-3789. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Sammy Davis, Jr.—With singer Freda Payne, and the tap-dancing Nicholas Brothers in a two-week engagement of vaudeville that starts Tuesday, April 23, and will run through Saturday, May 4. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Monday, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 3.)

The Circus—Need anything more be said? (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, April 17-19, at 10:30 and 2:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30; and Tuesday through Friday, April 23-26, at 1:30 and 7:30. Because of basketball playoffs, the performances on Sunday, April 21, will be cancelled. Closes Monday, May 27.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting benefit perform-

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ances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday, April 17, at 8:30; *Thursday*, April 18, at 7:30; Friday, April 19, at 8:30; and Saturday, April 20, at 2:30 and 8:30. For tickets, call 861-7955.)

Magic Show—The annual "Salute to Magic" put on by the Society of American Magicians. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, April 27, at 8:15. For tickets, call 541-7290.)

DANCE

National Ballet of Canada—With Rudolf Nureyev (dancing at all performances), in a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 5. Tuesday through Thursday, April 23-25: "The Sleeping Beauty."... ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 26-27: "Les Sylphides," "Flower Festival at Genzano Pas de Deux," and "Don Juan" (New York première). (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Nightly at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Harkness Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, April 17: "Schubert Variations," "Rodin—Mis en Vie" (première), "Bergamasca," and "Ceremonials."... ¶ Thursday evening, April 18: "Night Song," "Memories" (première), "The Lottery," and "Souvenirs."... ¶ Friday evening, April 19: "Time Out of Mind," "Memories," "The Brood," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday matinée, April 20: "Ballade," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," "Percussion for Six-Men," and "Souvenirs."... ¶ Saturday evening, April 20: "Night Song," "Sebastian," "Three Preludes," and "Time Out of Mind."... ¶ Sunday evening, April 21: "Rodin—Mis en Vie," "Ballade," "Gemini," and "The Lottery." (Harkness Theatre, Broadway at 63rd St. 581-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Festa Brazil—Final performances of the engagement by a Brazilian folkloric troupe from Bahia. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday at 7:30, and Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 21.)

Martha Graham Dance Company—Wednesday, April 17, at 8: "Clytemnestra."... ¶ Thursday, April 18, at 8: "El Penitente," "Diversion of Angels," and "Deaths and Entrances."... ¶ Friday, April 19, at 8: "Embattled Garden," "Chronique," and "Appalachian Spring."... ¶ Saturday, April 20, at 2: "Embattled Garden," "Diversion of Angels," and "Deaths and Entrances."... ¶ Saturday, April 20, at 8: "Clytemnestra."... ¶ Monday, April 22, at 7:30: "El Penitente," "Letter to the World," and "Diversion of Angels."... ¶ Tuesday, April 23, at 8: "Clytemnestra."... ¶ Wednesday, April 24, at 8: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Cave of the Heart," "Embattled Garden," and "Night Journey."... ¶ Thursday, April 25, at 8: "Circe," "Cave of the Heart," "Chronique," and "Night Journey."... ¶ Friday, April 26, at 8: "Clytemnestra."... ¶ Saturday, April 27, at 2: "Chronique," "El Penitente," and "Night Journey."... ¶ Saturday, April 27, at 8: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Holy Jungle" (première), and "Deaths and Entrances." (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Closes Saturday, May 4.)

Dance Theatre of Harlem—A two-week engagement—Wednesday, April 17, at 8; Saturday, April 20, at 2; and Sunday, April 21, at 7:30: "Fête Noire," "Le Corsaire," "Wings," and "Dougla."... ¶ Thursday through Saturday, April 18-20, at 8, and Sunday, April 21, at 2: "Holberg Suite," "Caravansarai" (New York première), "Biosfera," and "Forces of Rhythm."... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, April 23-24, at 8, and Saturday, April 27, at 2: "Concerto Barocco," "Haiku" (New York première), "Agon," and "Rhythmetron."... ¶ Thursday, April 25, and Saturday, April 27, at 8: "Design for Strings," "Tones," "Le Corsaire," and "Forces of Rhythm."... ¶ Friday, April 26, at 8: "Design for Strings," "Ancient Voices of Children" (New York première), "Le Corsaire," and "Forces of Rhythm." (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Closes Sunday, April 28.)

Eleo Pomare Dance Company—"Another Shade of Blue," "Blues for the Jungle," "Passage," and "Serendipity '66." (Harlem Cultural Center, Seventh Ave. between 137th and 138th Sts. 862-3000. Friday through Sunday, April 19-21, at 8.)

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José Molina Bailes Españoles—A company of dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, April 20, at 8.)

Gala Evening of Dance—Alvin Ailey, Agnes de Mille, Robert Joffrey, Valerie Bettis, and Jerome Robbins will speak, and members of the companies of the first three will dance, along with, among others, Jacques d'Amboise, Allegra Kent, Carmen de Lavallade, and Bhaskar. A benefit performance. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, April 21, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, from nine, on Sundays.

Barbara Carroll—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, from nine to one, starting Friday, April 19.

Countsmen—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Tenor saxophonist Buddy Tate, trumpeter Doc Cheatham, drummer Jo Jones, bassist Franklin Skeete, and pianist Dill Jones. Sunday, April 21, from eight to midnight.

Bill Evans—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a trio, starting Tuesday, April 23, at ten.

Sonny Fortune—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Saxophone, leading a quintet with trumpeter Charles Sullivan, Sundays, from four to seven.

Stan Getz—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Tenor saxophone, leading a quartet, from nine-thirty, beginning Monday, April 22.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Wednesday and Thursday, April 17-18.

Jim Hall—Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135). Guitar, with bassist Jack Six. From nine to one, through Saturday, April 20.

Chico Hamilton—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Drums, leading a quintet, from nine-thirty, through Saturday, April 20.

Howlin' Wolf—Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892). Chicago-blues singer. At nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, through Monday, April 22.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater, at ten, through Monday, April 22.

Ellis Larkins—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, plus a program of works by Hoagy Carmichael and Johnny Mercer on Sunday, April 21, from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

Junior Mance—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Piano, with a trio, Thursdays through Saturdays, from ten until three.

Dave McKenna—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, with a trio, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to one.

Jimmy McPartland—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Cornet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Major Holley, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Buddy Rich—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Drums, leading a sextet, nightly, except Sundays.

Jimmy Rowles—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, with bassist Tommy Bryant, from eight to one, through Thursday, April 18.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-forty-five.

Zoot Sims and Bucky Pizzarelli—Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). Tenor sax and guitar, respectively, from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Billy Taylor—Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000). Piano, leading a trio, Thursdays through Tuesdays, from nine-thirty.

Charles Tolliver—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Trumpet, leading his quartet, Music, Inc. Monday, April 22, from nine to three.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo, Sundays from nine until two.

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(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—An informal sort of bar, with kegs hanging from the ceiling and people hanging around listening to jazz. The John Foster trio holds forth on Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dining.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—On Mondays, between nine-fifteen and one, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Cake Walkin' Babies" and similar classics. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to three, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up other styles, other seasons. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Having midwifed the American folk renaissance, this simple setting (little changed in fifteen-odd years) now gives its attention to Frank Speiser, who presents a show devoted to Lenny Bruce material. Through Monday, April 22. On Wednesday, April 24, the a-cappella soulsters the Persuasions and comic Gabe Kaplan begin trading sets. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Ice-cream concoctions or, for spartans, coffee, tea, or water.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A soul-food restaurant with *savoir-cuire* and hospitality. Despite the obstructing pillars and a glare that pours out from the kitchen whenever the doors swing open, the jazz that is featured here is well chosen and well miked. Saxophonist Charles McPherson heads up a quartet Wednesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Cedar Walton's trio performs Sunday and Tuesday, April 21 and 23. On Monday, April 22, Charles Tolliver Music, Inc., a quartet led by a talented composer and trumpeter, alternates with John Lewis Sound, an outfit led by a young drummer and featuring singers Rita Da Costa and Joe Lee Wilson. Nine to three are the music hours.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A Colosseum of a folk-and-rock club (by New York standards), this four-hundred-and-fifty-seat house somehow doesn't seem so amphitheatrical as it does intimate. Its top-notch sound system adequately projects even private, diffident performers, and its sensible seating plan provides tiered sections of aisled tables and chairs. NRBQ, a group that plays jazzy country rock, is on hand through Thursday, April 18. On Friday and Saturday, April 19-20, pop rocker Don McLean will share the stage with the contemporary bluegrass ensemble Country Gazette. Buffy Sainte-Marie, the distinctively wavering-voiced folksinger, arrives on Tuesday, April 23. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Exercising a good and reverent ear for music, this intimate, warmhearted bar and restaurant enjoys a high reputation among musicians and listeners alike. The choice spot in the room is the end of the bar, nearest the music corner. Pianist Mike Abene and bassist Michael Moore provide the music through Saturday, April 20. They will be relieved by pianist Bobby Dorough (who at one time accompanied and arranged for Sugar Ray Robinson—his night-club act, that is; his work in the ring was orchestrated by somebody else) and his bassist, Bill Takas, starting Monday, April 22. Sundays, Jaki Byard, a fine pianist who plays in many styles, receives enthusiastically good-natured support from bassist Major Holley. Nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when the music runs from nine to one.

Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St.

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(752-5855)—The Buddy in question is, of course, drummer Buddy Rich, and his just-opened quarters can already be counted among the city's better jazz spots. The room itself is lovely—red carpeting, tessellated red-and-white tablecloths, and, to brighten things up even more, white globes suspended in close formation from the ceiling. The wall decorations—as anyone who has ever stumbled across one of Rich's television talk-show appearances might suspect—are almost exclusively photographs of the proprietor. Several spotlights illuminate Rich and his altogether original and explosive sextet—probably one of the best groups that Rich has worked with in years. Sonny Fortune's soprano saxophone and flute, and Sal Nistico's tenor, make up a splendid reed section. Anthony Jackson is the strikingly agile electric bassist. Pianist Kenny Barron does wonders on piano, and Jack Wilkins, a young guitarist, can be as lilting or as gutsy as the occasion may require. Rich himself holds the whole ensemble together wonderfully, and even soloes on occasion, but never at undue length. It's unusual to see a band as small as this one hunched over music stands reading charts, but the arrangements (by Ernie Wilkins, Mike Abene, and Manny Albam) are suitable territory for firestorms. Two shows week nights, three shows Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—The classics of the twenties and thirties are in safe hands here. Bobby Short knows how to choose them, how to play them, and, what's more, how to sing them. Mr. Short's respectful and energetic voice and piano are well served by drummer Dick Sheridan and bassist Beverly Peer. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper.

Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921)—A small, well-lit bar and restaurant overflowing with enthusiasm (and patrons). Twenty-two-year-old stride pianist Brooks Kerr, Sam Woodyard on drums, and Paul Quinichette on tenor sax perform Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays. The No Gap Generation Jazz Band, another traditional combo headed by another youthful leader, clarinettist Art Miller, takes over Mondays, Tuesdays, and Fridays. Music from eleven until four. Dining.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Music presented in a cafeteria ambience—clattering dishes and uninterrupted chatter. Pianist and crackly-voiced singer Jimmy Rowles and his bass player, Tommy Bryant, finish up Thursday, April 18. On Friday, April 19, another pianist of note, Barbara Carroll, takes the center of the room. Dick Hyman flourishes at the keyboard on Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dinner.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (595-4206)—A large room, with red walls, red carpeting, red tablecloths, and Italian dishes with tomato sauce. Three male singers who are known as Gotham perform music of the past through Sunday, April 21. Mondays are devoted to unveiling new talent. Shows begin at nine and midnight.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub, graced by the gently playful piano stylings of Ellis Larkins with Al Hall on bass Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sunday, April 21, from five-thirty to seven-thirty, Larkins and Hall will play works by Hoagy Carmichael and Johnny Mercer. Norma Shepherd is at the keyboard with bassist Johnny Williams from nine-thirty on Mondays. Snacks.

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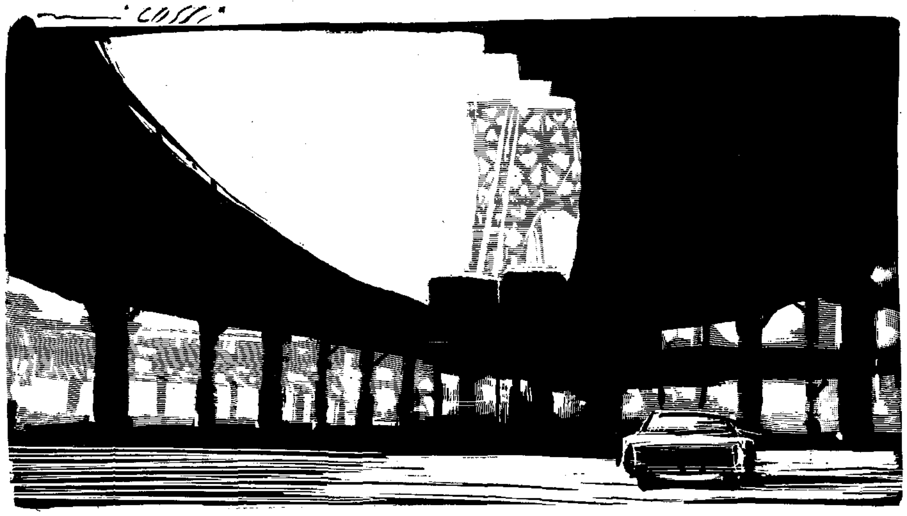
Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—With its casual atmosphere, sparely designed chairs and lamps, and large, sprawling square tables, this spacious room looks not unlike a student-union lounge. The bandstand, which is also expansive, accommodates Jim Hall, one of the most influential guitarists alive, who works with bassist Jack Six through Saturday, April 20. On Sunday and Monday, April 21-22, guitarists Carl Thompson and Mike Gary receive support from bassist Ken Smith. The guitar-bass duo of Skeeter Best and Tommy Bryant takes over on Tuesday, April 23. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—Having moved this enterprise uptown from its former well-worn and warmly regarded informal quarters on Spring Street, the management has proved shrewd. For night-clubbing has lately reacquired something of its old cachet, and the Half Note is now, by virtue of its polish, decorum, and black-tied waiters, a night club. Drummer Chico Hamilton enlivens his bright young quintet opposite singer Teri Thorton through Saturday, April 20. On Monday, April 22, tenorman Stan Getz brings in his quartet. Sundays are given over to various jazz groups. Shows at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Pianist Lance Hayward is present every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts takes over. Bassist Bill Pemberton participates Friday and Saturday, April 19-20, and Gino Biondi will show up on Friday and Saturday, April 26-27. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three. Singer-pianist Dottie Stallworth performs on Sundays from five to eight.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It's a long way from Bourbon Street, but the message is still clear. Jimmy McPartland, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Major Holley, and Eddie Locke deliver it from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday. Fridays and Saturdays, from nine, pianist Steve Crist alternates with the band.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A frenetic three-story convention hall. In the **52nd Street Room**, on the lower level, Jackie Mason officiates through Saturday, April 20. On Thursday, April 25, David Steinberg, one of the funnier, if slicker, examples of the newer, younger crop of comedians, arrives. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty.



Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—Weathered wood, ropes and riggings, a young, ardent clientele, and an amicable staff form a setting for fairly reliable entertainment that varies from rock, folk, and blues to jazz. Chicago bluesman Mighty Joe Young and his four-piece backup group cut loose through Sunday, April 21. Shows start at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays. Mondays are turned over to an assortment of aspiring musicians and jesters. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—With absolutely none of the characteristics of the famous Kansas City clubs of the past (e.g., the Sunset, the Subway, and the Reno), this New York pinnacle on the folk, rock, and blues circuit might just as well have been christened Max's Secaucus. The second-story music room has recently been refurbished—the white walls have been painted dark gray, to hide the dirt, and they are now adorned with blown-up photographs of the hip and famous—but the disagreeable seating plan was, regrettably, not tampered with. Through Monday, April 22, it's a double bill of just folks: singer Janis Ian and keyboard musician Eric Kaz. Captain Beefheart and his band play surrealistic Delta-blues-flavored rock opposite singer Allie Willis beginning Wednesday, April 24. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays, two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Dining downstairs. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the music is.

Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—A Village citadel upholding the doctrines of folk, rock, and pop. Howlin' Wolf is a blues singer of Olympian proportions—he's a huge man and his voice sears. At sixty-four, he still reveres the raw country blues, and, like that other aging blues force of the fifties, Muddy Waters, he is seated during most of his performances. He remains a startlingly powerful, shamanlike presence. The Howlin' Wolf blues band will play through Monday, April 22. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

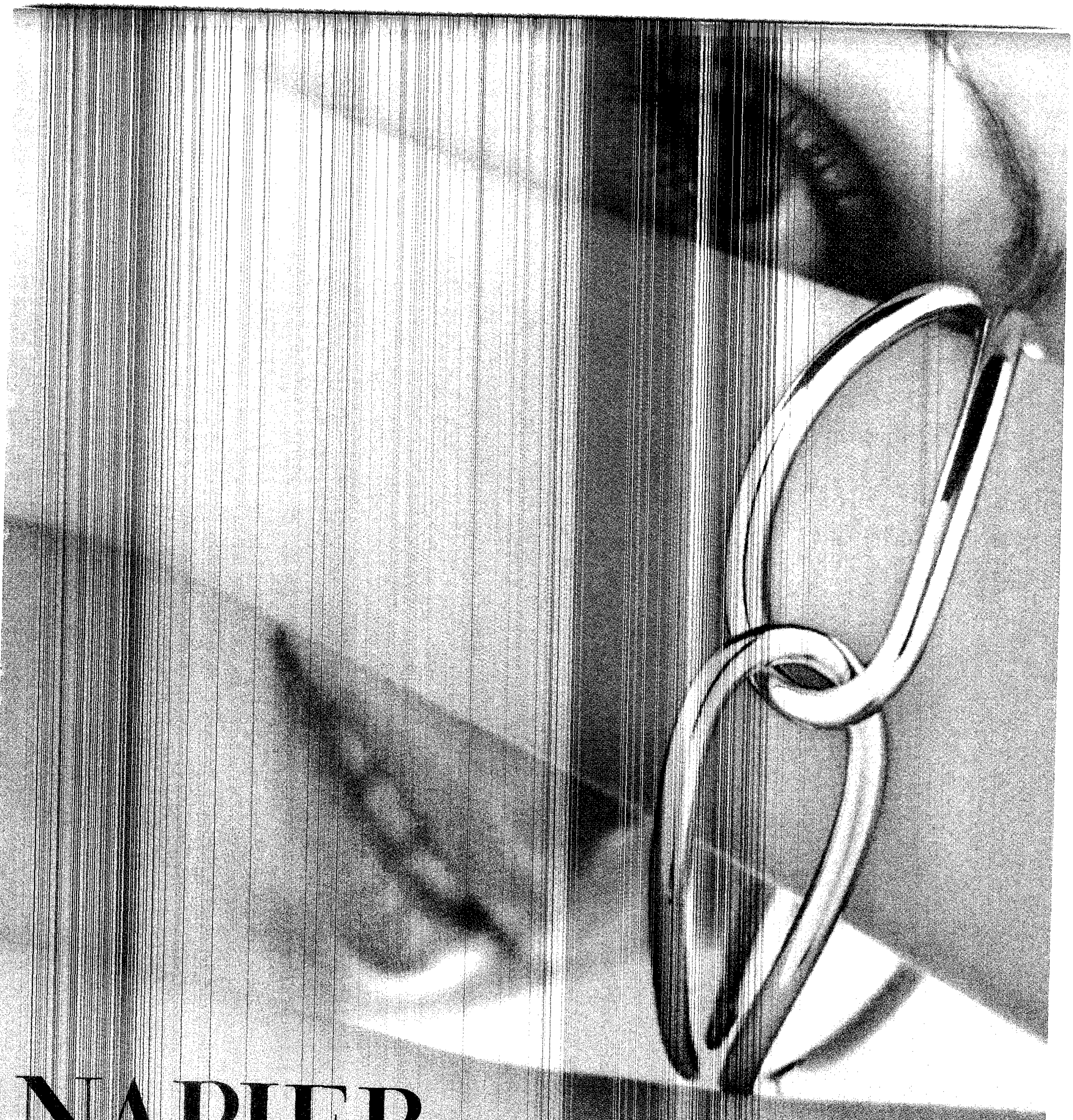
Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—While a portrait of Henry VIII looks on from Tudored walls, conversationalists at the tables compete with the performers on the stage. Pianist Dave McKenna, bassist Bucky Calabrese, and drummer Joe Corsello keep things in hand from nine to one. Woody Allen, now a stand-up clarinettist, performs with the Monday-night Dixieland sextet from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side gathering place with a softly lighted main room and a glassed-in sidewalk gallery, both of which have tables for drinking and dining. Thursdays through Saturdays, pianist Junior Mance takes his trio through some funky blues. The hours are ten until three.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Peacock feathers are representationally strewn over the drapery, the wallpaper, and the formica-topped tables in this nook just off the main drag of the Waldorf lobby. Billy Taylor, ex-disc jockey, jazz promoter, composer, one of four musical directors of the New York Jazz Repertory Company, and expert pianist, is here with bassist Lisle Atkinson and drummer Bobby Thomas from Thursdays to Tuesdays after nine-thirty. Dinner.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A genuinely exotic night spot that boasts fresh-cut flowers on the piano and a forties campiness. Singer, actress, director, and consultant with the Public Theatre Novella Nelson is currently performing here Tuesdays through Saturdays before her many devoted followers. Shows begin at nine and midnight. Intermittent piano music is provided by pianist Jeremy Stone from eight-thirty to two. On Sunday, April 21, at nine, singer Lucy Lowe does songs from the beginning of this century, and Mercedes Hall, a soul singer, goes on at eleven-thirty. Monday nights are showcases for burgeoning entertainers. Dining.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—These two tiny and tired-looking rooms, with erotic (soft-core) tablecloths, are dominated by the dancing tenor saxophone solos of Zoot Sims,



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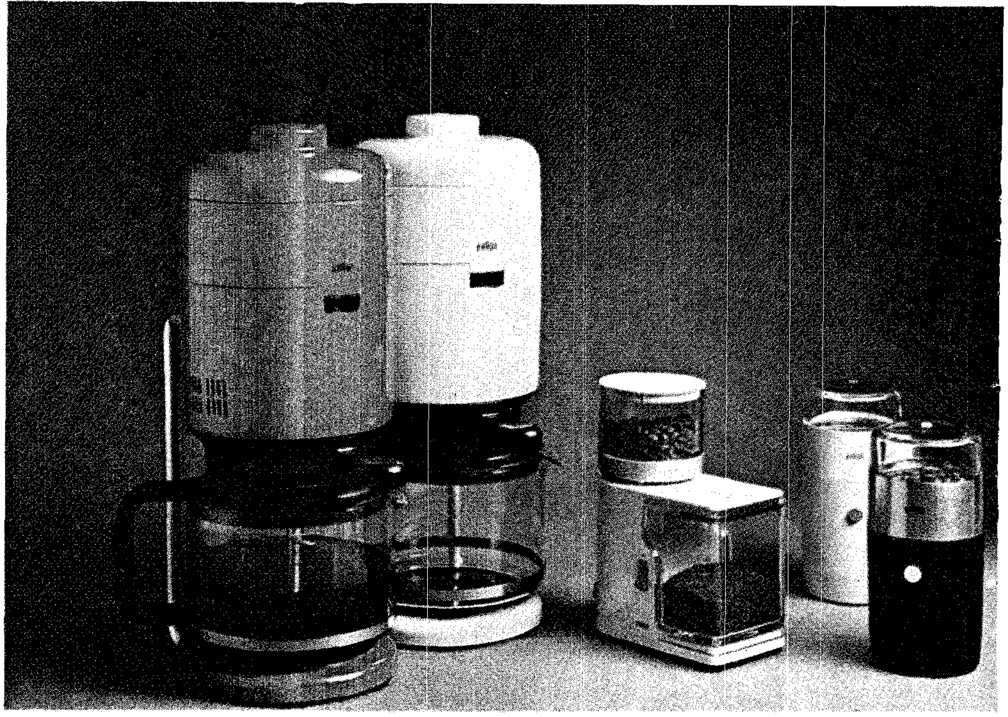

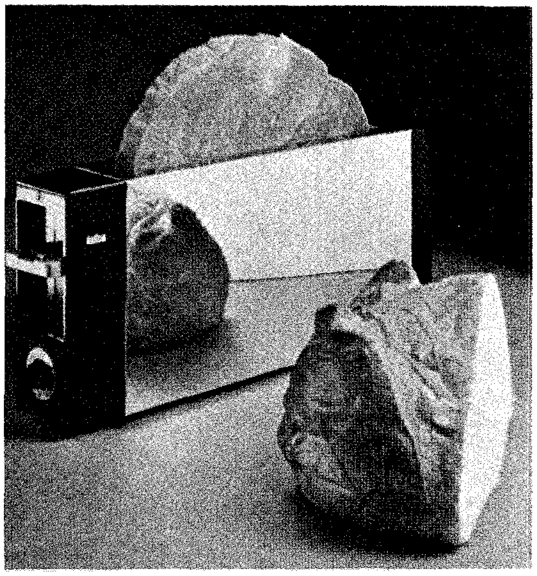

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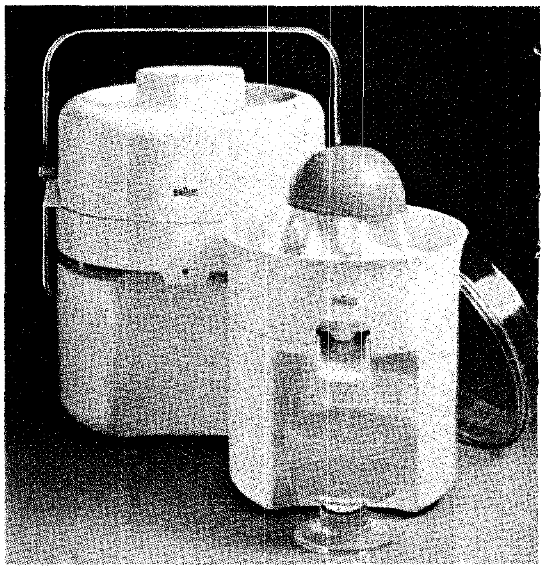

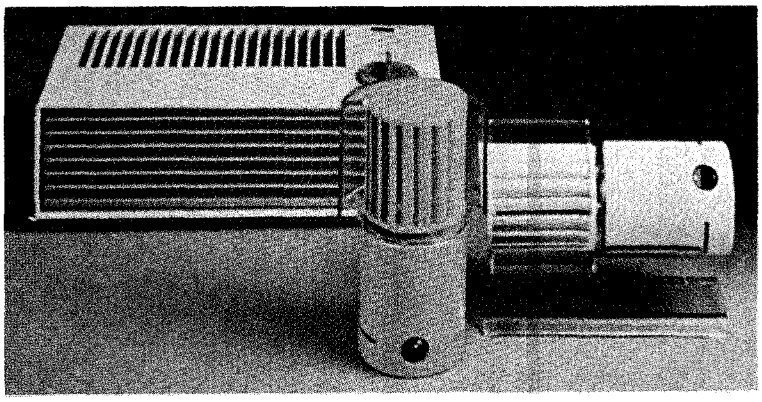

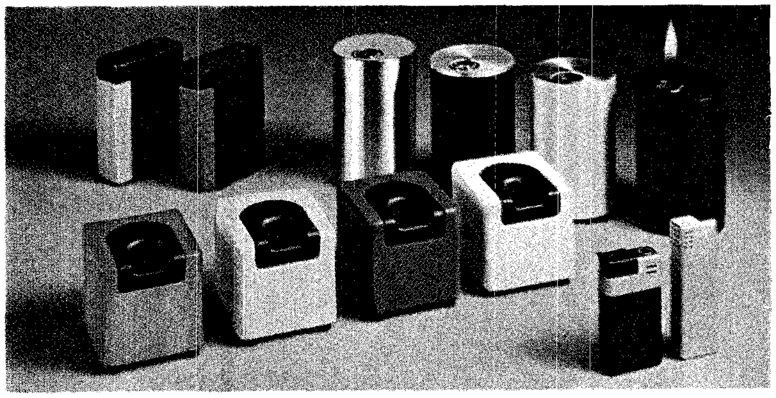

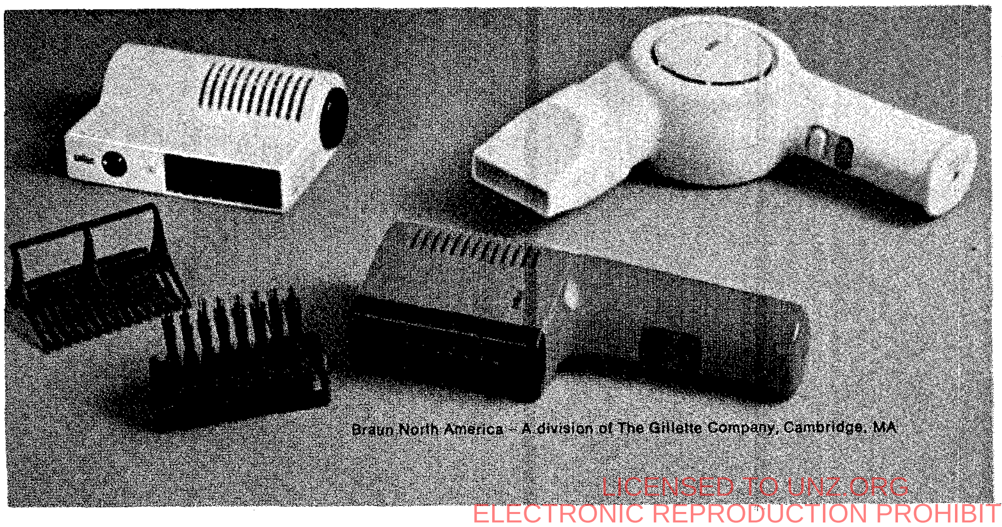

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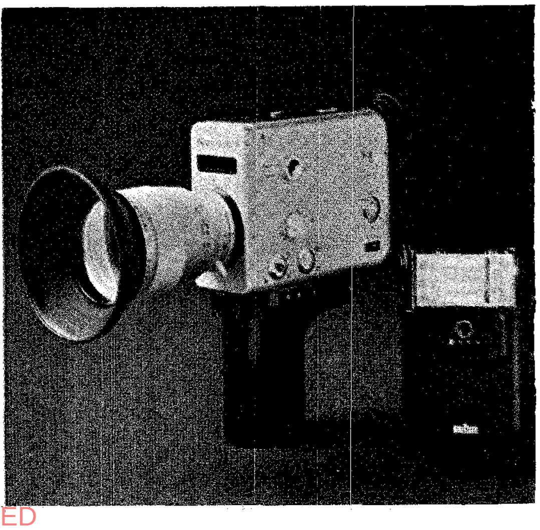

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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assisted by subdued chordal work of guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli. Music from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A friendly, well-maintained establishment that gives aid and comfort to those who happen to find themselves on the upper West Side. On Thursday, April 18, guitarist Lou Chiassarano and his trio are on hand. David Friedman, on vibes, conducts a trio Friday and Saturday, April 19-20. The fine guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma sits in on Sunday, April 21. Pianist Teddy Saunders leads a trio on Thursday, April 25, and trumpeter Jonathan Collins and his quartet wrap things up Friday and Saturday, April 26-27. Music from nine-thirty until three Thursdays through Saturdays and from nine until two Sundays. Snacks.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—In its earlier days, the Vanguard (now forty) was considered a bohemian curiosity. Today, some of the best musicians in the world do their best work here. Through Monday, April 22, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis aggregation lets go with its big-band seriousness. Not always as serious but just as intense is the band's pixie-like vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater. On Tuesday, April 23, pianist Bill Evans begins sharing his keyboard introversions with his trio and with the audience. Music from ten. Sundays, from four to seven, saxophonist Sonny Fortune leads a quintet that features trumpeter Charles Sullivan.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Right off a New York City truck route, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets: the piano-bass work of Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays, and the varied keyboard musings of Kenny Brawner Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight until two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—This wood-and-brick-walled retreat for Columbia students has recently revived poetry readings during the daylight hours on Sundays and has installed a music room for nighttime diversion Sundays through Thursdays. The music that is keeping the students from their studies these days is neither folk nor rock nor glitter. It is jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. At any rate, the audience here is exemplary, and so is the music. Mondays and Tuesdays belong to Brooks Kerr and his quartet of perfectly preserved swing-era activists—trumpeter Franc Williams, drummer Sam Woodyard, and tenorman Paul Quinichette. Guitarist Tiny Grimes and his trio are here Wednesday and Thursday, April 17-18. Now almost sixty, Grimes, like practically every other jazz guitarist, owes his soul to Charlie Christian, but, unlike most, he has nurtured the master's raw bluesiness along with his zigzagging melodies. The result occasionally sounds like B. B. King playing bebop. The following Wednesday slot (April 24) will be filled by the No Gap Generation Jazz Band. On Sunday, April 21, the Countsmen—Buddy Tate, Doc Cheatham, Jo Jones, Franklin Skeete, and Dill Jones—an aggregation that for the most part consists of Count Basie alumni, will perform. Music Mondays through Thursdays from nine to one; on Sundays, from eight to midnight. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **ROYAL BOX,** Sy Oliver's orchestra and the Peppi Morreale trio play for dancing from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **CAFÉ,** from seven-thirty until curfew, Herb Winner's dance threesome calls the tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Phil Wayne's crew fills in on Sundays and Mondays. Also, Tuesdays through Saturdays, Teddy Diamond plays cocktail piano from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—For the roving eye and ear, the management has inducted Hildegarde, the only evangelist who is likely to outlast Billy Graham. She sings in the **PERSIAN ROOM** at ten during the week, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Friday and Saturday. On Monday, April 22, singer Ann Hilton will take over. The trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel put forth dance tunes from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, while pianist Ruth Andrews provides the music from nine-thirty to one. Sandu Marcu does the fiddling on Sundays from four to seven and seven-thirty to midnight, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Within a beautiful balloon on permanent station above midtown. Janice Harper and the Lee Evans quartet finish their words-and-music display on Saturday, April 20. On Monday, April 22, comic Sid Caesar, formerly the television linguist and polymath, and singer Kathe Green will check in. The dance tunes, which begin at eight, are on tape. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—On this sixty-fifth-floor height, the piano duo of DeMaio and Silver is presenting an anthology of musical-comedy numbers Tuesdays through Sundays, from seven to midnight.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE** is host to singer Theodore Bikel at dinner and supper. Dancing all night to the Anthony Terini band. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LA BOITE RUSSE,** the next-door sylvan glade, offers accordion and piano music, from seven to one, Tuesdays through Saturdays. A Russian menu. . . . ¶ Singers Rosalie Mark and Walt Hunter, accompanied by pianist Stan Free, are presenting a Jerome Kern program at ten, and a Vincent Youmans program at midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays, in the **ST. REGIS ROOM.** Snacks.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the **EMPIRE ROOM,** at dinner and supper, there are songs by Bobby Vinton. Bob Rosengarden's dance orchestra is on duty all evening. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

JANET ALLING—Household plants painted close up. Through May 2. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

CAROL ANTHONY—Thirty-two set pieces by a young Philadelphia woman who works in papier-mâché to portray, in about half life-size, military dunderheads, dangerous-looking babies, senior citizens taking their ease, a softball team of girl brats, and other wonders of our time. Through Saturday, April 20. (Fairtree, 924 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

JEAN ARP (1887-1966) / **ISAMU NOGUCHI**—Collages and sculptures. / Sculptures and related collages. Through Saturday, April 20. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

MANUEL AYASO—Paintings and drawings by a Spanish-American artist. Starts Saturday, April 20. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANDRÉ BAUCHANT (1873-1958)—Thirty-eight oils by a naïf. Through May 18. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM BECKMAN—Landscapes, a female first seen nude and then in a pink dress, and figure drawings. Through Saturday, April 27. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

BARTON BENES / EDWARD RENOUF—Objects (books, eyeglasses, a hammer, dolls) treated Surrealistically. / Paintings resembling finger paintings. Through Saturday, April 27. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES BISHOP—Geometrical oil studies on paper. Through May 4. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLARD BOEPPLE—Abstract steel sculptures. Through May 4. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

ILYA BOLOTOWSKY—Geometric abstractions on rectangular, circular, or diamond-shaped canvases. Through Thursday, April 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Aubusson tapestries. Through June 29. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROSEMARY COVE—Sculptures of figures in bronze, terra-cotta, and plaster, plus drawings. Starts Saturday, April 20. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALAN DAVIE—Small oils painted during 1973 by an English artist. Through Saturday, April 27. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

STEPHEN EDLICH—Small three-dimensional bronzes and bronze reliefs, and collage-drawings. Through Wednesday, April 24. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARY FAULCONER—Small, meticulous paintings in gouache of mustard pots, herbs, French café façades, matchboxes, and other quaint memorabilia. Through Saturday, April 27. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN FISCHER—Large Abstract Expressionist paintings by an artist who is known for his bread sculptures. Through May 11. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACQUELINE FOGEL—Whimsical character studies in painted wood: a hot-dog vendor, an antiques dealer, a magician, and a cello player among them. Through Saturday, April 20. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

JOHN HELIKER—Paintings of the Maine coast, still-lifes, and interiors, plus drawings. Through May 4. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

BUDD HOPKINS—Hard-edge abstract paintings. Through April 30. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILL HORWITT—Ten black abstract wood sculptures and four geometric paintings. Through May 4. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARTIN HURTIG—Indoor and outdoor sculptures in various mediums. Through Saturday, April 27. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT JORDAN—Landscapes, seascapes, and interiors. Through Saturday, April 27. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

RÓMULO MACCIÓ—Surrealistic figure paintings. Through May 4. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

RODGER MACK—Sculptures cast in bronze at a foundry that the artist designed and built for Syracuse University, where he teaches. Through Saturday, April 20. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

HERMAN MARIL—Landscapes, still-lifes, and tapestries. Through Friday, April 19. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ALICE TRUMBULL MASON—Prints and drawings from 1939 to 1969, by an early geometric abstractionist. Through May 11. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT MOTHERWELL—Recent paintings and collages. Through Thursday, April 25. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

JUAN NICKFORD—Figure sculptures by a Cuban artist. Through Saturday, April 27. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD OELZE—Paintings by a seventy-four-year-old German Surrealist. Through May 18. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

WILLIAM PETTET—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, April 20. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

GEORGE PRICE—Cartoons and drawings. Through May 11. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

UMBERTO ROMANO—Abstract paintings. Through May 4. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID ROTH—Painted strings hung in calculated

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color schemes, along with studies for them. Through May 1. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Ruscha—Paintings. Through Saturday, April 20. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Drawings and watercolors. Through June 15. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Manfred Schwartz (1909-70)—Pointillist paintings, pastels, and drawings. Through April 30. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Charles Sheeler (1883-1965)—An exhibition of works on paper—pen-and-ink drawings, crayon drawings, lithographs, tempera paintings, and watercolors. Through Saturday, April 20. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Smyth—Large black drawings, including two triptychs, done on aluminum sheets, by a young New York artist. Through Saturday, April 20. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Francisco Toledo—Oils and gouaches concerned with the relationship between animals and people. Through Saturday, April 20. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Roger Van Damme—Paintings and drawings by this artist, who has gone through landscapes and coffee cups and is now concentrating on nudes. Through Saturday, April 20. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

James Weeks—Clean-swept landscapes of the Concord River Valley, two paintings of figures, and a still-life. Through Saturday, April 27. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

American Watercolor Society—The hundred-and-seventh annual of watercolors, gouaches, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States. Through Sunday, April 21. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **graham**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Works in mixed mediums on the theme of flowers. Alice Neel, Edward Sorel, Jane Wilson, and other contemporary Americans are represented. Through Saturday, April 20. . . . **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: "Twenty Years of Post-Impressionism, 1880-1900," a show including works by Bonnard, Gauguin, Lacombe, and Vuillard. Through Saturday, April 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **solomon**, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings and graphics by Chagall, Gottlieb, Hofmann, Miró, and Picasso. Through April 30. . . . **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibition of works from the famous Cone Collection of the Baltimore Museum. Many paintings and drawings by Matisse and Picasso, and also work by Cézanne, Gauguin, Renoir, Modigliani, Sisley, Lipchitz, and Zorach. Through May 4.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Yaacov Agam—Graphics, sculptures, and tapestries by an Israeli Op artist. Through Saturday, April 20. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Ben Bianchi—Wall pieces made of brown wrapping paper backed with resin. Starts Thursday, April 18. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Julien Binford—Paintings of flowers by this Virginia artist. Through Saturday, April 27. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joe Brainard / Arlene Slavin—Dogs, nudes, portraits, and still-lifes. / Geometric paintings. Through Thursday, April 25. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—Thirty watercolors painted between 1916 and the year of the artist's death. Through Saturday, April 20. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

Dan Christensen—Brown paintings. Starts Saturday, April 20. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gabrielle Drago—Abstract and representational paintings. Through Saturday, April 20. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St.)

John Gundelfinger—Landscapes of the area around the Delaware Water Gap. Through Thursday, April 25. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Barbara Hepworth—Abstract sculptures, mostly in stone. Through Saturday, April 27. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Carl Holty (1900-73)—Abstract paintings from the later years of his life. Starts Saturday, April 20. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Dorothy Hood—Abstract paintings. Starts Saturday, April 20. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ronald Mallory—Acrylic sculptures containing moving mercury. Through May 4. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Willard Midgette—Two mural-size figure paintings dealing with illusion, as well as two smaller works. Through May 4. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Harry Nadler—Abstract oils suggesting collage. Starts Saturday, April 20. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ben Nicholson—A show of works on paper—glass pitchers and goblets, for the most part—in honor of the artist's eightieth birthday. Through May 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Pace—Figures and landscapes. Through Thursday, April 25. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Porter—Ten abstract wood sculptures. Through Saturday, April 20. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Herman Rose—Oils, watercolors, and monoprints, many recently executed in Israel. Through Saturday, April 27. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Wayne Williams—Welded-copper and steel sculptures of human figures and animals, plus a group of drawings. Through Saturday, April 20. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Group Shows—At the **lewison**, 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth-century American paintings by Sully, Eilshemius, Bierstadt, and others. Through May 25. (Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.) . . . **matisse**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Serge Faucher, François Rouan, Claude Viallat, and Simon Hantaï. Through April 30. (Closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carl Andre—Steel squares or rectangles arranged side by side on the floor to form long strips. Through May 1. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Frances Barth—Large abstract paintings and drawings; first solo show here. Starts Saturday, April 20. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Blythe Bohnen—Abstract markings done in graphite on paper. Starts Saturday, April 20. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Brach—Subtly colored paintings done with brush strokes and dots, by an artist living in California. Through Wednesday, April 24. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Cohen—Five large paintings, three of them in panels, with bold, primitive shapes. Through Thursday, April 25. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

William Copley—Paintings and drawings from 1946 to 1972 in a show that is running concurrently with his exhibit at the New York Cultural Center. Through May 25. (Onnasch, 139 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

Rafael Ferrer—Crayon drawings done on paper bags and on navigational maps, plus works resembling kayaks and oars which hang from the ceiling. Through May 8. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Gaffney / Howard Goldstein—Black-and-white drawings of the artist's studio. / Geometric paintings. Through May 2. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Henry—Paintings by a one-time student of Hofmann, Reinhardt, and Seligmann. Through May 2. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Caspar Henselmann / Ulrich Niemeyer—Sculptures and other pieces, all involving fractured glass. / Circular fibre-glass structures containing water and based on geometric progressions. Starts Saturday, April 20. (55 Mercer Street. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Steve Kelsey—Abstract paintings. Through Friday, April 19. (Yu, 93 Prince St.)

Ron Kleemann—Photo-Realist paintings devoted to automobiles—gleaming yellow cabs, chrome-laden hot rods, racers laid open for repairs. Through Saturday, April 27. (Meisel, 141 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Alvin Loving—Painted shreds and strips of cardboard affixed and hung on the wall so as to resemble free-form collages. Through Thursday, April 25. (Fischbach, 489 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

Noel Mahaffey—Photo-Realist studies of Texas chili palaces and Philadelphia counting-houses. Through Saturday, April 20. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Pat Mainardi—Paintings of junked cars in open fields; also portraits. Through May 2. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Robert Morris—Graphite impressions on paper done by the artist with his eyes closed while concentrating on the passage of time and on his respiration; also a contrasting series of black-and-white geometric works. Through Saturday, April 27. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ A sculpture installation with sound. Through Saturday, April 27. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

John Murray—Large photographic enlargements on canvas, with stained and varnished areas. Starts Saturday, April 20. (Yu, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Murray Reich—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, April 27. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

May Stevens / Marge Helenchild—Figure paintings and drawings. / Outsized soft sculptures. Starts Saturday, April 20. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Selina Trieff—Portraits of dour adults and grave children, plus a series of smaller landscapes. Through Wednesday, April 24. (Prince Street Gallery, 106 Prince St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **cooper**, 155 Wooster St.: Abstract paintings by Marilyn Lenkowsky, Elizabeth Murray, and John Torreano. Through May 1. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **o.k. harris**, 465 West Broadway: Works by Harry Leigh, who makes slender, empty wooden frames that warp away from the wall in places; Eric Schwartz, who makes precise designs with light reflected from long, narrow mirrors; and gallery artists, mostly abstractionists. Through Saturday, April 20.

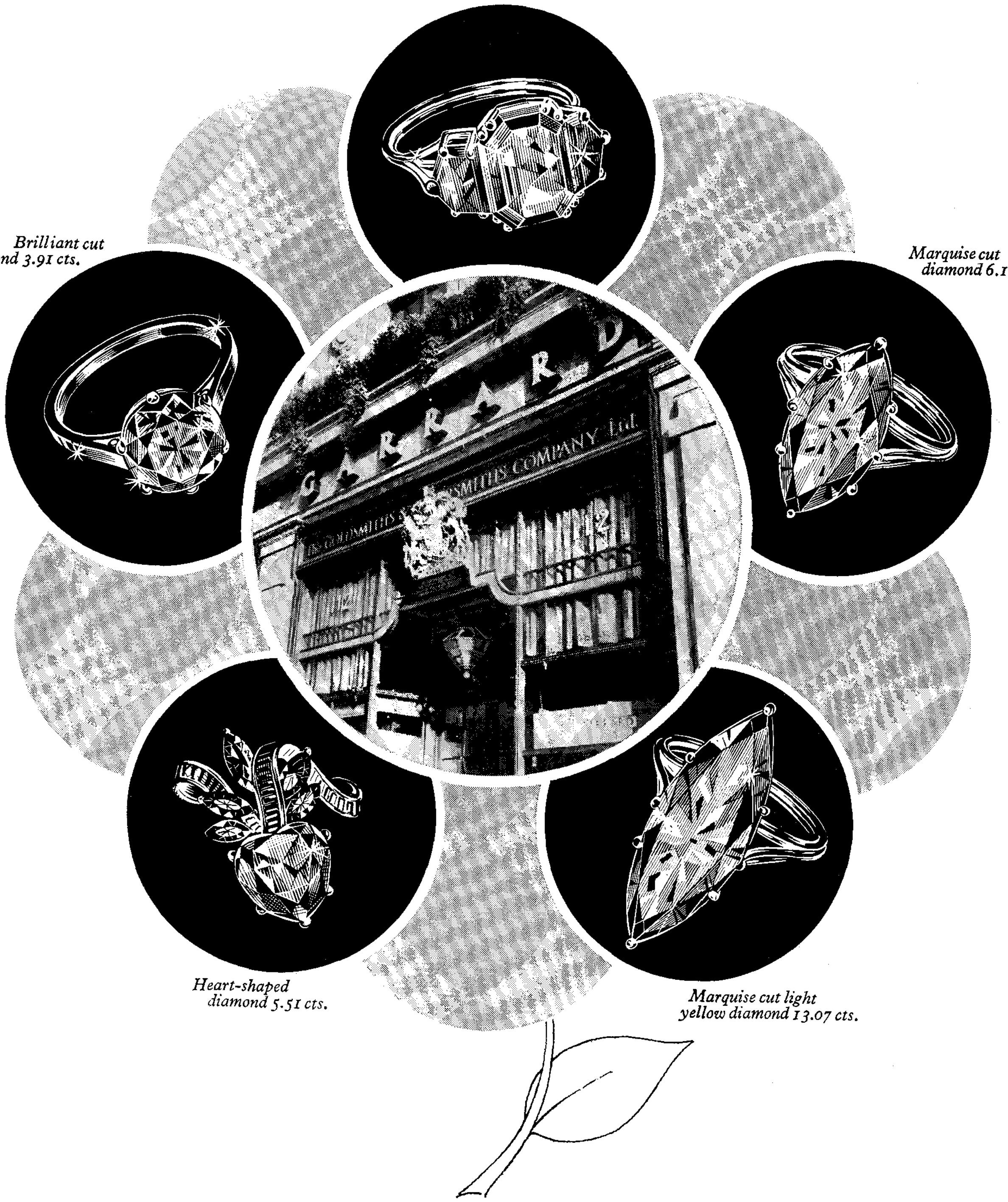
OTHER GALLERIES

Lloyd Glasson—Bronzes, ceramics, and drawings of the human form. Through May 4. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

Anne Healy—Sculptures for outdoors, made of fabric. Through Saturday, April 20. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Donald Putman—Oils and watercolors of the West and of the circus. Through Saturday, April 27. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Jean Sariano—Graphics of bright-colored toylike creatures. Through Saturday, April 20. (Roten, 20 University Pl., at 8th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.;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Fridays and Saturdays, 10 A.M. to midnight; Sundays, 1 to 8.)

Group Shows—At the **AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE**, 833 United Nations Plaza, First Ave. at 47th St.: An exhibition of traditional art and crafts from the states of Chad, Mali, Mauritania, Niger, Senegal, and Upper Volta. Through May 4. . . . **PRATT GRAPHICS CENTER**, 831 Broadway, at 13th St.: Paper cutouts from the eighteenth century to the twentieth, from all over the world. Through Saturday, April 20. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Helen Daphnis-Avlon, Theodore Fried, Morris Gluckman, Nell Perret, and Kathleen M. Zimmerman. Through April 28. (Fridays, 5 to 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Charles Pratt—An exhibition of concise and evocative black-and-white landscapes and nature studies taken in Maine, Connecticut, England, and Ireland, including closeups of flowers and vegetables and pictures of familiar country sights: a country road, the woods in the fall, the sea shining in the sun, the edge of a meadow, a landing on a staircase in a New England house. How good and truthful these photographs are becomes even clearer after one sees Pratt's color transparencies (on view in the basement room of the gallery), which are technically impeccable—but not what nature looks like. The mystery of black-and-white photography's superiority over color photography as a medium of realism should be looked into by optical science; many have noted this paradox, but no one has explained it. Through May 10. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Lucas Samaras—This artist has long been interested in his own body and face—he has photographed himself in every imaginable position and with some very peculiar expressions—and now he has done something very pretty with himself. Using the de-luxe new Polaroid SX-70 camera, he has produced a series of small (three-inch-square) color photographs that look like exquisite little oil paintings by, among others, van Gogh, de Kooning, Bosch, and Redon. Samaras, or some part of him, appears in all the photographs, which have been strenuously manipulated: Samaras somehow interrupts the development process and does a kind of finger painting with the photo-emulsion pigments. The invention and decorativeness of his nonphotographic work, seen at the Whitney in 1972—his pin boxes, assemblages, and paintings—is present in these curious "phototransformations" (as he calls them), which will suggest exciting new possibilities to the amateur photographer as well as to the professional exhibitionist. Through Saturday, April 27. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward S. Curtis (1868-1952)—Historical photographs of Indians and Eskimos. Through May 10. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Judy Dater and Jack Welpott—Mostly black-and-white portraits of women, by a couple from California. Through May 11. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Keith Smith / Barboza—Photo etchings, handmade books, and collages. / Photographs. Through Saturday, April 27. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.: A photographic interpretation of contemporary Jerusalem by twenty-one international photographers. Through Sept. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Approximately two hundred prints by fifteen Japanese photographers. Through May 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Freedman, Adams, Borsuk, Sarmento, and Scherer. Through April 30. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The story of Gerald and Sara Murphy—which has been told by Calvin Tomkins in his biographical study of the couple, "Living Well Is the Best Revenge"—is one of the saddest stories one knows. The Murphys, who were leading members of the American expatriate group living in France in the twenties, had everything: youth, charm, money, the friendship of artists and writers such as Picasso, Léger, Stravinsky, Hemingway, and Fitzgerald, a villa on the Riviera, three beautiful children, and, in the case of Gerald, a recently formed and passionate involvement with painting. Then, suddenly, they had nothing. Within two years of each other, both their sons died at the age of sixteen—one of spinal meningitis and the other of tuberculosis—and the golden life, on which Fitzgerald drew for the golden early chapters of "Tender Is the Night," was over. The Murphys returned to America, where Gerald took charge of the flagging family business of Mark Cross, and he never painted again. The show here of six of Murphy's paintings—all that have survived of the fourteen canvases he executed during his brief painting career—is filled out by photographs of the Murphys and their friends, of lost and destroyed works, and of the backdrop that Murphy designed in 1923 for the ballet (to Cole Porter music) "Within the Quota;" also included are some charming watercolors that Léger did while sailing with the Murphys in 1934. Murphy's paintings are elegant and meticulous compositions of objects (razors, matchboxes, watch parts, cocktail glasses, fruits, and doves), done in the static, detached, hard-edge Purist style of Ozenfant and Le Corbusier but with a quality of their own—a certain Americanism and innocence that William Rubin, in his excellent catalogue essay, connects to American folk art, with which, as he points out, Murphy was familiar long before its "discovery" by the rest of us. "Razor" (1924), which shows a safety razor, a fountain pen, and a box of Three Stars safety matches, is the best known (it is often cited in histories of the Pop Art movement as a precursor), and perhaps the best, of Murphy's works; "Wasp and Pear" (1929), a delicately colored still-life that has been on view at the museum in the permanent collection since 1972, has equal beauty and authority. "Library" (1926-7), showing books, classical columns, a plaster bust, a magnifying glass, and a globe is the least successful work, betraying an amateurism that is utterly and curiously (considering that Murphy started painting at the age of thirty-three) absent from the other works. Whether Murphy would have developed as a painter or—like Ozenfant, for example—gone off on the wrong track had he continued is a matter for speculation. In a beautiful and angry foreword to the catalogue, Archibald MacLeish takes out after the view of Murphy as one of the selfish, heartless, privileged people of the twenties—the view engendered by the expression "Living well is the best revenge." He writes: "To any artist, and to a painter above all, the best revenge upon life, or more precisely upon death, is not living either well or badly but creating works of art, and Gerald Murphy, whatever he may have said upon the subject, knew it." But Murphy *stopped* painting when tragedy struck, and the early extinction of his creativity remains as mystifying as its late birth in the private art classes of Natalia Goncharova. Through May 19. . . . ¶ Woodcuts of the eighteen-nineties by Félix Vallotton depicting all levels of Parisian society. Through April 28. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century portraits by Beckmann, Modigliani, Nolde, and others. Through April 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Ninety-seven medieval tapestries, on loan from museums and private collections all over Europe and North America. Among them are the enormous tapestry from the "Apocalypse" series at Angers and the six pieces of the "Lady with the Unicorn" from the Cluny Museum in Paris. Also, of course, the "Hunt of the Unicorn" set from The Cloisters. Through Sunday, April 21. . . . ¶ "The Tens, The Twenties, The Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1909-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of clothes of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through May 31. . . . ¶ A hundred and forty paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints, and other objects illustrating the legends of fifty saints. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A small and excellent exhibition of Japanese color prints, tucked away on the second floor of the north wing, under the title "Hidden Treasures of Japanese Art." . . . ¶ Works by Albers, Hofmann, Klee, David Smith, and others, acquired since 1967 by the museum's Department of Twentieth Century Art. Through Tuesday, April 23. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than two hundred sculptures, paintings, and drawings by Alberto Giacometti (1901-66), dealing with his development from early pictorial and Cubist phases through his Surrealist and mature styles. A corollary exhibition includes about a hundred paintings by the artist's father, cousin, and godfather. Through June 23. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—An exhibit devoted to Pop Art in New York and Los Angeles from 1953 to 1972. Through June 16. . . . ¶ Paintings, including several diptychs and triptychs, executed between 1969 and the present by Joan Mitchell, a second-generation Abstract Expressionist. Through May 5. . . . ¶ Pieces by Ree Morton, an environmental sculptor. Through Sunday, April 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Fluorescent and electric-light works and transparent sculptures by Antonakos, Flavin, and others. Through May 16. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Two shows by two women: Collages by Anne Ryan (1889-1954) and paintings (plus a few tapestries) by Marguerite Zorach (1887-1968). Through Sunday, April 21. . . . ¶ Etchings from the seventeenth century to the mid-twentieth, from the museum's collection. Through June 9. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Realistic wood carvings, by Gilbert Maggioni and Grainger McKoy, of shore birds, waders, birds of prey, waterfowl, and gamebirds characteristic of South Carolina's coastal inlets and marshes. Through May 24. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of bronze and gilt images and tankas which were used in Tantric Buddhist meditations and rituals. Through May 24. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—New acquisitions and selections from the permanent collection, including works by Avedisian, Denes, Pfriem, and Katzen. Through April 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Watercolors by Leonard Baskin, devoted to the ancient Passover story. Through Sunday, April 21. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Three small exhibitions (of stone carvings, wooden sculptures, bronzes, ceramic vessels, and other objects) illustrating the use of art to invoke the supernatural in New Guinea, Nigeria, and the pre-Columbian Andes. Through Sept. 8. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Erotic paintings and drawings by William Copley, an American Surrealist. Through May 19. A complementary show is at the Onnasch Gallery, 139 Spring St. . . . ¶ Forty-two prints by Richard Hamilton, the English Pop artist, covering his entire work in the medium, from 1950 to 1973. Through April 28. . . . ¶ Forty-five Impressionist paintings by Susan Kahn, mostly of young people.

Through May 1. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty drawings by Robert Smithson (1938-73), among them studies for Minimal works, nonsites, an airport project, and earthworks. Starts Friday, April 19. . . . ¶ Monumental fibre-glass sculptures by Walter Redinger, a young Canadian. Through May 12. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibition of photographs of New York City between 1853 and 1901. Through May 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Byron on the Continent & Lord Byron's Women," a two-part exhibition of letters and books commemorating the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the poet's death. Through April 30. . . . ¶ "Other People's Mail: Letters of Men and Women of Letters," an exhibit of letters by fifty Americans and fifty Britons. The writers range from Benjamin Franklin to Clifford Odets and from Jonathan Swift to George Orwell. Through May 11. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—"Southern Scenes and City Streets," a show of paintings by Palmer Hayden (1890-1973). Through Sunday, April 21. . . . ¶ Carved wood sculptures by Tonnie Jones and oils, bronzes, and etchings by Betty Blayton Taylor. Through May 12. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

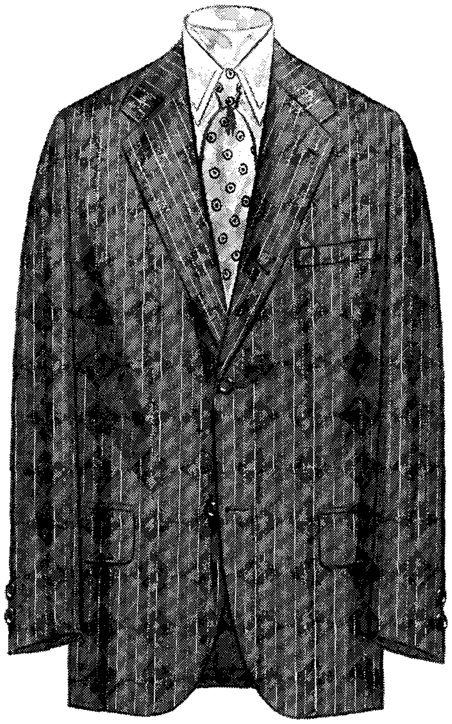
MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, April 17, at 7: "Parsifal," with Janis Martin, Jess Thomas, William Dooley, John Macurdy, Morley Meredith, and James Morris; conducted by William Steinberg. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 18, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Cristina Deutekom, Franco Tagliavini, Cornell MacNeil, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, April 19, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Frederica von Stade, Sherrill Milnes, Stuart Burrows, Walter Berry, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 20, at 1: "Parsifal," with Janis Martin, Jess Thomas, Thomas Stewart, John Macurdy, Morley Meredith, and James Morris; William Steinberg. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 20, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Jean Kraft, Sándor Kónya, Frank Guarrera, and Robert Schmorr; Serge Baudo.

New York City Opera—Wednesday, April 17, at 8: "The Barber of Seville," with Ruth Welting, Diane Curry, Richard Stilwell, and Tulio Pane; conducted by Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 18, at 8: "Beatrix Cenci," with Eileen Schauler, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Justino Díaz, and John Stamford; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, April 19, at 8: "The Consul," with Olivia Stapp, Muriel Greenspon, John Darrenkamp, Edward Pierson, and Nico Castel; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 20, at 2: "The Mikado," with Diana Soviero, Betty Allen, David Griffith, and Jack Eddleman; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 20, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro," with Glenys Fowles, Doris Jung, David Clatworthy, Robert Hale, and Michael Li-Paz; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 21, at 1: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Janice Yoes, Margaret Yauger, Muriel Greenspon, Richard Kness, and John Darrenkamp, and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Herman Malamood, Vasile Martinoiu, David Holloway; Chris Nance. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 21, at 7: "La Traviata," with Angeles Chamorro, Helene Guilet, Puli Toro, Richard Taylor, and Richard Fredricks; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 23, at 8: "Beatrix Cenci," with Eileen Schauler, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Justino Díaz, John Stamford, and Edward Pierson; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 24, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Ruth Welting, Kathleen Hegierski, Adib Fazah, Robert Hale, and David Griffith; Ross Reimuller. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 25, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Margaret Yauger, Janice Yoes, Beverly Evans, Francisco Ortiz, and John Darren-



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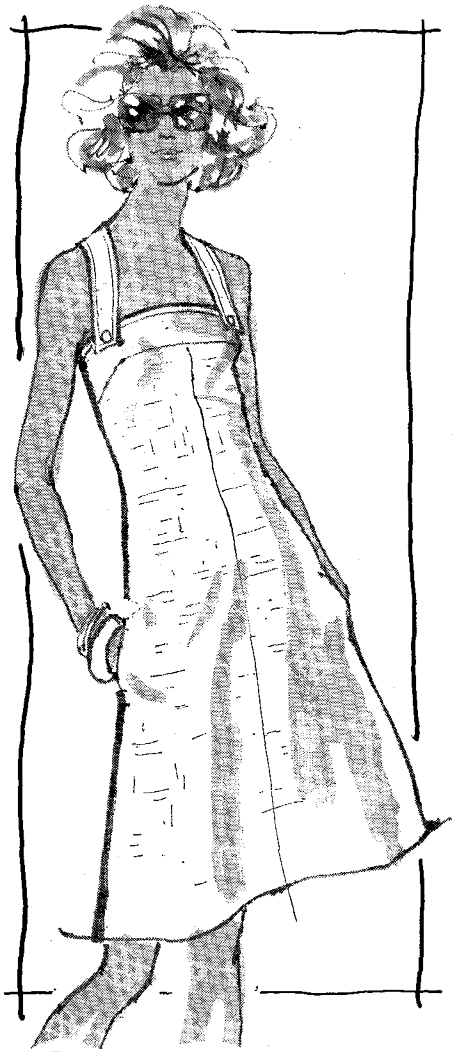

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kamp, and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Herman Malamood, Vasile Martinoiu, Jerold Siena, and Thomas Jamerson; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, April 26, at 8: "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," with Noelle Rogers, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Muriel Greenspon, Alan Titus, and Thomas Jamerson; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 27, at 2: "Medea," with Maralin Niska, Anna Giancotti, Samuel Ramey, and Erik Townsend; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 27, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Ruth Welting, Muriel Greenspon, Beverly Evans, and Vasile Martinoiu; Franklin Choset. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 28.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center—Bernhard Klee conducting on Thursday, April 18, at 8:30; Friday, April 19, at 2; Saturday, April 20, at 8:30; and Tuesday, April 23, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Pierre Boulez conducting on Thursday, April 25, and Saturday, April 27, at 8:30 (both with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone); and Friday, April 26, at 2, and Tuesday, April 30, at 7:30 (both with Eliot Chapo, violin).

Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting and playing the piano in a program entitled "Music Theatre," with Cathy Berberian, mezzo-soprano; Michael Wager, speaker; and the Wendy Hilton Dance Company. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 18, at 8.)

National Symphony Orchestra—Antal Dorati directing the final concert of the season here, with Lili Kraus, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, April 21, at 3.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy directing a performance of Dvořák's Requiem, with Janice Harsanyi, soprano; Rosalind Elias, contralto; George Shirley, tenor; Michael Devlin, baritone; and the Singing City Choirs. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, April 22, at 8:15.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting—Saturday, April 20, at 8: With Nancy Deering, mezzo-soprano; Blake Stern, tenor; and the Concord String Quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 27, at 8: The last in a "Meet the Moderns" series of concerts, this one a program of music by Polish composers, with commentary by the composer Krzysztof Penderecki. Also with Mark Sokol, violin; Jonathan Rigg, tenor; the Concord String Quartet; the Long Island Symphonic Choir; and the New Jersey Percussion Ensemble. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

New and Newer Music—Dennis Russell Davies conducting The Ensemble in the last in a series of concerts, this one with Paul Zukovsky, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 21, at 2:30.)

Columbia University Orchestra—Howard Shanet conducting, with the Composers String Quartet. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, April 21, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, April 22, at 8.)

English Chamber Orchestra—Pinchas Zukerman conducting and acting as violin soloist. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, April 26, at 8.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Seymour Lipkin conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, April 26, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Columbia University Concert Band, Columbia University Glee Club, and Columbia-Barnard Chorus—A joint concert, with Roger Nierenberg and Gregg Smith directing. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, April 25, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Sacra of New York—Richard Westenburg directing the last two in a series of concerts of Bach cantatas, with Benita Valente, soprano; Shirley Love, alto; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, April 18, *sans* Miss Valente and Mr. Paul, and Thursday, April 25, both at 8.)

Handel Society Orchestra and Chorus—Stephen Simon directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Samson," with Lorna Haywood, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Richard Tucker, tenor; David Clatworthy, bass-baritone; Ara Berberian, bass; and others. The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 23, at 8.)

Princeton University Glee Club—Walter Nollner directing. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 25, at 8.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, April 26, at 8:30.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing, with Sandra Darling, soprano; Carole Walters, mezzo-soprano; John Morrison, tenor; and William Metcalf, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 27, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Bethany Beardslee and Susan Davenny Wyner—Sopranos. (City University Graduate Center, third-floor music studio, 33 W. 42nd St. Wednesday, April 17, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Jörg Demus—Baritone and piano, in the last two in a series of recitals, these all-Schubert programs. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 17, and Monday, April 22, at 8.)

Music in Our Time—Max Pollikoff, violin, in a program of music composed for him. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, April 17, at 8.)

Yehudi Menuhin and Ravi Shankar—Violin and sitar. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, April 19, at 8.)

Amadeus String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 19, at 8.)

Ravi Shankar—Sitar. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 20, at 8.)

Seven Centuries of Petrarch in Music—Denis Stevens directing a program of music performed by Judith James and Deborah Truxal, sopranos; Barbara Crouch, contralto; Richard Shadley and Jon Garrison, tenors; Craig Timberlake, bass; Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; Joel Sachs, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 20, at 8.)

Long Island Chamber Ensemble of New York—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 20, at 8:15.)

Alfred Brendel—Piano, in the last in a series of recitals. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 21, at 3.)

Fine Arts Quartet—The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 21, at 8.)

Carol Rosenberger—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 22, at 8.)

Peter Serkin, Ida Kavafian, Fred Sherry, and Richard Stoltzman—Piano, violin, cello, and clarinet. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, April 23, at 6.)

Francisco Aybar—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, April 23, at 8.)

Grant Johannesen—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, April 23, at 8.)

Lorin Hollander—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 24, at 8.)

Concord String Quartet—With George Rochberg, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 24, at 8.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—The last in a series of programs of contemporary music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 25, at 8.)

Prospective Encounters with Members of the New York Philharmonic—Pierre Boulez conducting the first of two programs of contemporary chamber music, this one with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano. Both the performances will take place between eight and ten, with periods before and after devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, April 26. For information about tickets, call 799-9595.)

Gustav Leonhardt and Sigiswald Kuijken—Harpsichord/fortepiano and baroque violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 27, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, April 27, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—The second of two programs of twentieth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 27, at 8:30.)

Note—The New York String Sextet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, May 5, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, April 22, in the order that written applications are received on that day or thereafter (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

MISCELLANY

Erik Satie Retrospective Concert—A program of his music, performed by Evelyne Crochet and Cheryl Seltzer, piano; Joel Sachs, acting as pianist and conductor; Brenda Fairaday, Sheila Schonbrun, and Lucy Shelton, sopranos; Rose Taylor, mezzo-soprano; the Gail August Dancers; and theatre and chamber orchestras. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, April 17, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, April 17, at 5:45: **VIVECA LINDFORS**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 24, at 5:45: **GEORGE PLIMPTON**.

Phil Ochs and Mimi Fariña—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, April 17, at 8.

Todd Rundgren's Utopia—Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 19, at 8.

Jimmy Rowles Quartet—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, April 21, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Grand Funk and Shinin' On—With Wet Willie. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday, April 22, at 8.)

Roland Hanna Trio—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 26, at 8.

New York Jazz Repertory Company—The eighth in a series of concerts, this one devoted to the music of Duke Ellington, with Sy Oliver, Stanley Cowell, Gil Evans, and Billy Taylor. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 26, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—**METS:** Vs. Pittsburgh, Friday through Sunday, April 19-21, at 2:15. . . . **YANKEES:** Vs. Boston, Wednesday and Thursday, April 17-18, at 2. . . . ¶ Kansas City, Wednesday and Thursday, April 24-25, at 2. . . . ¶ Texas, Friday, April 26, at 8, and Saturday, April 27, at 2.

Professional Basketball—National Basketball Association championship playoffs, Eastern Division: Knicks vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, April 21, at 2:30, and, if necessary, Friday, April 26, at a time to be announced. . . . ¶ American Basketball Association championship playoffs, Eastern Division: Nets vs. Kentucky. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-0100. Tuesday, April 23, at 8:05, if necessary.)

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Harlem River. Saturday, April 20.). . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Syracuse, and Navy. (Ithaca. Saturday, April 27.). . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 27.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup East Division quarter-final playoffs, Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, April 18, at 9:05.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 11. The Bed o' Roses Handicap, Wednesday, April 17; the Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 20; and the Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, April 27. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 2; through Monday, May 27.

Track—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 26-27.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 18. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, from Thursday, April 18, through Saturday, Nov. 16.

FOR CHILDREN

Operettas—By the **BLUE HILL TROUPE:** A benefit performance of "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 20, at 2:30. For tickets, call 861-7955.). . . **LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN:** "The Mikado," Saturday and Sunday, April 20-21, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Gondoliers," Saturday, April 27, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Stage Shows—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES:** "Pinocchio." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesday through Friday, April 17-19, at 1, and Saturday and Sunday, April 20-21, at 1 and 3:30.). . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "Pinocchio," Saturday, April 20, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Alliwishes I. Tickle," Saturday, April 27, at 12:30 and 2:30. (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. For tickets, call 260-4863.). . . **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK:** "Folk Tales and Legends," Wednesday, April 17, at 1:30. . . . ¶ "Folk Tales of the Orient," Thursday, April 18, at 1:30. (Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Children under three not admitted, and children under five must be accompanied by an adult.). . . **PERFORMING ARTS REPERTORY FOUNDATION:** "Young Ben Franklin." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, April 21, at 2.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "It's About Time." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to sessions of the Economic and Social Council (which is scheduled to convene on Monday, April 22), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

Poetry Readings—Monday, April 22, at 7:30: John Ciardi and Muriel Rukeyser reading from their own works. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 24, at 7:30: Reminiscences and appreciations of W. H. Auden, Robert Frost, and William Carlos Williams, by William Meredith, Ted and Catherine Morrison, James Laughlin, and Emily Wallace Harvey. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.)

Flower Show—The April Garden Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York (128 W. 58th St.) on Wednesday, April 24, from noon to 8.

Walking Tours—"The World of Edith Wharton and George Templeton Strong," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, April 21. Meets at the Little Church Around the Corner, 1 E. 29th St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

Flea Market—The New York Flea Market, at Sixth Ave. and 25th St., is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, April 17, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century paintings, belonging to a number of collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 18, at 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco, from various owners. . . . ¶ Friday, April 19, at 2: Nineteenth-century works of art and ceramics, from many collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 20, at 2: Nineteenth-century furniture and decorations, from a number of sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 23, at 10:15 and 2: American Indian, pre-Columbian, African, and Oceanic art; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 24, at 2: English and Continental silver, from many sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 18.

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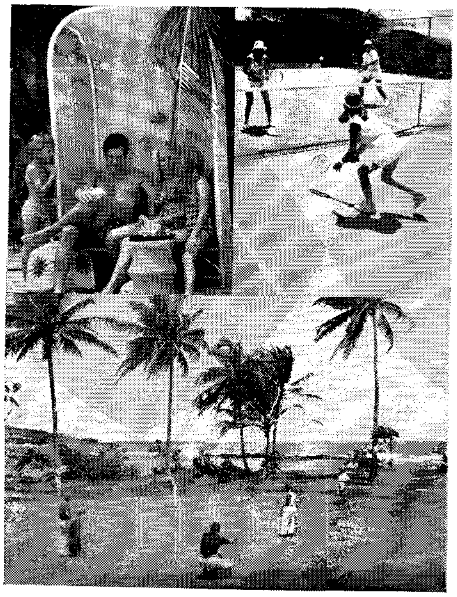
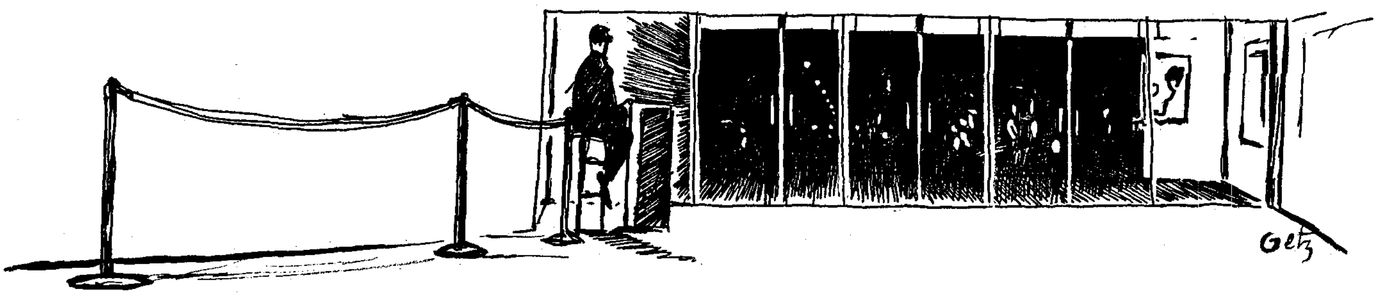


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Three Musketeers."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through April 20: "The Mysterious Island" and "The Unholy Three."
April 21-23: "Million Dollar Legs" and "The Big Broadcast."
From April 24: "Good Girls Go to Paris" and "She Married Her Boss."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through April 23: "M*A*S*H" and "The Paper Chase."
From April 24: "The Laughing Policeman" and another feature, to be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 23: "The Paper Chase" and "The Heartbreak Kid."
From April 24: "A Touch of Class" and another feature, to be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Blazing Saddles."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Sting."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Super Cops."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"American Graffiti."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Our Time."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Conrack."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through April 22: "The Pedestrian."
From April 23: "Claudine."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Exorcist."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Day of the Dolphin."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Conversation."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Blazing Saddles."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Last Detail."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"A Touch of Class" and "Paper Moon."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Exorcist."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Sugarland Express."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
"Attica."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Three Musketeers."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The House on Chelouche Street."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Badlands."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Lovin' Molly."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Great Gatsby."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 23: "The Laughing Policeman."
From April 24: "McQ."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"American Graffiti."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Three Musketeers."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Blazing Saddles."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Sting."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Great Gatsby."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Conrack."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Super Cops."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Thomasine & Bushrod."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Foxy Brown."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Serpico."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"The Last Detail."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Papillon."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Blazing Saddles."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and **4,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through April 23 at one or another of the theatres: "Paper Moon" and "Save the Tiger"/"Lucia"/"M*A*S*H" and "The Paper Chase"/"Busting" and "Little Murders."
From April 24: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
April 17: "Divorce—Italian Style" and "Seduced and Abandoned."
April 18-20: "The Devils" and "Women in Love."
April 21-22: "Savage Messiah" and "The Boy Friend."
April 23: "Children of Paradise."
April 24: "Boccaccio '70" and "The Organizer."
From April 25: "The Damned" and "Repulsion."

23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"The Last Detail."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Three Musketeers."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Mame."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Papillon."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Blazing Saddles."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Love and Anarchy."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
April 17: "Ball of Fire" and "Barbary Coast."
April 18: "Twentieth Century" and "His Girl Friday."
April 19-21: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and "Monkey Business."
April 22: Theatre closed in the evening.
April 23-24: "Last Year at Marienbad" and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour."
April 25: "Red Desert" and "La Notte."
Mondays through Thursdays, and Sunday, April 21, special matinée program: April 17-18: "Beyond the Forest" (1949) and "Dark Victory" (1939), both with Bette Davis. April 21: "Hans Christian Andersen" (1952), with Danny Kaye and Jeanmaire. April 22-25: "Boris Godunov" (1955).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Exorcist."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Great Gatsby."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Sleeper."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through April 20: "Zatoichi's Conspiracy."
April 21-22: "Woman in the Dunes."
April 23-24: "Double Suicide" and "The Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan."
From April 25: "The Sword of Doom" and "Kill!"

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Save the Tiger" and "Paper Moon."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
"The Three Musketeers."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"Blazing Saddles."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"The Last Detail."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Sting."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through April 23: "The Ruling Class" and "Carnal Knowledge."
From April 24: "A Touch of Class" and "The Graduate."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through April 23: "Paper Moon" and "Save the Tiger."
From April 24: "Le Sex Shop" and "Cries and Whispers."

Note—A few specialist film houses: **FILM FORUM,** 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes.* At 8, Thursdays through Sundays. . . . **PAGODA,** 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 17 at noon: "Raoul Walsh" (1973), written and directed by Richard Schickel for the Public Broadcasting Stations. . . . ¶ April 17 at 5:30: "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" (1916), directed by Stuart Paton, with Allan Holubar. . . . ¶ April 18 at 2: "Raoul Walsh" (1973). . . . ¶ April 18 at 5:30: "Strike" (1925), a Russian film, directed by Sergei Eisenstein. . . . ¶ April 18 at 8: "Gentleman Jim" (1942), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Errol Flynn and Alexis Smith. . . . ¶ April 19 at 2: "The Wanderer" (1926), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Ernest Torrence; *French titles only.* . . . ¶ April 19 at 5:30: "Kindred of the Dust" (1922), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Miriam Cooper. . . . ¶ April 20 at noon: "Santiago's Ark" (1972), directed by Albert C. Waller, with Ruben Figueroa. . . . ¶ April 20 at 2: "Kindred of the Dust" (1922). . . . ¶ April 20 at 5:30: "The Wanderer" (1926). . . . ¶ April 21 at 2: "Santiago's Ark" (1972). . . . ¶ April 21 at 5:30 and April 22 at 2: "The Lucky Lady" (1926), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Lionel Barrymore. . . . ¶ April 22 at 5:30: "The Loves of Carmen" (1927), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Dolores Del Rio and Victor McLaglen; Czech titles only. . . . ¶ April 23 at 2: "The Silence" (1963), in

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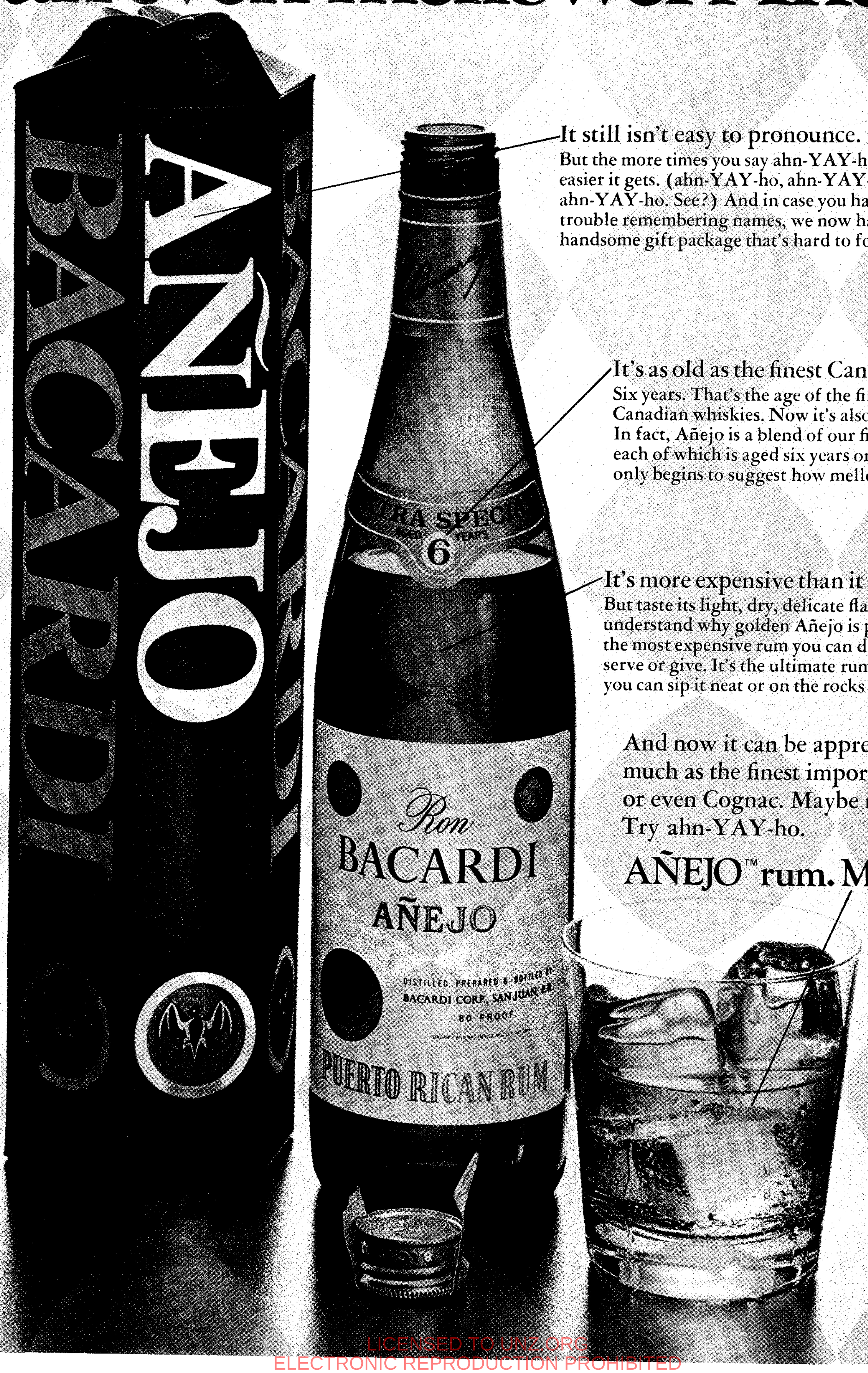
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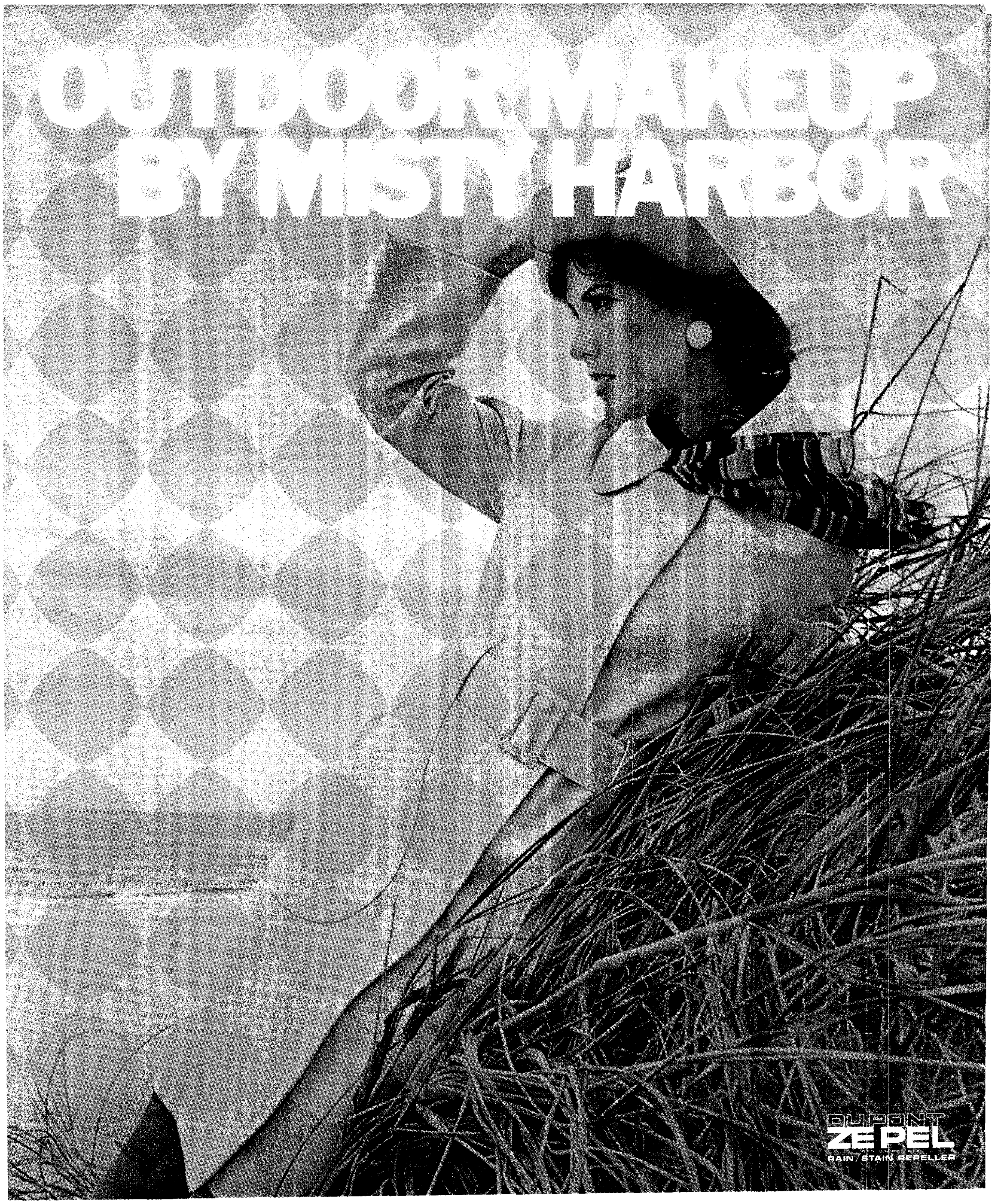

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Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom; recommended for adults only. . . . ¶ April 23 at 5:30: "L.A. Plays Itself" (1972) and "Sex Garage" (1972), both directed by Fred Halsted; recommended for adults only. . . . ¶ April 24 at noon: "Raoul Walsh" (1973). . . . ¶ April 24 at 5:30: "The Silence" (1963). . . . ¶ April 25 at 2: "Raoul Walsh" (1973). . . . ¶ April 25 at 5:30: "The Red Dance" (1928), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Dolores Del Rio and Charles Farrell. . . . ¶ April 25 at 8: "Sadie Thompson" (1928), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Gloria Swanson, Lionel Barrymore, and Mr. Walsh. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30, Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Five programs in a series of Italian films directed by Roberto Rossellini: April 17-18 at 3 and 6: "Blaise Pascal" (1972). . . . April 20-21 at 3 and 6: "Augustine of Hippo" (1973). . . . April 24 at 3 and 6: "The Age of the Medici, Part One" (1973). . . . April 25 at 3 and 6: "The Age of the Medici, Part Two" (1973). . . . April 26 at 5 and 7:30: "The Age of the Medici, Part Three" (1973). . . . ¶ April 19 at 5 and 7:30: "The Fugitive Kind" (1960), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Marlon Brando and Anna Magnani. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through April 24: "The South," a program of six short films. . . . ¶ Starting April 25: "Third World Films," a program of three short films. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (636-4100). Films of the American Film Institute—April 17 at 8: "Jezebel" (1938), directed by William Wyler, with Bette Davis and Henry Fonda. . . . ¶ April 18 at 8: "Gilda" (1946), directed by Charles Vidor, with Rita Hayworth and Glenn Ford. . . . ¶ April 19 at 8: "Grand Hotel" (1932), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Greta Garbo and John Barrymore. . . . ¶ April 24 at 8: "Ecstasy" (1933), directed by Gustav Machaty, with Hedy Lamarr. . . . ¶ April 25 at 8: "The Scarlet Empress" (1934), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich. . . . ¶ April 26 at 7:30: "Bombshell" (1933), directed by Victor Fleming, with Jean Harlow. . . . ¶ April 26 at 9:15: "Bay of the Angels" (1962), in French, directed by Jacques Demy, with Jeanne Moreau.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

American Graffiti—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (Reviewed in these pages 8/13/73.) (Eastside Cinema, and Juliet 1.)

Attica—An aching, precise study in a calm mood, produced, directed, and edited by Cinda Firestone, about the terrible days of waiting at Attica State Prison between September 9 and 13, 1971, which ended in a massacre of twenty-nine inmates and ten of their hostages by state troopers. At the later McKay Commission hearings—represented by footage cut into the documentary record of the days of the Attica rising itself—the government showed itself guilty of malfeasance and duplicity, yet all sixty-one of the indictments were against the *prisoners*. The picture is a study of public rumor and prisoners' just grievances, lit by the amazing and commodious eloquence of the prisoners. Not a horror film. See it. (4/15/74) (First Avenue Screening Room.)

Badlands—Probably we've all seen those convicted killers in prison documentaries on TV who sound uninvolved and mechanical when they talk about their crimes; Terence Malick's début picture extends that uninvolvement to the whole culture. Set at the end of the fifties, it's about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), whose killing spree starts in South Dakota. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant and yet just like everybody else; their moral vacuum is spreading over the flat, dead landscape. Malick appears to be saying that mass-culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless, but his detached tone puts the viewer in the ugly position of feeling culturally superior to the people on the screen. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation. It's like a brilliant student's Ph.D. thesis; the picture is so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (3/18/74) (Beekman.)

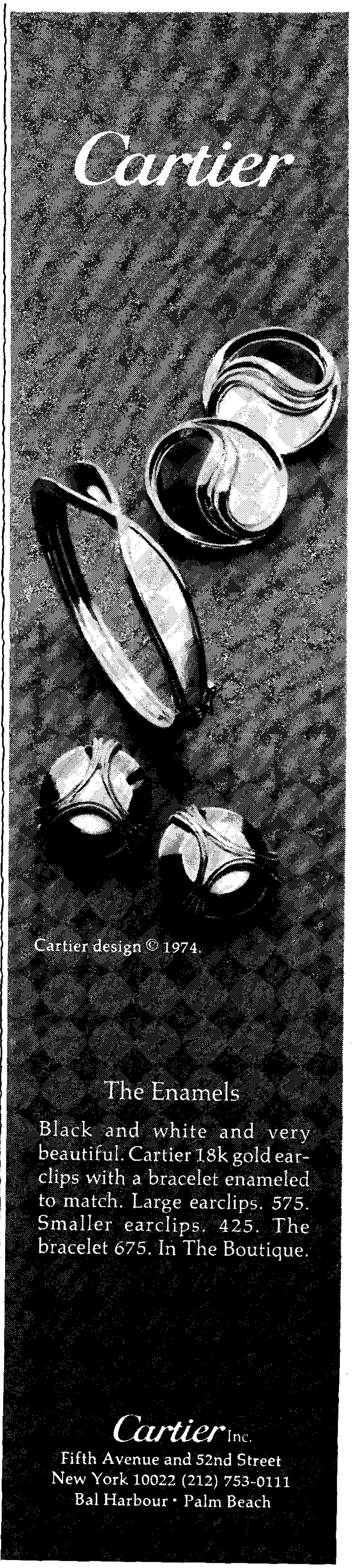
Ball of Fire (1942)—The romantic collision of Sugarpuss O'Shea, a burlesque dancer (Barbara Stanwyck), and Bertram Potts, a fuddy-duddy professor (Gary Cooper), is played as if it were terribly bright, but it's rather shrill and tiresome. Howard Hawks directed, but Brackett and Wilder did the script, and Wilder's influence is very strong. The professor's colleagues have corny, cute names and carry on like something left over from a stock-company Viennese operetta. The cast includes Dana Andrews, Dan Duryea, and Allen Jenkins, and, as the professors, Oscar Homolka, Henry Travers, S. Z. Sakall, Tully Marshall, Leonid Kinskey, Richard Haydn, and Aubrey Mather. Gene Krupa and his band are also on the screen. Gregg Toland did the cinematography for this expensive Samuel Goldwyn production. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 17.)

Barbary Coast (1935)—Lavish, unconvincing re-creation of San Francisco's vice dens in the eighteen-fifties. The picture was designed as a showcase for Edward G. Robinson's talents, and he gives a juicy performance as a lovable gangland boss. But the material is too false and studied—and too polite. Miriam Hopkins is Swan, the disillusioned queen of the Coast, who presides over a crooked roulette wheel; Joel McCrea courts her with a volume of Shelley. Howard Hawks directed, from a script by Hecht and MacArthur, and there's plenty of action, but you feel as if you've seen it all before. With Walter Brennan, Frank Craven, Brian Donlevy, and, in a bit part, David Niven. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 17.)

The Big Broadcast (1932)—With Bing Crosby, the Mills Brothers, and many others, directed by Frank Tuttle. A dud radio station owned by George Burns is salvaged by an all-star program-within-the-film. Bing sings "Please" and "Here Lies Love." The picture has its bizarre pleasures. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 21-23.)

Blazing Saddles—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem as much as they can from the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (Gramercy, East 59th Street I, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, Playboy, and Loews 83rd St.)

Boccaccio '70 (1962)—The Fellini segment features Anita Ekberg as a big blonde on a gigantic poster, advertising milk; the skit is as padded as Ekberg. The Visconti segment is an elegant though overextended sketch featuring Romy Schneider in an attractive performance as a wife who holds her husband (Tomas Milian) by making him pay for her favors. The De Sica segment—the liveliest, and the only one with a Boccaccio flavor—features Sophia Loren as a girl who works with a travelling carnival; in each town she is the prize of a Saturday-night raf-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fle. The way she looks, the whole world would buy tickets. In Italian. (Elgin; April 24.)

The Boy Friend (1971)—Ken Russell has turned the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audience might have had. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from Russell's supposed virtuosity. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. (Elgin; April 21-22.)

Busting—With Elliott Gould and Robert Blake, directed by Peter Hyams. (Quad Cinema; through April 23.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Thalia; through April 23.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Elgin; April 23.)

Claudine—With Diahann Carroll and James Earl Jones, directed by John Berry. (Fine Arts; starting April 23.)

Conrack—Jon Voight finally gets a chance to loosen up on the screen, and in a true starring role. He plays a ribald, freewheeling teacher who tries to wake up a bunch of whipped black kids and wakes up the school authorities, who fire him. Based on "The Water Is Wide," by Pat Conroy, a young Southerner's account of what he went through in his year of teaching on an island off the South Carolina coast, the picture takes its mood from Voight's roller-coaster performance. It has the airy feeling of the teacher's improvising nature, of his impatience and his bursting through restraints. Martin Ritt directed, in a more comic vein than in "Sounder," but with some of the same talent for bringing out black performers. Madge Sinclair plays a black principal who is obstinately strong and more than a match for the hero. The picture is a lively, touching fable about an unrepressed man fighting a slowly dying system of repression; it has a bounding spirit. (3/11/74) (Trans-Lux East, and Loews Ciné.)

The Conversation—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of an expert in wiretapping, bugging, and tape recording, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man with a dropped jaw and an uptight soul, riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. The expert in bugging is a hermetic character who protects his threadbare sanity by allowing himself no sense of consequence. A terrifying picture of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (Coronet.)

Cries and Whispers (1972)—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (1/6/73) (Olympia; starting April 24.)

The Damned (1969)—Nazism as a metaphor for decadence. A ponderously perverse spectacle by Luchino Visconti, in which the Nazis appear to be homosexual werewolves. (Elgin; starting April 25.)

The Day of the Dolphin—The most expensive Rin Tin Tin picture ever made, with a gimmick the Rin Tin Tin pictures never stooped to: the dolphins here are dubbed with plaintive, childish voices and speak in English. Mike Nichols directed this elaborate anthropomorphic exercise; the wretched plot is about an attempt to assassinate the President by using the dolphins as bomb carriers. George C. Scott is the godlike dolphin trainer. (12/31/73) (Baronet.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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The Devils (1971)—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it. (Elgin; April 18-20.)

Divorce—Italian Style (1962)—Marcello Mastroianni in a witty performance as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. The director, Pietro Germi, has made the most of his outrageous opportunities. In Italian. (Elgin; April 17.)

Double Suicide (1969)—A magnificently photographed film based on the eighteenth-century play by Chikamatzu, with an introduction that cues the viewer in on the style of Bunraku puppet drama. The film finds the ethics of modern Japan as absurd as in the earlier period; however, despite the cues to the stylization, the meaning is less apparent than the artistry of the director, Masahiro Shinoda. In Japanese. (Regency; April 23-24.)

The Exorcist—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (Plaza, Cinema I, and Paris.)

Foxy Brown—With Pam Grier and Peter Brown, directed by Jack Hill. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (1953)—Two little girls make good in Paris; one of them is Marilyn Monroe, and thank heaven for her. Howard Hawks manages to turn Anita Loos's famous tale into a bit of a drag. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 19-21.)

Good Girls Go to Paris (1939)—Joan Blondell, who works at a lunch counter, snares college professor Melvyn Douglas. This broad, forgettable farce involves Walter Connolly and a lunatic family of millionaires. Alexander Hall directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 24.)

The Graduate (1967)—Dustin Hoffman is marvellous as a young man who would rather fall in love with his father's partner's daughter than commit adultery with his father's partner's wife. Katharine Ross is the daughter and Anne Bancroft the wife. The director is Mike Nichols. (Thalia; starting April 24.)

The Great Gatsby—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie, directed by Jack Clayton and photographed by Douglas Slocombe. Overuse of tracking shots, redundant dialogue, and too many Charlestons did the mysterious lengthening trick. Daisy is finely played as a creature of beautiful, aerial selfishness and apparent simplicity by Mia Farrow, with a voice that whispers like a bird on the lawn in the Fitzgerald Long Island summer. Her best performance so far. The first-person narrative is transformed into voice-over comment by the character of the observant Nick (Sam Waterston, a good actor, wonderfully picked by Clayton); but the first-person technique works better in novels than in the movies. The small-part casting is first-rate. So is the sensibility. One mostly misses Scott Fitzgerald's terseness. Bruce Dern as Tom Buchanan is very good, Robert Redford as the pining, mysteriously rich Gatsby is a bit Ivy League. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (4/1/74) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum. . . . ¶ Paramount. Sundays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Reserved performances—not seats—only.)

The Heartbreak Kid (1972)—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (12/16/72) (Cinema Village; through April 23.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1959)—A tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Resnais's controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Riva's splendid performance. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 23-24.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—Rosalind Russell playing an indispensable caustic girl reporter, divorced by the hero and now wanted back. The conniving editor is Cary Grant. Corruption so fictionalized that it is quite undisturbing runs in the veins of these characters like printer's ink. A hectic remake of the famous Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur "The Front Page," with a kind of terrific verbal knockabout that has vanished from current film-making. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 18.)

The House on Chelouche Street—With Gila Almagor, directed by Moshe Mizrahi. In Hebrew. (Columbia II.)

Kill! (1968)—A rousing samurai film, directed by Kihachi Okamoto in a modern style influenced by Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Regency; starting April 25.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones—A complete Rolling Stones concert on film. (Ziegfeld.)

The Last Detail—About three seamen. Dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson and Otis Young are dispatched to take a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted from Darryl Ponicsan's book by Robert Towne. (2/11/74) (East 59th Street II, 8th St. Playhouse, 23rd St. Cinema, and New Yorker.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 23-24.)

The Laughing Policeman—Standard, gory imitation of "Dirty Harry," "The French Connection," and "Bullitt." There isn't much acting honor to be had from it, but Walter Matthau, playing a black-haired police detective, loses what little there is to Bruce Dern, who plays his partner. Matthau does the ancient obvious, but Dern's contentious, muffled manner is the latest in fey one-upmanship. The choppy film makes practically no sense; Stuart Rosenberg's direction features massacres, cadavers, and close inspection of wounds. (1/21/74) (72nd Street East; through April 23. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting April 24.)

Little Murders (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (Quad Cinema; through April 23.)

Love and Anarchy—With Giancarlo Giannini, directed by Lina Wertmüller. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

Lovin' Molly—With Anthony Perkins, Beau

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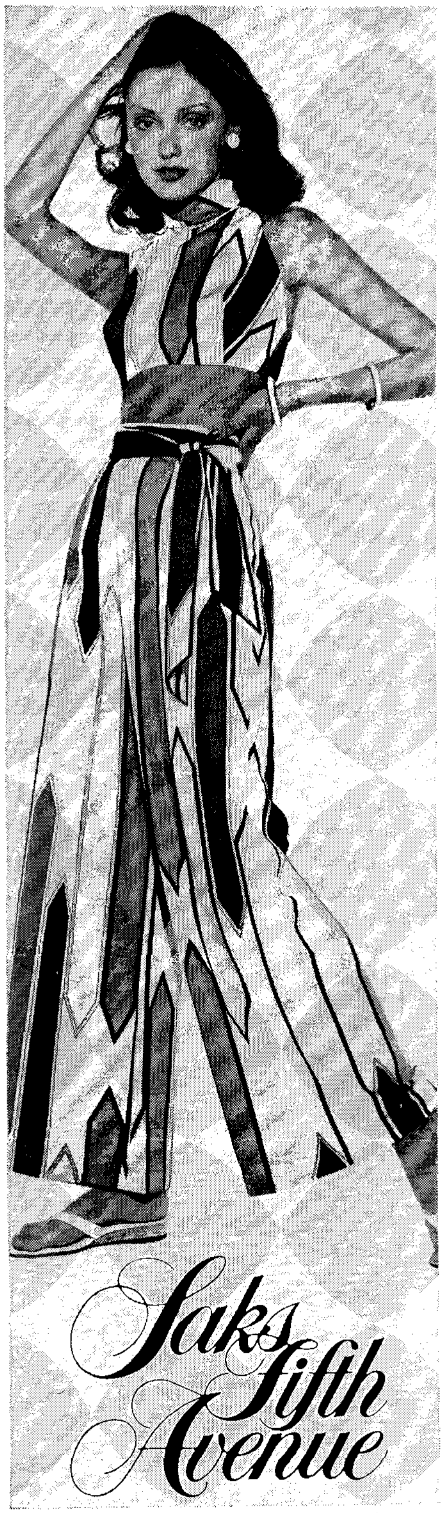

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Bridges, and Blythe Danner, directed by Sidney Lumet. (Reviewed in this issue.) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Lucia—A long trilogy by Humberto Solas, a young man who has been called Cuba's Eisenstein. The first episode is melodramatic; the second, about the disorganized hatred of the dictatorial President Machado, intellectually fine and visually lyric; the third is an ironically anti-women's-lib argument about a Castro-period husband who literally walls up his beautiful new wife and nearly goes crazy with jealousy when a handsome teacher arrives to take her through the revolutionists' literacy program. In Spanish. (4/8/74) (Quad Cinema; through April 23.)

Mame—A slapstick musical so terrible it isn't boring; you can get fixated staring at it and wondering what exactly Lucille Ball thought she was doing. At the end, there's a reprise of the various scenes the viewer has just witnessed of the star hugging people; this may be the first hug collage in movie history and—if God is good—the last. Gene Saks directed; Onna White choreographed. (3/11/74) (Music Hall.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (St. Marks Cinema, and Quad Cinema; through April 23.)

McQ—Prostratingly dull. John Wayne, eager to change his image, plays a tough cop, modelled on Clint Eastwood's Harry Callahan. As a member of the Seattle police force, Wayne clutches a little gun in gnarled hands the size of cattle hocks. John Sturges directed, at a funereal pace. (2/11/74) (72nd Street East; starting April 24.)

Million Dollar Legs (1932)—One of the silliest and funniest pictures ever made: a lunatic musical satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, Andy Clyde, Ben Turpin, and Lyda Robert singing "It's Terrific." The Mankiewicz brothers (Herman J. and Joseph L.) worked together on this one, and Edward Cline directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 21-23.)

Monkey Business (1952)—One of the rare movies in which one feels embarrassed for Cary Grant. As a middle-aged professor who drinks a rejuvenating potion, he is required to act so frolicsomely juvenile that he loses his elegant charm. (It's painful to see him playing cowboys and Indians with a bunch of kids.) As his wife, who also swigs the potion, Ginger Rogers is reduced to thumb-sucking childishness. This boisterous, labored whimsy, which also features Marilyn Monroe and Charles Coburn, was scripted by Ben Hecht, I. A. L. Diamond, and Charles Lederer, and directed by Howard Hawks. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 19-21.)

The Mysterious Island (1929)—Imaginative undersea fantasy starring sinister monsters, weird fish, Lionel Barrymore as a nineteenth-century inventor, and Montague Love as a wicked nobleman. (Not to be confused with the 1961 British film of the same name, also derived from Jules Verne.) This ill-fated production was begun in 1927 by the greatly gifted Maurice Tourneur, who was fired by M-G-M and replaced by Benjamin Christiansen, and it was finally credited to Lucien Hubbard—by which time sound had come in, so the film is part silent, part sound. The plot twists are silly, but the film presents the invention, launching, and kidnapping of the first submarine, and then the real capper: a mammoth octopus with tentacles long enough to embrace that submarine in its entirety. And surely no one who saw the film as a child has completely forgotten that horror scene on the ocean floor: the wreck of a Roman galley with the skeletons of slaves still chained to the oars. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through April 20.)

La Notte (1962)—In Antonioni's earlier "L'Avventura," which was also about the moral and spiritual poverty of the rich, his architectural sense was integral to the theme and characters; here, the abstract elements take over, and the drama becomes glacial. And his conception is distasteful: his characters seem to find glamour in their own desolation and emptiness. The characters are cardboard intellectuals—a sort of international café society—and their lassitude seems an empty pose. Mastroianni plays a blank-faced famous novelist; as his wife, Jeanne Moreau walks endlessly, with the camera fixated on her rear; and Monica Vitta is a brunette with money up to her ears and nothing to do. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 25.)

The Organizer (1963)—Marcello Mastroianni in a fine performance as a slovenly, bespectacled ex-professor who gets involved in the struggle for social justice at the turn of the century. A modest, though oversimplified, film, directed by Mario Monicelli, with a cast that includes Annie Girardot, Folco Lulli, Renato Salvatori, and François Périer. In Italian. (Elgin; April 24.)

Our Time—From an overprotected script by Jane C. Stanton, aged twenty-six, about a swanky girls' boarding school full of incredibly euphemistic and ignorant seventeen-year-olds who whisper about sex as though it were some kind of strictly forbidden Sanskrit. License ends in disaster, and so this story of 1955, which was certainly meant to be a piece of lyrical/tragical propaganda for legal abortion, finishes up meaning hellfire for those who go, in the film's words, "all the way." Directed by Peter Hyams, with a beauty named Pamela Sue Martin as Abby, born lucky, and Betsy Slade as Muffy, a plain Jane whose plastic barrettes define something about her hopelessness about herself. (Sutton.)

The Paper Chase—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (10/29/73) (St. Marks Cinema, Cinema Village, and Quad Cinema; through April 23.)

Paper Moon—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who victimizes new widows, and an eleven-year-old tomboy, played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (5/26/73) (Ciné Malibu, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Olympia; through April 23.)

Papillon—A pointlessly gruelling movie, in which Steve McQueen keeps trying to escape from Devil's Island, and fellow-convict Dustin Hoffman keeps financing his attempts. The picture is so solemn that one would think it the story of a pope, at the very least. Directed by Franklin Schaffner. (12/24/73) (5th Ave. Cinema, and Festival.)

The Pedestrian—Directed by Maximilian Schell. In German. (Fine Arts; through April 22.)

Red Desert (1965)—Boredom in Ravenna, and it seeps into the viewer's bones. Antonioni's hazy illustration of emotional chaos may or may not have something to do with industrialism; he makes the pollution so exquisite that one can't decide. With Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 25.)

Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous, terrified girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. (Elgin; starting April 25.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (9/16/72) (Thalia; through April 23.)

Savage Messiah (1972)—Another of Ken Russell's unstable satires on romantic artists: it's Henri Gaudier-Brzeska's turn this time. Russell makes prankish, venomous jokes about the Vorticists, the suffragettes, and sensual art lovers. As the hero, Scott Antony is like a young, even less talented Rock Hudson or Stewart Granger, but as his platonic lover, Sophie Gaudier-Brzeska, Dorothy Tutin is a brilliant shrew—comic, high-powered, and erotically nasty. (11/18/72) (Elgin; April 21-22.)

Save the Tiger (1973)—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his custom-

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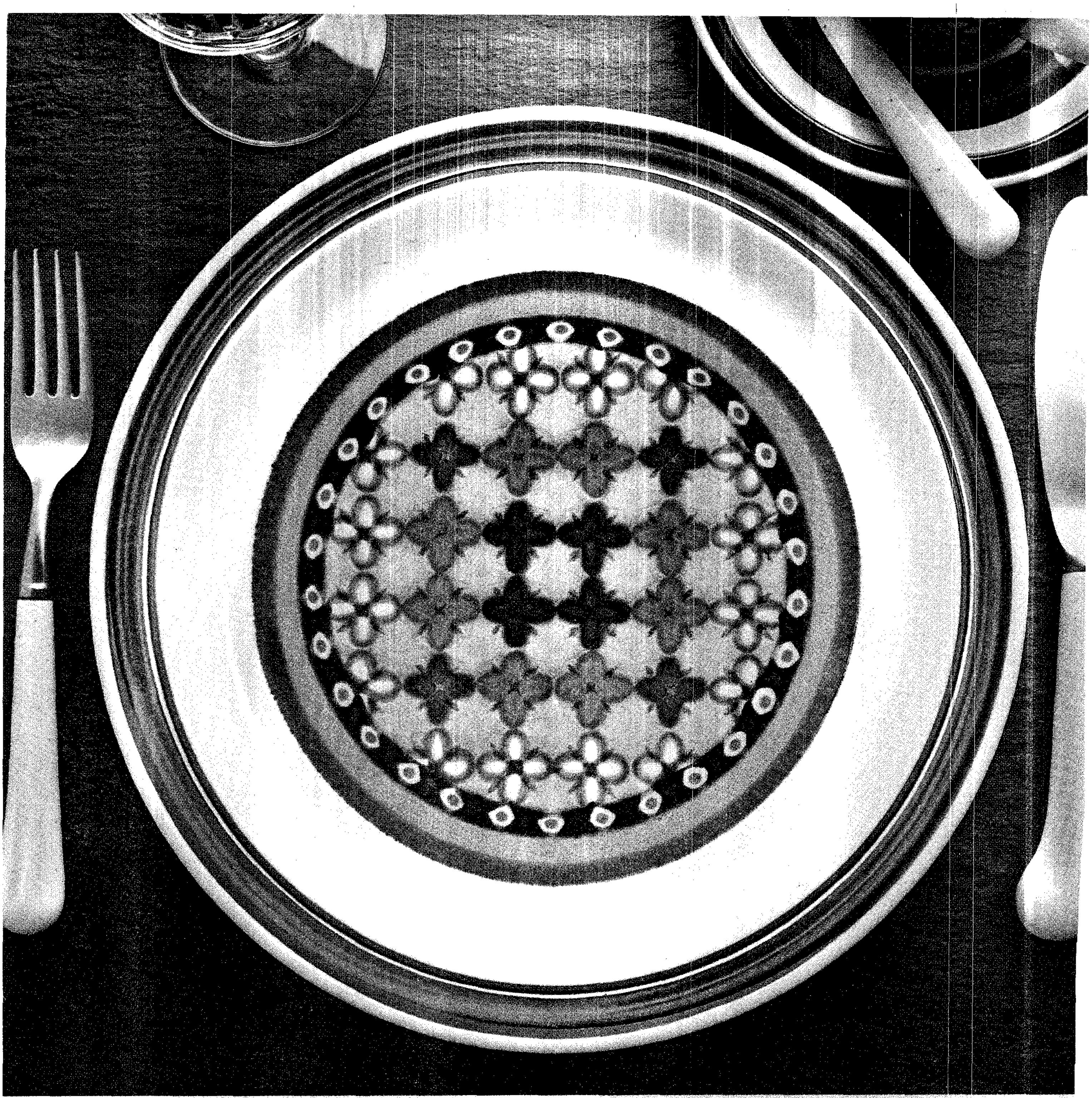

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ers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling these orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed. (2/17/73) (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Olympia; through April 23.)

The Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan (1970)—Mid-nineteenth-century Japan, and not a bit scandalous, though the picture—Shinoda's—has a bright sense of mischief. About feudalism and rebellion. Any Japanese picture must be about this, even if it is about contemporary business executives struggling onto the world's most advanced trains and playing weekend clock golf. In Japanese. (Regency; April 23-24.)

Seduced and Abandoned (1964)—Directed by Pietro Germi, maker of the gloriously funny "Divorce—Italian Style." This later picture doesn't quite take flight, because the director was trying to repeat himself, but the dignified slapstick about Sicilian sex mores is still pretty funny. In Italian. (Elgin; April 17.)

Serpico—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (Waverly.)

Le Sex Shop—A French film written and directed by Claude Berri, with English subtitles, starring Berri as Claude, a disconsolate husband with an adored wife and two small children. He goes to work in a place called Le Sex Shop, which sells sex manuals, fetishists' gadgetry, and lovers' armory that look like cart-horse harness. A funny picture about a man who is physically in love with his wife but haplessly goes along with the idea that progress in sex should keep up with the moon walk. (8/6/73) (Olympia; starting April 24.)

She Married Her Boss (1935)—The flat title tells the whole story of this uninspired office romance. Claudette Colbert, a chic, hyperefficient secretary, is in love with her rich, miserable department-store-owner boss (Melvyn Douglas). He has a spoiled brat (Edith Fellows) by a previous marriage and a rotten sister who keeps house for him. When he finally marries Claudette, she takes on his domestic mess and discovers that he expects her to be Miss Efficiency forever. This is one of those movies in which all problems are finally solved by the hero and heroine getting drunk and throwing bricks through plate-glass windows. Gregory La Cava directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 24.)

Sleeper—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, and with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (12/31/73) (Cinema Studio.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace (12/31/73) (Murray Hill, U. A. East, and Symphony.)

The Sugarland Express—Lou Jean (Goldie Hawn) gets off a bus in Texas, and her bouncy, determined walk spells trouble. She could have a sign engraved on her forehead: "I want it now." Whatever it is, Lou Jean can't wait for it. The film is about the foul-up she causes when she and her husband (William Atherton), who have lost custody of their infant son, try to get him back by taking a highway-patrol officer (Michael Sacks) hostage. The picture is commercial and shallow, yet it has eagerness and flash and talent. The director, Steven Spielberg, is twenty-six and a wizard at action sequences; in terms of the pleasure that technical assurance gives an audience, this film is one of the most phenomenal début films in the history of movies. (3/18/74) (Cinema II.)

The Super Cops—With Ron Leibman and David Selby, directed by Gordon Parks. (34th St. East, and 86th St. East.)

The Sword of Doom (1967)—With Tatsuya Nakadai, directed by Kihachi Okamoto. In Japanese. (Regency; starting April 25.)

Thomasine & Bushrod—With Max Julien and Vonetta McGee, directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Three Musketeers—As in Roger Planchon's anarchic stage production at his famous Lyons theatre, in France, Dumas's novel is kicked around in Richard Lester's film. Charlton Heston plays Richelieu in a becoming false nose, Jean-Pierre Cassel is a clothes-cluttered Louis XIII, Spike Milligan, in a nightshirt and a stocking cap, trails around muttering Goon Show-type jokes of unseating common sense. David Watkins did the overarranged but striking photography. The dozens of stars, deliberately cast against type, also include Oliver Reed, Raquel Welch, Faye Dunaway, Frank Finlay, Geraldine Chaplin, Richard Chamberlain, and Michael York. (4/8/74) (Art, Columbia I, Juliet 2, Guild, and Beacon.)

A Touch of Class—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. Mild, muddled fun. (7/9/73) (Ciné Malibu. . . . ¶ Cinema Village, and Thalia; starting April 24.)

Twentieth Century (1934)—John Barrymore in one of his best comedy roles—as an egomaniac theatrical producer—and Carole Lombard in the giddy, glamorous role that established her as a comedienne. Howard Hawks directed this great hardboiled farce, from Hecht and MacArthur's adaptation of the Bruce Milholland play. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 18.)

The Unholy Three (1930)—Lon Chaney, in a talkie remake of one of his grotesque, horrifying silent hits. He plays Echo, a crooked ventriloquist, who works in a dime museum along with a malevolent midget (Harry Earles, later the star of "Freaks") and a strong man (Ivan Linow). They sell parrots who, with Echo's aid, appear to be great talkers; when dissatisfied customers complain, the three visit the customers' homes, which they subsequently burglarize. (Surely the most outlandish burglary scheme on film.) This sound version, directed by Jack Conway, isn't as nightmarishly well done as the Tod Browning silent, but Chaney ("the man of a thousand faces") demonstrates that he also has a variety of voices (he uses four), and the sound is particularly effective in the courtroom climax when, masquerading as an old woman, he suddenly gives himself away by speaking like a man. With Lila Lee, John Miljan, and Elliott Nugent. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through April 20.)

Woman in the Dunes (1964)—A very fine Japanese film by Hiroshi Teshigahara, as long as your sympathies hold firm enough not to be shaken by a taxing concentration on sand, sand, sand-covered bodies, and an alien cast of mind about erotic parables. In Japanese. (Regency; April 21-22.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Elgin; April 18-20.)

Zatoichi's Conspiracy—With Shintaro Katsu, directed by Kenji Misumi. In Japanese. (Regency; through April 20.)

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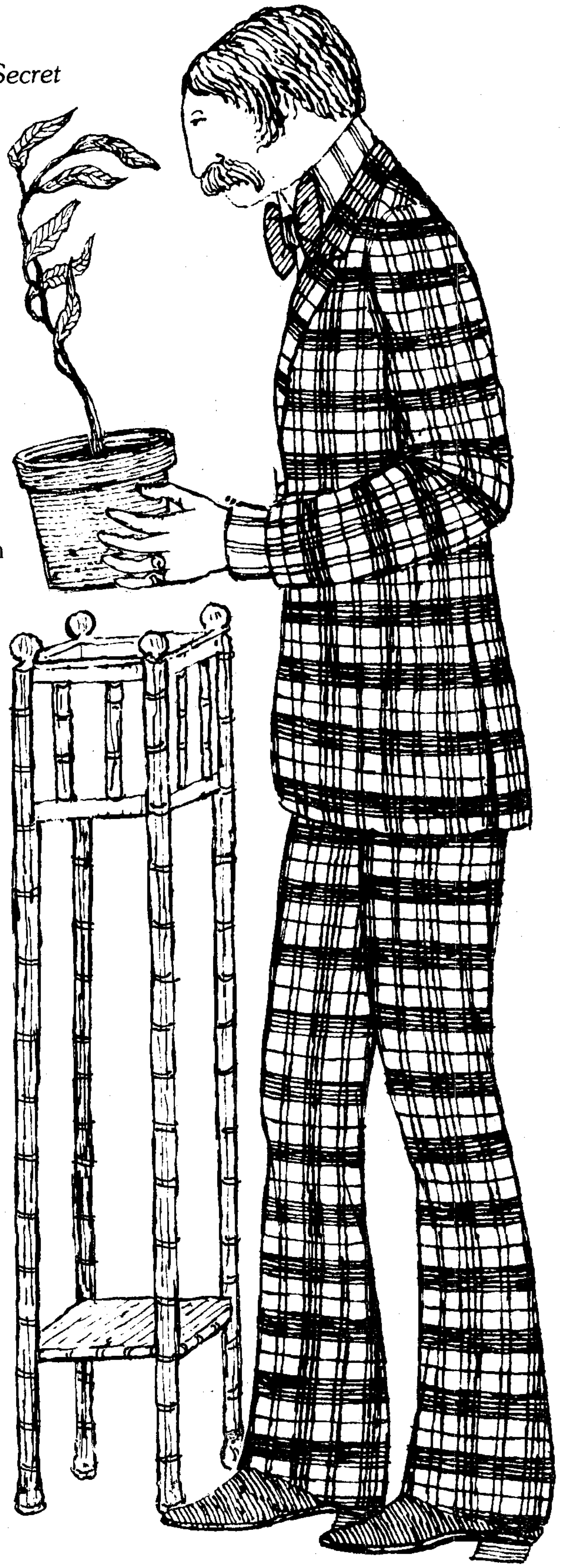
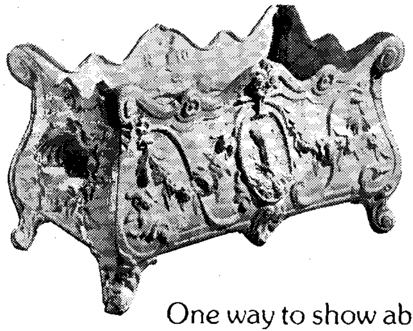


We've been dabbling in a fascinating book called *The Secret Life of Plants* by Peter Tompkins and Christopher Bird and we have found that plants are not only living, communicating **creatures,** but are endowed with plenty of personality. For example, should a plant be threatened with danger or damage, it will, like many a human, simply **pass out**.



Mssrs. Tompkins' and Bird's theory is that plants respond to **love.** So you can just will your plants to be healthy and make them feel loved and you will have a flourishing greenery.

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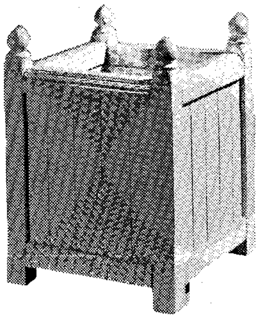

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT often happens with the *Times* that when a man dies certain unpleasant aspects of his life are given charitably short shrift in his obituary. For example, if a once honored member of Congress has been convicted of a crime and put in prison, the *Times* obituary writer nearly always makes as little as possible of this ugly, necessary fact; in the writing up of his life the dead man receives a sort of posthumous pardon by ellipsis and abbreviation. There is an exception to this rule. When it comes to sports, and especially to baseball, the *Times* rarely follows the principle of *de mortuis nil nisi bonum;* it would seem that our so-called national pastime is too important a subject to be tampered with in the name of kindness. A characteristically frank obituary appeared in the *Times* just the other day. It was headed "FRED SNODGRASS, 86, DEAD; BALLPLAYER MUFFED 1912 FLY." With a brisk matter-of-factness that the *Times* might have hesitated to employ in the obituary of an unregenerate mass murderer, the account began, "Fred Carlisle Snodgrass, who muffed an easy fly that helped to cost the New York Giants the 1912 World Series, died Friday at the age of eighty-six." Note that the deed took place *sixty-two years ago.* The passage of six long and presumably penitent decades has done nothing to soften the heart of the implacable obituary writer. Mr. Snodgrass isn't to be let off with a simple, unmodified "fly." Oh, no—it was an "easy" fly that Mr. Snodgrass had the misfortune to muff.

Mr. Snodgrass gave up big-league baseball after nine more years, moved to California, became mayor of Oxnard, and was a successful banker and rancher. Surely he could be thought to have discharged his debt to society by now? Not at all. The *Times* is relentless. It spells out his offense with what amounts to relish: "Mr. Snodgrass made a two-base muff of pinch-hitter Clyde Engle's easy pop fly to set up the tying run. One man walked and another singled, driving in Mr. Engle to tie the game and put the winning run on third. A long outfield fly scored the winning run. He is survived by his widow, Josephine; two daughters, Mrs. Eleanor Lefever and Mrs. Elizabeth Garrett; and five grandchildren."

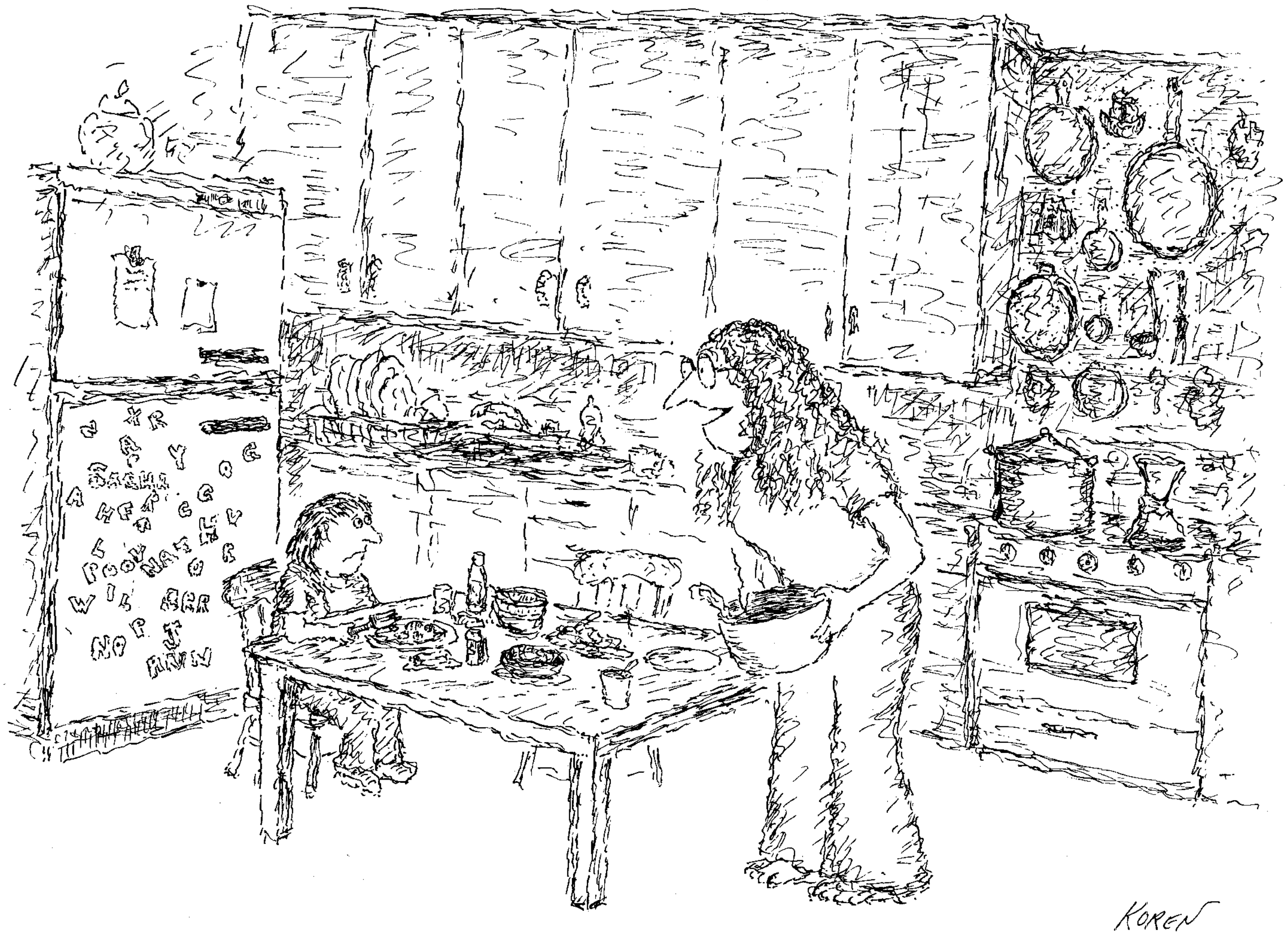
How lucky we are, those of us who go to the grave without having played a professional sport! Our errors, whatever they may be, are not in the record books; the *Times* will be gentle with us, and a miscalculation that occupied less than a second on a sunny fall day when we were twenty-four will not be made the means by which we win a place in history.

Scruples

SENATOR CHARLES McC. MATHIAS, JR., Republican, of Maryland, says he will refuse any campaign gift larger than a hundred dollars; eleven of his colleagues have adopted campaign-gift ceilings of up to three thousand dollars; the Senate as a whole has approved ceilings of three thousand dollars on gifts from individuals and six thousand on gifts from organizations; several representatives have announced one-hundred-dollar ceilings; and one representative—Charles Vanik, Democrat, of Ohio—says that he will run a shoestring campaign (no handouts, no bumper stickers) and will not take any money at all. With all this post-Watergate morality in the air, it is heartening to see that New York will not be left out. Ramsey Clark is seeking the Democratic nomination for senator from this state, and he is telling everyone who will listen that he will return any contribution of more than a hundred dollars. The former Attorney General, a native of Texas and now a Manhattanite, describes his chosen ceiling as merely a small step toward opening politics to all the people. "I would prefer to have a lower figure," he said the other day. "I spent six months trying to find out how you could run with a ten-dollar limitation, but the truth is if you have a ten-dollar limitation you can't buy a newspaper ad or do a mailing." Mr. Clark was saying this in one of those incongruous settings created by the American way of politics. His audience was made up mainly of journalists from five Chinese publications, and they were sitting with him in a loft lent by a Chinatown social agency. The journalists were polite and impassive. Mr. Clark was earnest, uneasy, and distinctly Southern. His face had the lean look of a rancher's. He spoke with a slight twang, and he was wearing a white button-down shirt and a dark, narrow tie. He seemed about to escort a newly enfranchised Negro to a Mississippi voting booth in 1965.

The journalists voiced questions that

Richard Edes Harrison



"No more carbohydrates until you finish your protein."

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reflected both Chinese and general concerns. Had Mr. Clark ever dealt before with Chinese people? (Yes. He had met lots of them on a trip to China in 1948.) What did he think of a bill that would outlaw the employing of illegal immigrants? (He hadn't heard of the bill, but he believed in an "open-border philosophy.") Did he meet any resistance because he isn't a native New Yorker? ("When I hear the 'carpetbagger' charge, I say, 'I thought the carpetbaggers went South.' I hope we're outgrowing parochialism in this country.") Why do politicians omit Chinese papers from their advertising schedules? ("In the main, that sort of thing is due to oversight from ignorance.") Who are his rivals for the Democratic nomination? (Remains to be seen.) If he wins the primary, how does he expect to do against the incumbent, Jacob Javits—an "old-timer," who "has been around for so long"? ("Well, you've mentioned two reasons I think I'll do very well—he's an old-timer, and he's been around for so long. I respect age very much, but if this is where we are, then it's time for a change.") Does he expect backing from the disbanded McGovern forces? ("I hope for, seek, and expect the support of all the people who worked for Senator McGovern. But I want to go beyond that. For example, I have a lot of what is called Populist in me, and I think that will help me communicate with the people upstate—with working people.")

Besides taking a stand against big money, Mr. Clark is promoting three issues in his campaign: he wants to draw into politics such outsiders as the poor and the less educated, he plans to avoid political machines, and he decries politicians who don't say what they think. His hundred-dollar ceiling is the clearest evidence that he stands for something new. "It's not by chance that when you look at Watergate you see all those industries coming through and giving all that money," he said in Chinatown. "It's not charity or benevolence that's in their hearts—they've got things they want the government to do for them. And as long as campaigns are financed by wealth, wealth is going to control our institutions." On the progress of his own fund-raising, he said, "As of today, we've got over thirty-five thousand dollars. We haven't begun real mailouts. We've had one ad in the *Times*, which cost something like fifty-five hundred dollars; the returns aren't all in on it yet, but it looks as if it's going to pay for itself twice over. What I hope to do is to reach out finally to fifty thousand people, with a ten-dollar average from each. You can run an efficient, effective campaign on half a million dollars. That's through the primary. If you win the primary, you can start again for the election. But if you get fifty thousand people to give, it would be revolutionary. It would *really* involve people. I think we've let big money drive little money out. Why should I give ten bucks to a candidate when somebody else is giving a thousand?"

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A FRIEND who had to work his way through New York State's tax brochure CR-60 writes that he received a certain wry satisfaction, not to mention enlightenment, when he came across the following: "If an individual changes his status during the taxable year from a NY resident to a nonresident or from a nonresident to a NY resident, a change of resident status has occurred."

Suds

RHEINGOLD BREWERIES, in Brooklyn, threw a party a few days ago which we can only describe as a thank-God-we-didn't-go-out-of-business-after-all party. Free beer at eleven o'clock in the morning. We wouldn't have missed it for anything. There were kegs and kegs of good fresh beer on tap, horse troughs full of iced long-neck bottles, piles of frankfurters and potato salad and Chock Full O' Nuts sugared doughnuts, and a large number of Rheingold employees who looked like beer bottles with suits on.

The politicians and businessmen who were credited with saving the brewery were also on hand—among them His Honor the Mayor, looking cute as a pearl button; City Council President Paul O'Dwyer; Economic Development Administrator Alfred Eisenpreis; and Seymour S. Mindel, president of Chock Full O' Nuts, whose company bought Rheingold from Pepsico and kept the brewery going. Chock Full Board Chairman William Black was unable to be present; he had a virus. But Frank E. Connery, the new president of Rheingold, was there. Mayor Beame, who arrived from District Attorney Frank Hogan's funeral, made a speech that began, "Unlike Mark Antony, who came to bury Caesar, not to praise him, I come to do the opposite. I come to praise Rheingold, not to bury it."

We heard one of the Rheingold truck drivers say of the Mayor, "He's a great man, the Little Flower Boy." The podium was flanked by two huge German beer mugs of the usual sort. One was inscribed "The Ruppert Brunswick Trophy—*Bei Tanz u. Scherz, bleibt froh das Herz*—High Score—Men 1960/61."

George Pfleiderer, a veteran Rheingold brewer, started naming the old New York breweries that have either closed down or moved away in the last twenty-five years: Ehret's, Burke's, Hoffmann's, Old Dutch, Piel's, Ruppert's, Trommer's, R. & H. (Rubsam & Hornnmann), North American, Linden, Eichler's, Kips Bay, Edelbrew . . . To test Pfleiderer, we asked him if he had ever heard of Walter's, a beer found only in several counties of Minnesota and Wisconsin and, now and then, in Chicago. "Let's see," he said. "They brew fifty thousand barrels a year. A little operation started for the German community that moved to Minnesota in the eighteen-eighties. Right?"

"You win," we said.

The oompah band, who were supposed to be wearing lederhosen, according to a press release, had on corduroy Bermudas or gym shorts. William Orth, a Rheingold maintenance welder, requested the old German song "Auf Wiederseh'n," and sang it along with the band. Bella Wetzel, one of two women at the party, danced. We asked her what kind of dance she was doing. "It's a German *HoopsaLa*," she said.

"Bella will do anything to get on TV," said a Rheingold worker who was a head shorter than Bella. Grabbing Bella, he shouted into the name tag on her jacket, "Calling all cars! Calling all cars!"

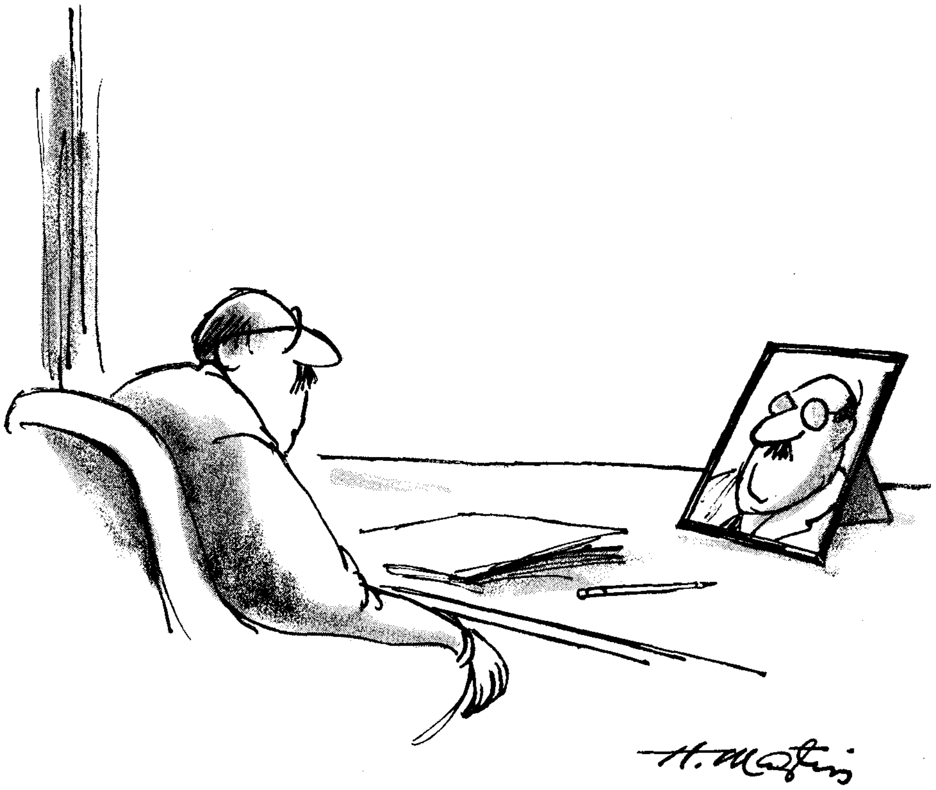
We meandered over to the Rheingold front office, which was manned by Bella Wetzel's sister Anna Duffy, who told us how to spell "*HoopsaLa*." An illuminated manuscript on the wall, called the "Miss Rheingold Story," bore these sentences: "Beer is the universal beverage. And beauty has universal appeal. The two combined—blended together with the skilled artistry of master craftsmen, with the showmanship and know-how of modern advertising techniques—are among the major ingredients of one of the most unique and remarkable success stories of the 20th century."

We got back to the party just in time to hear the bandleader tell us to go home. "Thanks very much," he said. "It vas a gas. Haff a nice Easter."

Brooklyn Boy Makes Good on Great White Way

WHEN enthusiasts of the art of cinema talk about their favorite films, they usually talk about "Alexander Nevsky," or "Citizen Kane," or "Greed," or "Rules of the Game," or "Metropolis," or something like that. When we asked Eddie LaPidus the other day what his favorite picture was, he told us it was "The Hallelujah Trail." The fact that "The Hallelujah Trail" was one of the biggest turkeys of 1965 or any other year doesn't bother LaPidus. "I didn't actually see the picture, except maybe the last reel," he said. "Or maybe I did. Did it have John Wayne in it? If it had John Wayne in it, I saw it. If it didn't, I didn't."

Eddie LaPidus is in the première business—in New York, he *is* the première business—and he liked "The Hallelujah Trail" because it had one of the biggest premières ever. Besides the usual red carpets and searchlights, the "Hallelujah Trail" première had a big invitational barbecue in the parking lot behind the old Capitol Theatre. There were four tents, and the help all wore cowboy suits or Indian outfits. LaPidus made the arrangements. The "Funny Girl" première was big, too—five tents. LaPidus made the arrangements. "Look," he told



us. "They were both big. They were both giant. They were both tremendous."

LaPidus's most recent big job was, of course, the première of "The Great Gatsby," a picture that is shaping up as the "Hallelujah Trail" of the seventies. We watched him in action for a while in front of Loews State Theatre. He is a stout man, fifty years old, and he wears a mustache and goatee and a pair of black-rimmed half-spectacles. He had on a blue ruffled shirt, a dark-blue velvet bow tie and vest, and a tuxedo. He has three tuxedos, just in case. He was "working the curb"—that is, he was opening the doors of limousines in front of the theatre—and he was keeping an eye on his equipment, which included two Second World War surplus carbon-arc anti-aircraft searchlights, two red carpets (one twelve by twenty, the other fifteen by twenty-one), a microphone and loudspeakers, and floodlights for what he calls "general lighting under the marquee area." He had a stepladder, too. At one point, he caught a couple of kids climbing on it. "Off," he told them. "My insurance doesn't cover you."

"How much insurance have you got?" we asked.

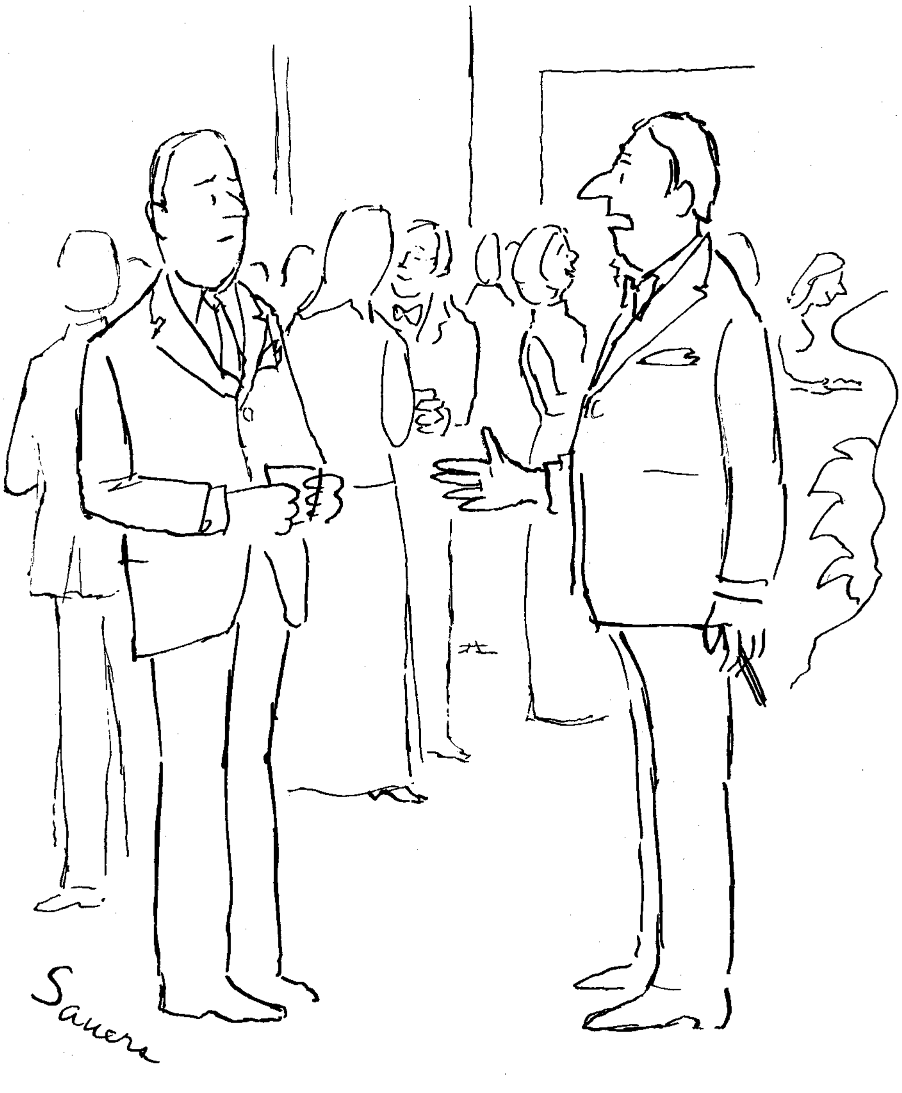
"A million dollars' worth," he said. "And I need it, because millions of dollars on the hoof are going through my hands tonight in the form of people. If some society dame does a pratfall on my carpet, I don't want to be left holding the bag."

"Gatsby" had an auxiliary première up at the Paramount Theatre, in addition to the Loews State biggie, and we went along with LaPidus to check it out. One searchlight, one carpet, a couple of banks of floodlights. The picture had already gone on, and there wasn't much to do. LaPidus told us that he arranged his first première in 1954. "The picture was '20,000 Leagues Under the Sea,' " he said. "I got a searchlight and a twenty-seven-inch-wide runner, put myself down for a couple of shekels' expenses, and I was in business. Before that, each distribution company would assign its own people to put a première together. One highly paid publicity personage would get the searchlight, another one would get the carpet, another would see about the permits. I saw my opportunity, and today I'm *it*. A press agent flies in from the Coast and says, 'I need a carpet.' They say, 'See LaPidus.' 'I also want a searchlight.' 'See LaPidus.' 'And also a—' 'See LaPidus.' "

Since 1954, LaPidus has put on some six hundred premières. When the première business is slack, he still has plenty to do as maintenance manager of the Ziegfeld Theatre and house electrician of the Booth. For a while, he was involved in soft-core pornographic movies, which made him, as he put it, "conversant on a personal basis with the production end." He knows all about publicity. "Listen," he told us. "If a première I do gets a picture in the centerfold of the *News*, I could double the bill and I wouldn't hear a peep. Hey, here's a good headline about me. 'BROOKLYN BOY MAKES GOOD ON GREAT WHITE WAY.' "

We asked LaPidus what kind of carpets he uses, and he said, "One-hundred-per-cent wool. It's the only thing that lasts. Nylon, Orlon, garbagelon—forget it. One time, I had to put a carpet in the gutter, so antique cars could drive over it, and it came back from the cleaners afterward in perfect shape. Only two things you can't control on a carpet: cigarette burns and ground-in chewing gum."

We asked LaPidus how much it would cost if we wanted a première of our own (on our birthday, say), and he said, "Rock-bottom—one searchlight, one carpet, and permits—it'd cost you five hundred and thirty dollars. Actually, I did that one time for some friends out in Woodmere, on the Island, who were having a formal party for their fifteenth anniversary. No charge, of course. Unbeknownst to them, I had a searchlight and red carpet in front of their house, and a neighbor was taking flash pictures. You should have seen their faces when they saw it. Today they're getting divorced. What can you do?"



"Hi, I'm Ed McGraw. I'm in the paper crunch. What crunch are you in?"

Still Another

IN an act of foolhardy bravado, we went, the other night, to a movie première *not* arranged by Mr. LaPidus. Our non-LaPidus opening belonged to the film "Thomasine & Bushrod," a black Western, and we went because we had been promised that the audience would be dressed entirely in Wild

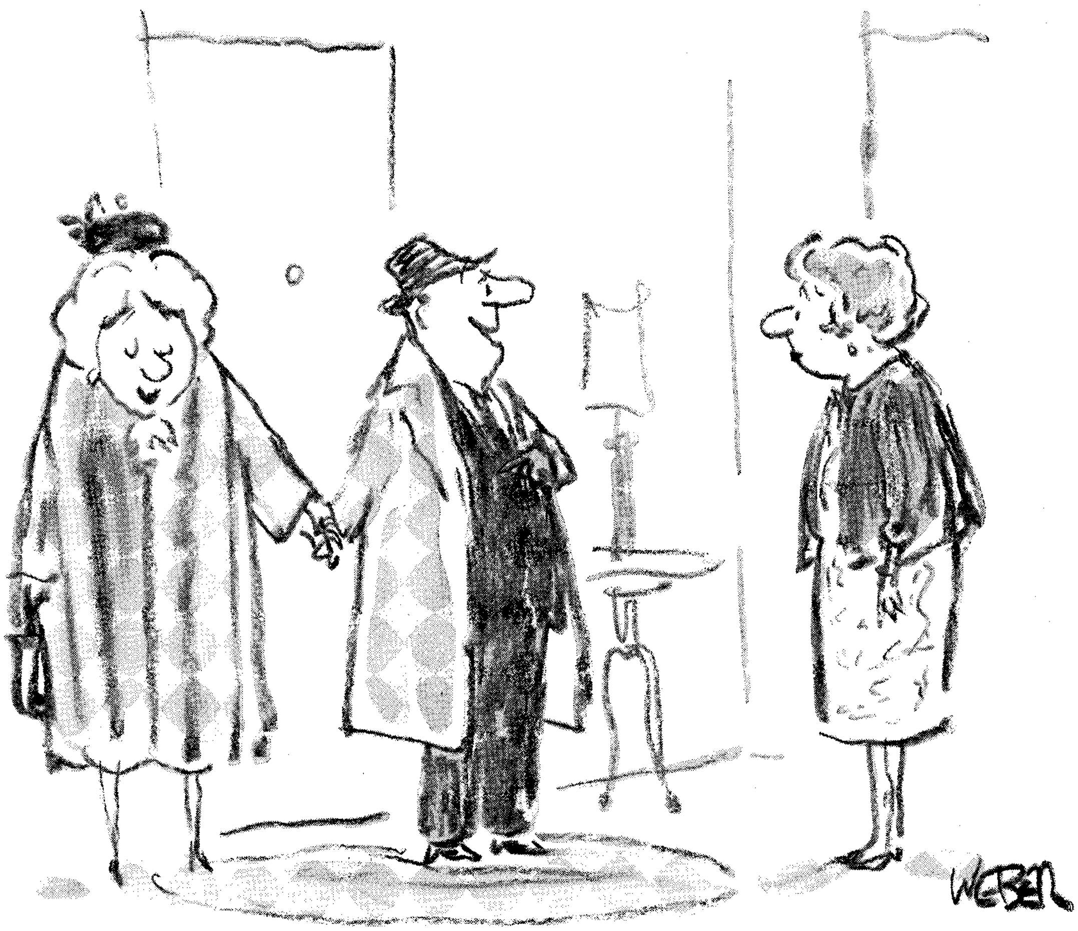
West attire. We went with our nineteen-year-old friend Tony Coleman, who is interested in all forms of non-ordinary dress, and we were disappointed to see when we arrived at the theatre that there were *no* suitable police barricades, *no* red carpet, *no* searchlights, and very few people in Wild West attire. "I don't see where they look like stars, and I don't see where they look like Western dress, either," our friend Tony said succinctly.

Now for the film. We noticed in it one or two haunting echoes of "Bonnie and Clyde." Tony noticed about ten anachronisms. He was especially annoyed when a West Indian cowboy (who appeared in the film just in time to save the hero and heroine from a particularly vicious white grocery clerk) showed up in modern-looking pants. "He's wearing *flares*," Tony said severely. "They didn't have flares in those old Western times. Those flares he's got on you can get right now in any participating clothes shop." Tony said he thought that "Thomasine & Bushrod" was good, on the whole, but it had a lot of phony parts. He said he thought that Max Julien, the male lead, had been better in "The Mack." "There's a scene in there where Max puts this man into a car trunk full of rats and then drops him off at the hospital," Tony said. "Max Julien was good in 'The Mack.' "

Later, there was a party upstairs over the Horn & Hardart near the theatre. The few people who had worn Western dress competed in a contest for a free dinner, two tickets to "Raisin," and a limousine for a day. They paraded around in a circle while Max Julien and Vonetta McGee, his co-star, judged their costumes. The circling continued for quite some time. "They just toyin' with those people," Tony said. "And I bet they expect them to jump up and say, 'Oh thank you, thank you, I'm so glad I won!' That's messed up." When the contest was over, it turned out that there was just one set of tickets and that the man who had won didn't know the girl who had won. "What makes them think that guy wants to take that girl out on a date?" Tony said. "Maybe he's got his own girl friend. That's tacky."

A striking young black woman said that she thought it was insulting for a movie company to give a cheap party and bill it as a première. "They think black people will fall for anything," she said.

"I say give a party or don't give a party, but don't go half-steppin'," Tony said.



"Dear, this is my first wife. What do you think?"

• •

"Next!"

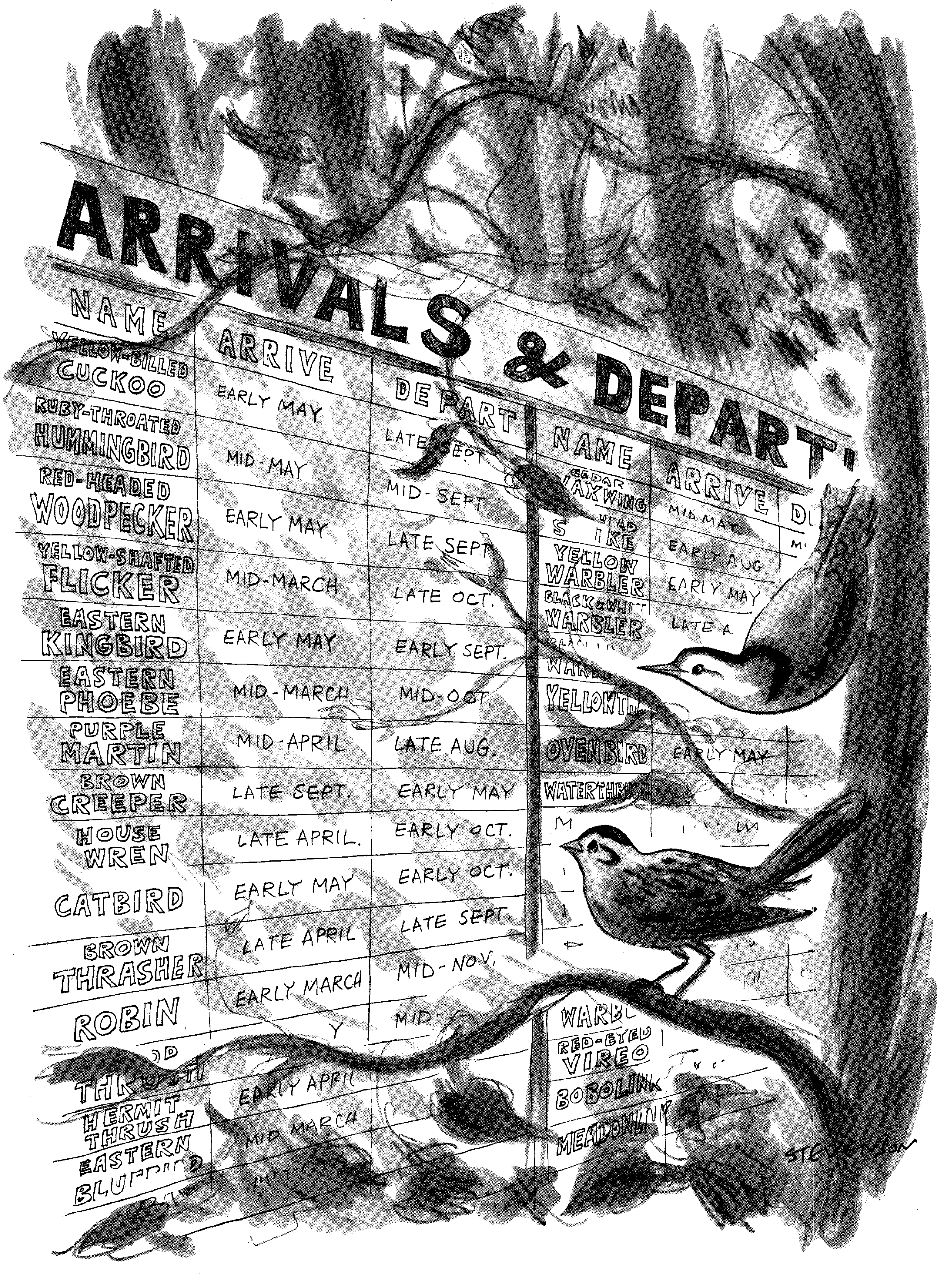
"DIAL this number: 999-3838," said the voice of a friend on the phone. "I don't care what you're doing, dial it."

So we dialled it, and suddenly the beloved voice of Henny Youngman was saying, "Fellow walks into a psychiatrist. So he says to the psychiatrist, 'Nobody talks to me.' The psychiatrist says, 'Next!' "

Then he told six more jokes. ("A man goes to his doctor. He gives him six months to live. He couldn't pay his bill—he gave him another six months.") Seven Henny Youngman jokes for one message unit!

So we called up everyone we knew and said, "Dial this number." One woman called back and said, "That picked me up, and I was feeling down. I didn't know Henny Youngman could do that."

Then we called the phone company, and talked to a guy named Lou Kruh, ex-Madison Avenue fellow, who said, "I'm one of the culprits. We have these mass-announcement channels: time, weather—you know. Last Christmas, we had Santa Claus announcements. Drew more than three million calls in twenty-eight days. Added revenue for the phone company. Relieves pressure to raise the rates. Calls to the weather vary with the weather. I have the figures for August-September, 1973, in front of me. Thirty-two thousand calls one day. One hundred sixty-nine thousand calls another day. Then we thought up Dial-A-Joke and hired Henny Youngman. Over two hundred thousand calls the first day. Close to three hundred thousand calls the next day. It'll be on all month. I was with Henny when he taped the calls—five to ten new jokes for each day. Boom-boom-boom-boom. The recording session was over like *that*. Then Henny said to me, 'Would you like my card?' I said, 'Sure.' So he hands me a card that says 'My Card.' "



NAME	ARRIVE	DEPART
YELLOW-BILLED CUCKOO	EARLY MAY	LATE SEPT
RUBY-THROATED HUMMINGBIRD	MID-MAY	MID-SEPT.
RED-HEADED WOODPECKER	EARLY MAY	LATE SEPT
YELLOW-SHAFTED FLICKER	MID-MARCH	LATE OCT.
EASTERN KINGBIRD	EARLY MAY	EARLY SEPT.
EASTERN PHOEBE	MID-MARCH	MID-OCT.
PURPLE MARTIN	MID-APRIL	LATE AUG.
BROWN CREEPER	LATE SEPT.	EARLY MAY
HOUSE WREN	LATE APRIL.	EARLY OCT.
CATBIRD	EARLY MAY	EARLY OCT.
BROWN THRASHER	LATE APRIL	LATE SEPT.
ROBIN	EARLY MARCH	MID-NOV.
D THRUSH	Y	MID-
HERMIT THRUSH	EARLY APRIL	
EASTERN BLUEBIRD	MID MARCH	

NAME	ARRIVE	D
CEDAR WAXWING	MID-MAY	M
HEAD S IKE	EARLY AUG.	
YELLOW WARBLER	EARLY MAY	
BLACK & WHIT WARBLER	LATE A	
WAR		
YELLOWTH		
OVENBIRD	EARLY MAY	
WATERTHRUSH		
M		
WARBL		
RED-EYED VIREO		
BOBOLINK		
MEADOWL		

LONG DISTANCE

PART FOUR

XIII

After a while, seeing the whiteness all round me, I thought I was in Gondzik's room. I remembered that he had carried me here, and that was enough. I had at last lost all notion or grasp of time. Night or day, the whiteness was there, white shapes moving around me. It was much later that I heard what had happened to me during that time, how I had spent my time, and how much time had been spent there.

Before I record this, or summarize my record, I want to ask something . . . it may not be very clear.

If you have an animal (say a dog) which continually runs into the fire, leaps in front of cars or trucks, cannot balance on walls, incurs again and again the whip or boot; if this animal (or dog) is so accident-prone or stupid that it simply cannot learn to lead a contented and well-ordered life, what do you do with it? Do you diagnose it as being deficient in feeling pain and train it, accordingly, to keep out of danger? Perhaps. But if this dog patently *does* feel pain, if its whole life is one minor or major agony after another, if it yelps and howls with its broken bones, how do you train it then? I suppose you don't. You put it out of its agony and after a decent interval take on another, preferably of reasonable pedigree and straight from its mother's teat.

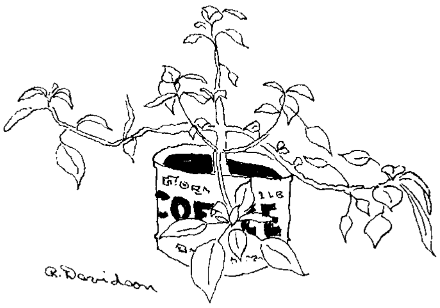
So begin again: for "dog" read "human being." If you have a human being, innocent, surrounded by love and certain moderate privileges . . . But that doesn't lead anywhere either. Which human being is innocent, who analyzes and pasteurizes the love, what is privilege? What I am getting at is, how can a human being be taught happiness? Even that isn't accurate. How can a human being be taught to recognize the conditions for happiness, achieve those conditions and successfully live with them? I believe there are postal courses. There are gods promising eventual success; but where there are gods there are martyrs. There are philosophies and movements, sciences and superstitions all devoted to this end: but each of them creates heretics, victims, schisms, traitors, burnings, decapitations, and an imposed sense of guilt. Amorality, then, anarchy, hedonism? Quite possibly, but for these you need a rigid conscience to overcome, a repressive regime to overthrow, and a warm climate. Imposed liberty is even worse than imposed guilt. Guilt at least creates art. Dutiful liberation is a dead end, the barbiturates, the gas, the sword-sharp safety razor.

To go back to an old belief, drummed into me by people I can't remember: certain individuals are attracted to pain, have an ability actively to suffer and endure extraordinary agonies, most of them painstakingly created by themselves. It sounds very convincing and may, in certain extreme cases, be true. Pain certainly begets pain, and I suppose you can get a taste for it in the end. It's true that people are very adaptable and, once adapted, are hard to change, even for their own good.

From the moment I came to this place, I have encountered nothing but disaster (except for the period of my numbness, and then the interlude with the dog—but even that makes me weep when I think of it). I have been spied on, betrayed, tormented by foolish entertainments, given insuperable tasks to perform; I have been abandoned, tortured with promises, and finally turned over, bound hand and foot, to the Director—by the very man in whose body I once swam, small as a pinhead, with a billion others. Did I bring all this on myself? Have I relished it? Did I make the rules, design the pattern of events? For God's sake, or my own, am I to blame? A monotonous voice answers "Yes" to all these questions. I think it is misleading me.

What about the slings and arrows of an outraged fortune? What about circumstance, cause and effect, chance, means without end, and lack of meaning? What about fluke, luck, accident, acts of God? What about destiny? I remember (though it may be a dream) tidying a shoe cupboard while asking myself questions of this sort. I remember dreaming that the idea of personal responsibility belittles life, reduces its dignity. I don't, however, remember dreaming of any alternative.

The question is asked, though of whom I don't know. In the white West Wing the white shapes had no doubts whatever. They looked me over after Gondzik took me there, listened to various reports, and made their diagnosis: I was obviously hellbent on self-destruction and the time had come to put a stop to it, to wrench me round and set me in another direction.



In order to get me out of my bad habit of suffering, they repeatedly convulsed me with many electric volts. Although their firm belief was that the root of the trouble was in my unconscious, they paradoxically believed that if I wasn't conscious of the pain of these electric shocks, I wouldn't feel it. My body, I suppose, clenched its teeth and writhed in a momentary death throe; in fact every part of me except for my anesthetized nerves must have suffered appallingly. It seems a little inconsistent, but was perhaps based on the well-known scientific theory of taking a hair of the dog that bites you. It obviously frightened me very much, for in the few moments I was conscious (before they put me under again) intense fear was my main symptom.

Together with this benevolent electricity, they gave me an incredible and constantly changing quantity of drugs. Until I learned better, and became wily, I screamed quite openly at the pain these pain-killing drugs caused me. The white shapes hung over me, solicitous. They shook their white heads. It seems I puzzled them. More white shapes were called in. More drugs were prescribed. I stubbornly continued to suffer. If I slept too much, they woke me up. If I was too wakeful, they put me to sleep. If I was depressed (some sad memory, perhaps, such as the dog), they cheered me up. If I was too cheerful (it seems they thought that was possible), they depressed me again. If I remembered, they made me forget. If I forgot, they forced me to remember. All in all, I had never known such unhappiness or such exhaustion. I literally did not know if I was coming or going. My sense of survival made one last feeble attempt to save me, and succeeded. In the space of perhaps half a second, in less time than it took to swallow one of their equilibrium-restoring tablets, I learned how to act. My part, that of a grateful and reformed criminal, came to me as if by magic. I already knew it by heart. I had become an entertainer.

They were so grateful. It touched me. They switched off the electricity and reduced the drugs (most of those they still gave me I managed to secrete inside my cheek, or stuff into the pillowcase, or, on one occasion, drop into a nurse's tea). They did this with the relief of people whose necessary brutality had hurt them much more than it hurt me. They congratulated me for looking so much better, sounding so much happier, being so much more tractable. They showed me off to each other, their prize exhibit. I am sure I was written down as an example of the efficacy of their treatment, and probably held up as a sign of hope to others whose vice was to be misfortunate. I basked in their self-approval. It was a non-stop performance, and there were moments when I felt very tired, but fear, thank God, kept me going.

I was allowed to sit up, and then to walk about a little. The nurses and doctors remained capped, gowned, and masked, so I supposed I was still infectious. I didn't ask questions, in case they might think I was becoming too alert. One day they led me to the window and at last pulled up the white blind. I was looking down on a garden full of flowers, and the old woman was there, bending and straightening and snipping.

I knew they were watching me, so I pretended not to recognize her, though my heart had leapt, I'm sure, visibly. To disguise it, I yawned, and immediately they were at me: did I feel tired, sleepy, lethargic, bored, liverish? Although I laughed and said no, two virulent yellow tablets were brought and I was put straight back to bed. I had to hold them so long in my mouth that one of them disintegrated and my brain started chattering like an eldritch, but I kept my mouth shut until it had quietened down.

The sight of the old woman wasn't the only shock. The time of year seemed to be exactly the same as on the day of my abortive escape. And yet I had been in the West Wing for what must surely be many months. Perhaps it was already next year. Perhaps they had allowed me to look out of the window as a kind of anniversary present. Perhaps I was a year older.

I asked for a mirror (that, surely, must be harmless) and looked at my unfamiliar face. It seemed, insofar as I could recognize it, a little younger, plumper than I remembered. Since learning to act, my health had obviously improved. I had begun sleeping soundly (with secret dreams) for the regulation eight hours, and eating my good, regular food with moderate appetite. I was also (so long as I continued to act) secure for once, so that there weren't the furrows of anxiety I had expected. I had put on weight, certainly. I asked meekly if I could be taught exercises, which I knew would be met by squeals of approbation from behind the gauze masks. You're even beginning to *like* yourself a little, they said. I believed that you could grow to put up with your dearest enemies if you had to live with them day in, day out for a lifetime.

Now I had to be very careful. They weren't altogether fools, these people. I knew that this was just the time, when I appeared to be almost cured, when they would pounce on any little backsliding, any faint tremor of what they called more (or less) than "normal" feeling. I wished they would do their final tests and get them over with. I didn't in the least want to leave the West Wing, now everything was so amiable, but on the other hand I couldn't keep up this charade forever. If the final tests were negative, they might leave me alone a little more often, I might be able to relax my face occasionally, even let my body slump into a rare, restful attitude of dejection.

So we watched each other like hawks, I behind my perpetual smile, they over their white yashmaks. I recognized the first test the moment it came.

"It's time you had some company, have a few friends in. Who would you like to see?"

Truth is always the best defense. I said, "I'd like to see the baby. You know. The young man." Did they imagine I'd be silly enough to say Gondzik or someone readily available, on the premises?

"Ah," they said, regarding me keenly. "That might be difficult."

I looked mildly inquiring.

"To begin with, we have no idea where he is. The last we heard, he was passing through Cochabamba. To go

BUS STOP
NO STANDING
ROUTE-3-4-15

Wm Hamilton

"There's the pressure from my public, naturally, as well as the pressure from my publisher, my agent, and all that. But the real pressure comes from that devil inside that makes me different from other men, that makes me a writer. But, of course, you know all about pressure, grinding out those papers at Sarah Lawrence."

on with, it probably wouldn't be allowed."

I allowed my shoulders to shrug ever so slightly. I glanced round the room, smiling, as though something else had caught my attention. I was amazed to find that in fact my sense of mourning was a little dulled; that I was genuinely curious as to the location of Cochabamba.

There was a pause that, in more social circumstances, would have been awkward. They murmured among themselves.

"Anyone else?"

The old woman, of course. But that was too dangerous. I pretended I was trying to think, reviewing the vast hoard of my acquaintances. I looked at them lovingly.

"I'm really very happy here—for the time being, of course. Why don't you ask anyone you happen to see? Just tell them to drop in. Later on, I might have a small party."

I held my breath, while appearing to breathe calmly. They couldn't disguise their delight. Some of the nurses clapped their rubber-gloved hands and one doctor actually tore off his cap and threw it in the air, revealing a neat bald head. They crowded round me, a gaggle of albatross, flapping their shrouded arms, their eyes innocent and bright with pleasure. I thought for a moment they were going to carry me shoulder-high in a triumphal procession. One of the nurses actually kissed my cheek, as well as she was able. On my supper tray there was a glass of champagne and one young, deep red rose. The minute I was alone I examined its stalk. It had been cut carefully, diagonally, by an old woman.

NOW they left me more often, trusting me. The sunlight filtered through the slats of the blinds, which I was allowed to pull up when I wished. They asked me if I wanted books, but I said no, however I would like music. They brought me an excellent cassette-player. I lay in the white room, now mellowed with shadows, and listened to Mozart, Bach, Benny Goodman, Haydn, a little Schumann, Dave Brubeck, Mulligan, Monk, Vivaldi. I had no opera, no oratorios, no vocals of any sort. The gentle and ordered music, prescribed by myself, washed my mind. I lay with my eyes open, breathing softly, waiting for the next simple ordeal.

But it surprised me. There was a scratching on the door. I was immediately upright, trembling. The dog, they had rescued or revived the dog! Nobody ever knocked, they glided straight in, since I was their property. I waited, a turmoil of fear, hope, uncertainty. I knew I couldn't fool the dog, and that if I responded to her excitement I would be done for. If I hugged her, ran about the room, willingly sacrificed my slippers, they would be out with their drugs for sublimation and masochism in no time at all. The scratching was repeated, now not with nails but knuckles. My disappointment was overwhelming. I lay back on my pillows, staring hard in order to dry my eyes. My throat was so choked that I couldn't speak for a few moments. Then, with some effort, I called "Come in."

At first I didn't recognize him, the slight, diffident person who slipped through a very small opening in the doorway. He stood there, head bent, hair hanging, hands in pockets. I wondered anxiously whether the young man, who had been dark and tall and resilient, had in some way shrunk on his travels, become fair, hollow-cheeked and riddled with thought. I said "Hullo."

"I'm Simon. You probably don't remember."

"Of course." I spoke very gently. "Did they ask you to come?"

"Well. They put up a notice."

"But you were the only one who wanted to come."

"I don't know. I came, anyway."

"I'm glad."

He came across the room and stood by my bed, looking at me gravely.

"Are you all right?" he asked.

"Yes, thank you."

"Good."

He looked round the room, decided on an upright chair, fetched it, and carried it to my bedside. He mounted it and sat cross-legged, observing me with a slight frown as though he were about to begin some lecture or discourse. He

AT THE MASSEUR'S

I

Entering at first, body in mind,
I hadn't noticed the rug at all,
Its suède-green heron splayed against
Sky-blue, angora of light, a plush
Sand beach whose total afternoon
Unmitigated summer rocks with blue,
Savannas of weedy acres, winged
Needle-darters, nervous at the shore. . . .
This hallway's sensual stained red glass
In a leftover brownstone's leaded door,
My feet sinking into pile, I move
Obediently up the gloomy stairs.
Indoor pool? Cool funeral parlor?
Who else lay here, who else will lie?
The warp must go, all flesh is sand. . . .

I notice, body, you begin to end.

II

Undressed, pummelled, stroked, caressed,
What do the nerves still grant to touch
Alone? Probably everything:
Tension unmoors a ghost of ease whose nerves
Race backward through the wash of years to one
Not quite recapturable afternoon
When power was in my hands . . . a green room
Of waves advancing, a chorus line
Of gulls, the shore's wet sand an ore
Reshaped into a corkscrew pinnacle
Dribbled like icing from a pastry tube
Onto the rising towers of a castle
The ocean crumbled—tunnel, arch, and moat;
Collapsing parapets melted into sea,
The shadow of a child withdrew into
A *shingled* house. . . .
                                        My body's struck anew
Under the studied cunning of a hand
Equally skilled at feather, silk, or steel.
Is this the stuff that Donatello knew,
Whose marble draperies could stir the wind?
Stone muscle, sinew, lion-limb that grew
Under the hands of Michelangelo?

Rodin! Your thinker is not thinking now!

I eagerly give up to a sensation known
In childhood: well-being flooding through
The body's alleyways whose hunched-up pain
New pressure slakes into a milk and dew
Of warm moist sunny summer afternoons,
Atlantic motion, Caribbean lull,
Beach umbrella, suntan lotion, shoe
Removed so foot may shape itself in sand,
Natural pleasure issues from the hand
Of . . .
          of a masseur who plays an instrument
Relaxed into the harp it meant to be,
And I asleep upon the table, or
Dreaming it, emerging from the water,
Walk across the flashing yarns and edges
Of a carpet spread before the sea, whose border

III

Knits itself of thread,
Sinking foam, crêpe-paper,
Underfoot, instead
Of a heron a sandpiper—

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was, however, silent. I felt extraordinarily pleased.

"I thought you were the dog."

"Really?"

"They took her away and put her down. Humanely, of course."

"I'm sorry." There was a long silence. He seemed to be puzzling. After a while he smiled for the first time, an amazing transformation. "Then why did you think I was the dog?"

"I don't know."

He nodded. The quality of silence in the room had changed. It was like the silence that comes when an irritating noise is over.

"They said I wasn't to stay too long," he said.

"What's happening over there?"

"Do *you* really want to know?"

"Not really."

"So will you tell me when you are tired."

"All right."

"Perhaps you should shut your eyes."

I shut my eyes. He perched on the chair. At first, to make sure, I opened my eyes very slightly, saw him blurred through my lashes and motionless. After a while I turned my head to one side (toward him) and lay blind. He stayed. He must surely have been uncomfortable. That was his business. I wanted to put out my hand without looking, but didn't dare to move. The hour, or the morning, or the afternoon, or evening, flowed away. At last he said, "I should go now."

"Very well."

"I'll come again tomorrow."

"Thank you."

He unfolded himself, replaced the chair neatly.

"I'm glad you're all right."

I watched him go to the door.

"Do you know where Cochabamba is?" I asked.

"Of course," he said.

When he had gone I lay alone, with no audience, smiling.

XIV

HE came the next day. Folded up on the fifteen by eighteen inches of the chair seat, he stayed longer (or did it seem not so long?). They were quite content to leave him alone with me. He was, after all, old enough to be the father of my grandchild. On this occasion (I think) he told me that some person had come into his kitchen one day and taken him away. I had a very clear picture of Simon's kitchen, which I never verified: it was long and narrow, with dirty coffee cups in the sink and many packets of wheat germ, wild rice, organic cereal, and the like. Also organic spaghetti, if there can be such a thing. I noticed later, when he started eating with me, that he left most of his food untouched on the plate. I was appallingly tempted to tell him to finish it up. The waste distressed me, and of course he needed the good nourishment. In ways like this, insignificant and vitally important, Simon set me to learn some of the most difficult and valuable lessons of my life (or so it seemed at the time). Going against all my training (at the house, I suppose), I realized that I must never for an instant look after him, only toward him. I was to learn a new language:

The sheet is a sand beach,
That purring motor hum
Vibrator, tidal lurch . . .
Shaken, the waves come.

The body's second birth:
A Greek god Time undoes.
Now we are going north,
Landlubbers on a cruise,

To pines, lakes, motels;
Crawling through crumbling jade,
We snake up molded hills,
The late light lemonade . . .

In New Hampshire twilight,
A swimmer streaks from shore
Out to his little float—
Square rug going threadbare . . . ?

One summer, rectitude
Deserted me, half ill,
I took bread at the hand
Of a beggaring, sexual,

Illiterate command—
Bitter, obsessive summer!
Only flesh could mend . . .
Let's draw the veil of kind-

ly darkness over . . .

IV

Slack and stress, first pressure and then none,
This life-saver revives his drowning man.
Aware of sound—a radio kept low—
I wake to see the curtains blow their cool,
A black cat pouncing on the daybed, my
White shirt a brand-new patchwork for its joy.

It's over. I get up. We talk. I dress.
A painting hangs beside an odd recess
That houses a small sculpture: *David*? No,
But something similar: a discus thrower
Revived from grammar school. Poor Miss Lafour
Who mastered Art but not the art of dress . . .
The whole affair takes no more than an hour. . . .
I say I'll call again. Then pay. And go.

V

How much I hide! Art's overcoats
Cover the naked figure seen.
Time takes them up, the rugs, the floats,
All places where the body's been.

"The figure in the carpet . . . " Henry James.
Time is at the loom. With a final stitch,
The design unravels. Memory blooms:
The past, the present. Who knows which is which?

"I was touched," someone later that night
Remarks. And so was I. I see
At last the long drawn-out conceit:
Body. The sea. The Medici . . .

VI

Kings have wept to know the frame of art
Is fleshless, soul lifting out of bone. . . .
Mind, you are singular, the heart stops
At the splendor of the young who all too soon
Drink up their ambience, eat out the heart
Of every age whose business is to kill
That blooming apricot, that clavicle
So moving it seems more pure than all
The dancer's moving light, even when still.

—Howard Moss

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humility without resentment, pride without cruelty, strength without tyranny. It seemed at first as though it would be as easy as walking through a shadow and emerging, transformed, on the other side. But there were well-disguised periods of hopelessness, when I thought I could never learn, even from Simon, even with all my heart and by heart. It was a question of beginning again from a long distance. In the times of despair, when I lay with a happy smile on my face, I told myself too late, too late.

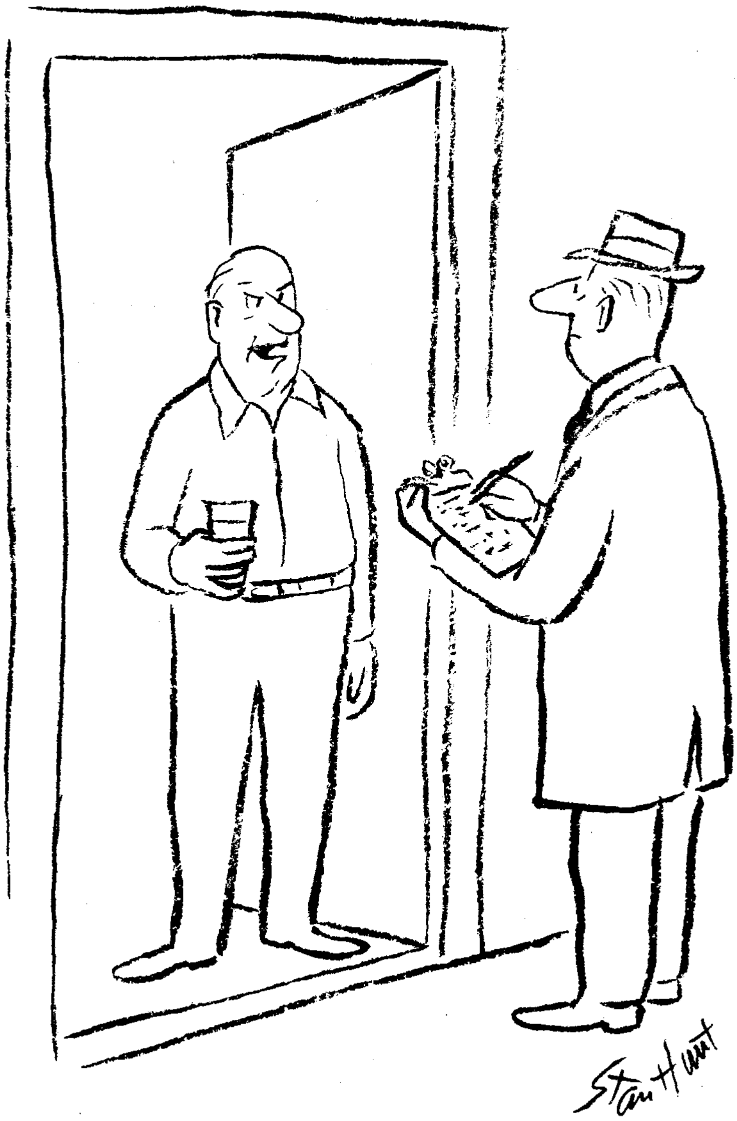
But at first it was so simple. I lay in or on the bed. He sat on the chair. We talked (or I talked?) in a hushed torrent, often stopping abruptly, one stream blocked only to find a way round, rush on in a different direction knowing that eventually there would be a way, that if you were saying "go" you probably intended to say "come," that the truth would be reached somehow, that direction was only approximate. While the words poured, hesitated, stopped, veered, he put his hand on my bare foot. Foot and hand prayed, sole to palm, fingers and toes mingling, exploratory. My foot became a separate person, as it was when I was a child and my feet crept cautiously through the tucked-in bedclothes, looked about for danger, crept farther, saw enemies, and rushed back under the secure covers. The torrent became calmer, attention now moving to hand and foot. The torrent slowly, very slowly diminished, flowed sluggishly between long banks of silence. My foot, his hand, spoke. Our eyes grew heavy. I reached out, almost languid, reaching down into still water. He came to me in one easy movement, as though we had overcome all obstacles of physical impossibility; it was no longer necessary to get up or walk, sit or lie down. His mouth was wide, composed, and soft as pressing one's lips gently against the soft flesh of one's inner arm (as I have seen children do, for comfort). I held his hair away from his face. The face, in trance, was beautiful, hair held back by the heavy water, eyes closed against the gentle push of the water, body moving fathoms deep, in its element. I joined him (I was afraid) clumsily. But in my heart, at least, I remembered.

Afterward, as they say: it seems to be cheating, but what else is there to say? There is a time of silence to me more valuable than any words in any language in any world. Why strain with tormented words, with a mounting hysteria of frustrated words, where in fact there is silence? I admit it's by no means dead silence, because silence is only recognizable by the sounds that break it: the movement of submarine grasses; one bird; the thunder of a twig moved by an ant; the deafening flight of two butterflies in the sunlight. Even those words are too many and too inaccurate. Leave it alone. Call it (but you would be shocked) the rite of conception. Accuse me of sentimentalizing. I hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil. I am drowned on the bed of the ocean, I can't hear you.

HE came every day, still slipping in through the door as though he had no right there, yet supremely confident that he had every right. I was examined, and did my exercises, and correctly answered all questions, before he came; from then on they left us alone. One evening they laid two places on my supper table and—the nurse's eyes merry, I thought, over the mask—brought us a bottle of wine. From then on he stayed until it was time for sleep, the time for sleep growing later and later so that often when he walked away (not lingering, or even looking back) I would be sprawled half-conscious, conscious only of the swift, no-nonsense departure out of me, and out of the room.

I have seen, to my amazement, a premature infant that I could hold on the palm of my hand, its skeleton hardly larger and no coarser than the skeletons of thrushes I would bury as a child. I adored, with a kind of adoration, Simon's bones, the hip and spine and collar, the wrist (between my third finger and thumb), the separate ribs. I explored them with astonishment, my own bones feeling like cudgels in comparison. And yet, because this apparent fragility was powered by such a commanding, demanding, authoritative, and sensitive instrument, it was tough and resilient as steel. There was no snapping him, no crushing him in the vise of my legs and arms. He was whole. It was he who encircled, encompassed, and embraced me. It was he who orchestrated the laughter, the silences, the smiles, the sighs, moans, whimpers, the ultimate crescendo; he who made it all lucid. I grinned against his white neck, kissing it without moving my lips, all down the length and up to the bone behind the ear and across the hard apple that no man has been able to swallow. He delighted me. Therefore I was delighted.

But as a preliminary, and because we needed it, we talked. As though we had all the time in the world. It was very hard to imagine him as a little boy, since it was hard to imagine him surviving at that size; but I began to see a shadowy picture of someone who read about heroes (any hero, though he detested the dogged patience of Robert Bruce) and was supported and encouraged by wealth, shrewdness, and ambition. Not surprisingly, he had a passionate desire to change the world. The world needs changing. He had, this eccentric exquisite, been beaten up and jailed by thugs of all persuasions: emerging jaunty, I imagined, a cigar clenched between his teeth, hands plunged into ample pockets, which could contain a catapult or a gun. He had prayed with (heroic) gurus and found their feet muddy; submitted his clear wits to acid and other dangers (my heart contracting with concern), and collected them up again much enriched, or so he said. He had loved frequently, once deeply, though I didn't question him about this since it was his private concern. He imagined that he, too, was here in order to experience, in timelessness, the things he couldn't remember. I knew I was one of them, and this gave me great freedom and pleasure.



"I am nonsectarian, apolitical, and amoral, and any resemblance of any opinion of mine to the opinion of anyone living or dead is purely coincidental."

As for me, I told him about myself up to the time when I started running away from you. After that, I said (leaping centuries), I came to this place. I told him about Struwwelpeter, the little boys dipped in the inkpot, the great big scissors man, the child who withered away and became a mere thread in the ground marked with a cross. I told him about the schools, in and out of which I had moved with such bewildering regularity, never getting further than fractions. I presented myself to him as a child he could never know, a child I had forgotten. And it was true. I was a child. I became childish. We played together, I and my father and son, he and his mother and daughter, the whole lot of us silly with enjoyment.

We began to play games about the future. Incarcerated in my room, it was good to escape.

"Tonight," he said masterfully, "I'm taking you to the Fair."

"The Fair?"

"You will see, as we approach in my powerful Rolls, the Ferris wheel, the ups-and-at-'ems, the Dodg'ems and doodahs glittering all green in the summer night. You will be very excited—"

"I will."

"But rather tired. Having parked the Rolls without effort—"

"And locked it."

"We amble slowly, probably arm in arm, toward the gay scene, I mean of course the scene of gaiety."

"The Fair."

"Precisely. What do *you* say?"

"I say how remarkably quiet it is. No music. Just the wheel going round and the carousels. All without music."

"Isn't that rather a pity?"

"No. The music of Fairs is a din. We can do without din."

"All right," he said, gnawing judicially at a match end. "Our first stop is the agricultural implements, which include washing machines—"

"Why?"

"So that the farmers'

wives can do their washing conveniently, without having to beat it against the stones. At this point I wonder whether you're going to be disappointed—"

"No, you don't. I do."

"We both do. But pass carelessly on to the cowshed—"

"Where great mink cows with huge haunches and eyes so soft and faunlike—"

"Shift in the straw, breathing heavily, mumbling among themselves."

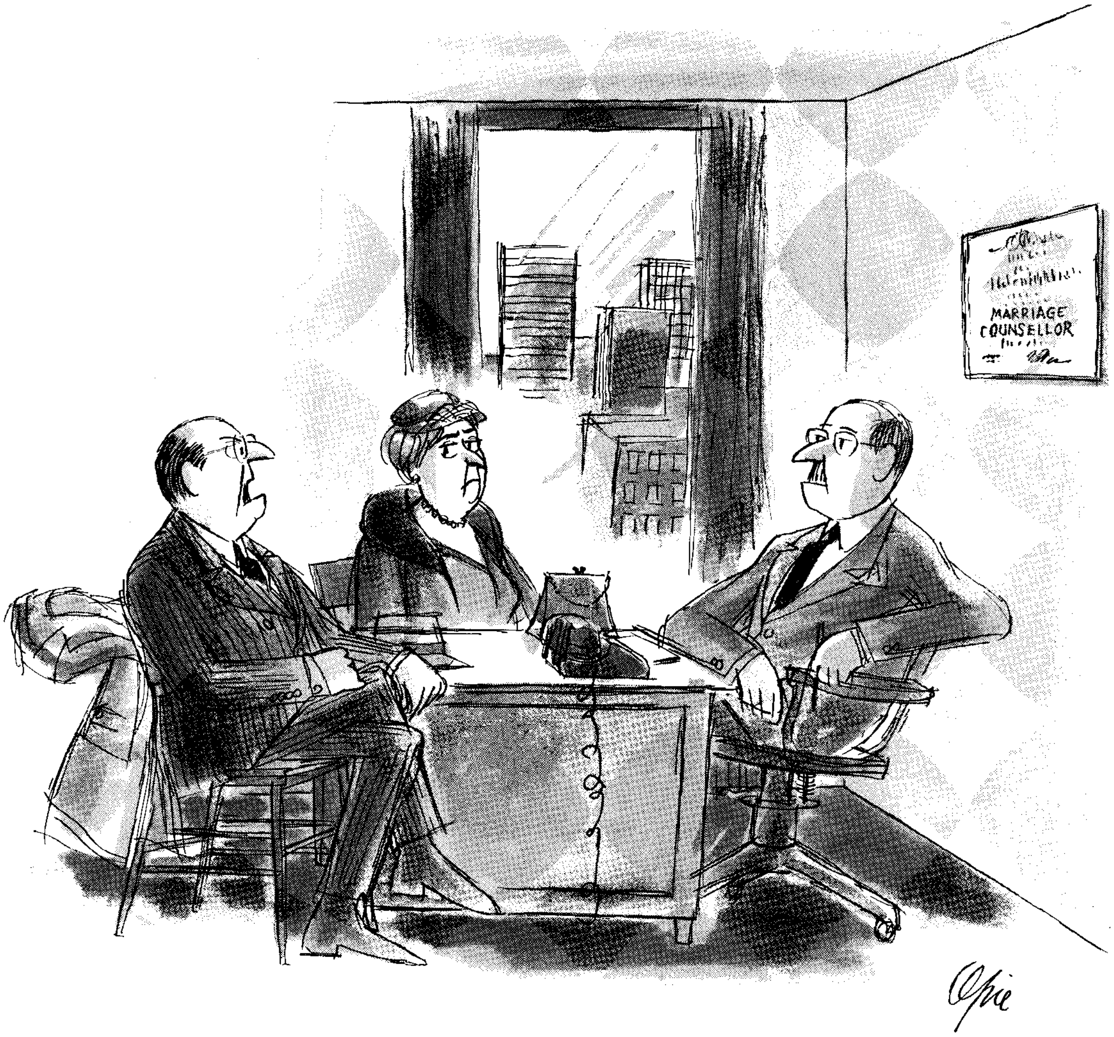
"And the calves are alone, lying down in their stalls or tottering about, except for one, which sucks from its mother great gulps of sweet hot milk."

"Enough of the cows."

"No. Let's stay."

"Enough. Fantastic delights are in store for us. We idly inspect the jewelry made by gypsies in a lay-by off the motorway. You, being generous and rich, decide to buy me some trifle. A ring, I think."

"I want to buy you a chain to go round your neck."



"She does not now share, nor has she ever shared, my sense of humor."

"Of course you do, but save that as a more suitable encumbrance for your son. A ring would be better."

"All right. A ring. But they'll all fall off you."

"They're embossed with the heads of superannuated astronauts, so I decline the offer. We hurry now—"

"Wander."

"Hurry to the balloons. You make a great fuss, of course, about the exact balloon, which has to be extricated from an enormous bunch and is naturally in the middle. At long last—"

"You have waited with infinite patience."

"The green balloon is attached to yards and yards and yards of string and bobs about miles over your head while you clutch the end of the string greedily—"

"Greedily?"

"In case the balloon should escape. You then have an insane desire, balloon and all, to visit the Witch's Castle—"

"I don't! I don't! I'm terrified of the Witch's Castle!"

"Exactly, that's why you want to see it. You're obsessed, passionately, by the idea of having slimy rags slapped in your face while travelling at one mile an hour in the pitch dark." He sighed deeply, throwing the match end in the direction of the ashtray. "Naturally, I humor you."

"You're telling too much of the story. And you're wrong. We watch the children falling about on the huge trampoline—"

"Water bed."

"Nonsense, they'd puncture a water bed. They jump and fly and swim in the waves—"

"You can't have waves on a trampoline."

"And leap on the trampoline. They look so pretty with their hair flying and knickers flashing, I don't want to leave them. But you have other plans. *You* want to visit the Witch's Castle!"

He took a breath, held up his hand to demand silence, but I went on pell-mell. "It's such a performance, I have to haul down the balloon and anchor it to your shoe with absolutely no faith that you've got the weight to keep it there. And the trucks clatter away into the tunnel, with banshees wailing in dreadful ruins and flashing lights on mountaintops and the graves delivering up their dead and Götterdämmerung—"

"And the slimy rag slaps you in the face and you *scream*—"

"Don't." I could hardly speak for laughter and terror. "They'll think there's something wrong."

"And cower in my shoulder and scream and clutch me. That part of it is very pleasant."

There was silence, but I wanted to get on with it, to know what happened next. "Go on," I urged gently.

"Well." He frowned down his nose, steepling the white pointed fingers. "What do we do next? Shoot the Chinese? Hoopla?"

"You shoot."

"But I want to win."

"I want you to win because you so much want to win."

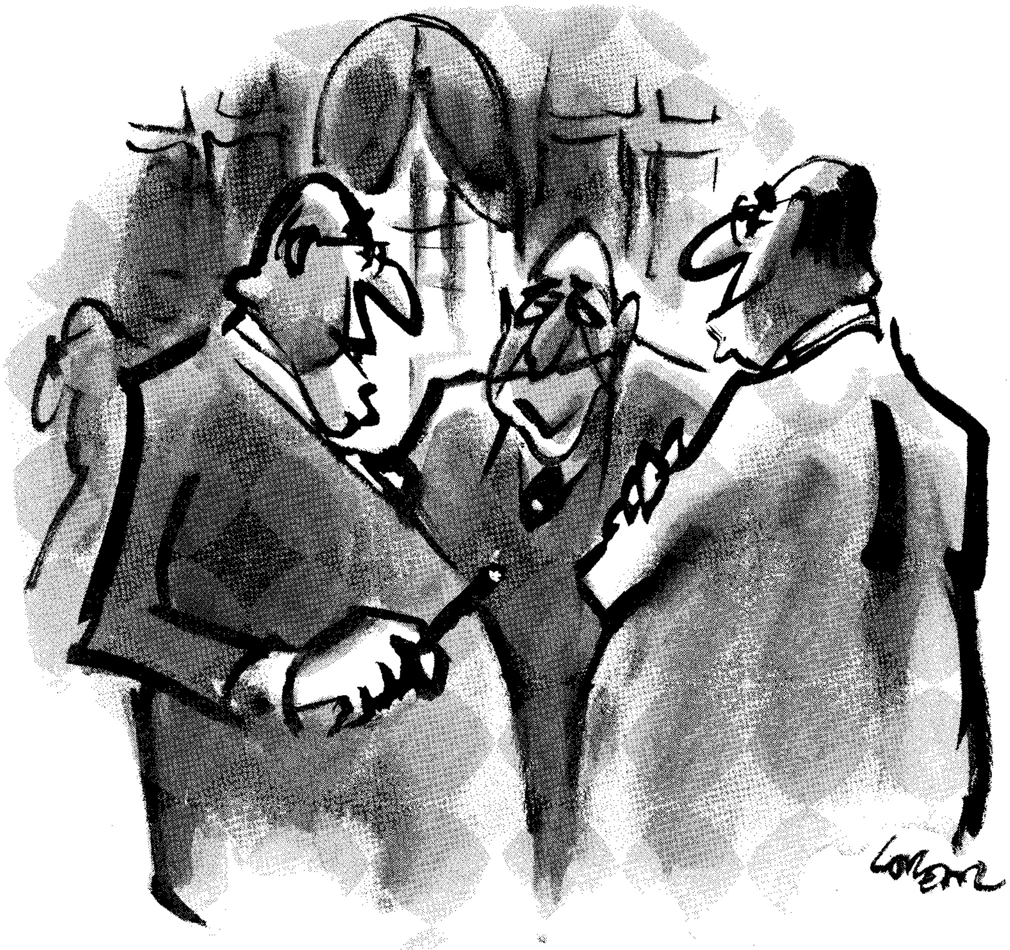
"However. I don't."

"Then I kiss you in front of everybody in order to say it doesn't matter."

"Which doesn't help."

"Then what *do* I do?"

"You kiss me in front of everybody,



"All I know, Harrison, is that I've been on the board forty years and have yet to see an excess profit."

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to show that it doesn't matter. And we pass by the weight guesser."

"Who can't possibly guess your weight, so you get landed with a revolting creature made of electric-blue nylon. You win a prize."

He shook his head, considering. "No. The weight guesser picks on you. 'You—the young lady with the balloon!' "

"But I don't go, of course."

"You don't. So he says, 'What about your father, then?' I shake my head—"

"And he says, 'Who shakes his head like a little girl.' "

We sat, smiling with pleasure. I moved over quietly and sat at his knee. I rested my head on his knee, eyes drooping.

"Go on. Go on."

"We inspect the awful contrivances for being whirled through space. But you say you don't like being turned upside down, not by a machine. This finally makes me laugh, so I hold the back of your neck, like this . . ."

"No, no. The story."

"All right. We mount the Ferris wheel. With some trepidation on my part."

"But you don't show it. They bolt us in, and soon we're high . . . high among the stars. . . ."

"There are no stars. It's starless."

"Then the night is plush, indigo plush. And as we go round and round and round and round—"

"The balloon accompanies us gallantly."

"I lean back, very far back, and watch the wheel going round backward overhead."

"But—"

"Quiet." I was caught up in a vision. "The green cars come up and sail over my head, feet sticking over the edge of some of them, sometimes an arm flung out. The struts of the wheel and the elaborate engineering, sometimes they all disappear and there's just the sky, then into the sky comes a green car and another green car and another green car, and they plunge away down and there's nothing but sky. I wish I could show this backward revolving, orderly revolving, everything upside down, all green and brilliant. I even forget you."

"I'm sad. I'm happy."

"My neck aches."

"And then suddenly you decide you've had enough. 'Stop! Stop!' you cry. 'Stop the wheel!' But it won't stop."

"It goes on forever. We're trapped. We'll go mad."

"Naturally, if you order the wheel to stop, it should stop. But oh no, round and round it goes, you growing frantic and forgetting me—"

"*Stop the wheel!*"

There were footsteps outside the door, a brief knock, a shrouded face with anxious eyes. Automatically I had leapt up, run a few steps from Simon.

"Are you all right?"

"Yes. Yes." My laugh was too nervous, I had forgotten everything. "Of course. We were just playing . . . a game."

The eyes hardened. "I *think* you should go to sleep. Would you like a tablet?"

"No, thank you. Thank you."

The eyes moved to Simon, suspicious. "She should go to bed."

"Yes," Simon said. "I'll leave."

I implored him: not for a minute, not for a minute. The door shut disapprovingly, almost a slam.

I collapsed at his knee, horrified to find I was crying.

"Damn them, oh damn them, I was so happy."

He leaned forward, stroking my hair, trying to turn my face, troubled. "She's right, you should go to bed, I'll go now."

"No, don't go, please don't." Don't desert me, I'm frightened, I stopped acting, they've found me out. But I didn't say this, still clinging to my new language, which had no word for "demand."

"In a minute, then."

"All right." A long silence. He stroked my hair, kissed it, stroked it with his cheek. "Could you just finish the story . . ."

"Well . . ." His voice was very quiet. "The wheel stops. Of course. It was always going to. We're rather tired now. Also I think we want to go to bed." He bent down, took my elbows, lifted me to my feet. He took me across the room and undressed me while he talked, folded back the bedcovers, guided me in, covered me. "We walk back through the fairground. I have a picture of you pinned to my heart."

"To where?"

"My heart." He slid his hand inside his jacket, showing the location of his heart. "We walk through the parking lot calling 'Car? Car?,' but very softly. The Rolls clears its throat in a diffident sort of way, indicating that it's ready and waiting. I unlock your door and put you inside."

"I unlock yours," I mumble, "from the inside."

"We glide off into the night. I say that if you're not going to wear your seat belt—"

"Never."

"You might as well sit closer to me. You sit closer to me. We drive and we drive . . ."

"Where to?"

"That's another story. Just now we drive and we drive. And soon you, soon you sleep. . . ."

I slept. When he left, after this fantastic excursion, I whimpered a little. For the first time for days or months, they came to look at me in the night.

XV

I KNEW that there would be difficulties. And I suppose if the difficulties were traced right back to their antecedents, I could have been to blame. I lost my head with Simon, forgot my self-imposed training. And the reason I lost my head was . . . an unconscious longing for decapitation? It's an absurd and (even if true) insignificant explanation.

The next morning, after breakfast and before the exercises, they came to examine me intimately. A stretcher was wheeled in, to which were attached chromium stirrups. They politely asked me to mount the stretcher, and settled my heels in the stirrups. Then the doctor, whom I remembered in his moment of exuberance as bald, was given a plastic glove out of a sterilized envelope. He inserted his gloved hand into me and investigated, while staring expressionless out of the window, my inner sex, sensitively probing and testing the route that Simon and his seed had so often taken. Presumably he mentally noted clues, fingerprints, any litter or small treasure that Simon had left on the way. Finally he withdrew his hand and peeled off the glove, which was received by a nurse with a look of devotion. They weren't talking very much that morning and their eyes were sombre.

The woman who taught me the exercises and supervised my performance had dead-black hair (for some reason she didn't have to be covered), the body of a dancer, and a face of dark granite. She had told me early on that she was nearing seventy, and I had been properly impressed. That day she came later than usual and I was impatient, thinking that Simon would be kept waiting. She was wearing a scarlet leotard and black net tights. Of all the people in the West Wing, she was the least friendly. That morning I thought there was something new about her, a kind of weariness and scorn.

We began as usual, breathing and praying. During the praying period I thought of Simon and the Ferris wheel and smiled, mysteriously contemplating. Then we plodded along with the stretch and bend. In the periods of relaxation I squinted down my arm at the marbled vinyl of the floor, which seemed to stretch endless and glassy, as though I were an ant.

She came and stood over me, legs apart, hands on her scarlet hips. "Now," she said, "we're going to have a little test."

"Test?"

"Of endurance."

Now that was one thing I was good at. I could endure anything, so long as it was physical. Little did she know how I had subjugated (in my own fashion) that house.

"Fine," I said. "What do I do?"

"Lie flat. Legs straight. Feet together. Hands at your sides."

I did so.

"Now slowly raise both feet eight inches off the floor. Are you ready?"

This was child's play. Staring solemnly at the ceiling (in case she didn't think I was taking her seriously), I raised my straight legs, toes pointed toward the future. She glanced at her gold watch, no larger than a penny, on a thin gold band round her wrist.

"All right?"

"Of course."

She sat down, cross-legged, in one movement. She rested the backs of her hands on her knees, first finger and thumb together. She stared over me at nothing.

I lay with my feet eight inches off the floor. She appeared, straight-backed, her face unflinching, to be surrounded by coma. After what may have been three or four minutes her eye flicked toward me like an adder's tongue. I remained serene. The muscles of my vagina and other inner passages clenched like biceps. My legs started trembling.

Still she sat, a corrupt squaw who had been given, through some nefarious trading with evil spirits, the body of a young woman. My knees were bending and I straightened them savagely. Small fires broke out, smoldering at the base of my spine. My most treasured possessions were congested with pain. But I knew that the moment I cried out, allowed my legs to fall to the ground, they would be in with their syringes and trays of blue and turquoise and black licorice allsorts. They would forbid me to see Simon. They would have proved that I could still suffer. I

tried to force myself into a state of mind in which suffering was of no consequence. I wandered with Simon through the woods, taking him to tea with the old woman, who wouldn't understand. I watched the dog tussling a stick, the baby tottering unsteadily across a room, bumping into the furniture. My eyes, I felt, were bulging with these efforts. Sweat ran down my face and I couldn't brush it away. I wanted to explain, "It's rather hot in here," but for once (unlike other times when I had been *in extremis*) I couldn't manage the trite phrase, the feeble joke. The woman, I saw (out of the misted corner of my eye), was staring at me now. She consulted her watch again. She stood up in one movement and stared at me. She seemed to be at a loss.

"Had enough?"

I managed a very slight movement of my shoulders, a faint parody of indifference.

She walked across the room, silently, out of my vision. She walked back again. She was defeated.

"All right. Relax now."

I wasn't going to let my legs tumble. I lowered them slowly, I hoped elegantly, until the heels brushed the floor, then rested. Everything inside me had collapsed, walls broken, paths destroyed, pain flaring steadily. I looked up at her with contempt, finding contempt from somewhere.

"You're an extraordinary woman," she said.

"Yes," I said. "I know."

When she had gone, presumably to make her report, I crawled to the bed, climbed onto it with my last strength, lay on my stomach with arms hanging on either side of the bed (which was narrow and hard and which Simon, by some crafty display of body and limbs, could totally monopolize). When the door inched open and he came in (I had passed the test, I had passed), I could do no more than look up with my eyes from the Procrustean bed.

"Are you all right? What's the matter? What's wrong?"

"Nothing."

"You're crying."

"I'm not crying."

The lie, like all the (few) lies I told him, didn't even attempt to be the truth. My face was covered in tears. But I told him I was not crying out of necessity; for if I were crying, he would be troubled, need to know why, we would have to stay with the pain instead of setting out on more interesting and important enterprises. And for the first time, with my back torn open and my organs a mess of offal, I resented his coming and going, his lack of responsibility, his detachment and youth. Why did they have to inflict this on me? Why not, at least a little of it, on him? He regarded me with severe worry, his brows drawn together, some words (but what words?) struggling to be spoken.

"I'd like you to go on with the story," I said.

After a moment's hesitation, he gave in, moved the chair to my bedside, began to think of the story. Now I wanted him to ask me why I had been crying. I wanted him to take charge of the pain. But, believing a story was what I wanted, he began with his once upon a time.

It wasn't a success. Neither of us had our hearts in it. The fact was that this woman in grave discomfort and this helpless boy were alone in a room, and nothing to be done about it. The story tailed away, and after a while he went to find a chess set. We played chess in silence, a stalemate. I felt he was restless in the room, wanting to pace about or go and play with his friends. I couldn't touch him, but wanted to be gently stroked and kissed. I did not say to him, "I want to be gently stroked and kissed," and he, feeling in awe of me, stayed far away on his chair. In the evening he read aloud to me some myth about the beginning of the world. It was beautiful, he read well (something of an actor on the side). But the physical distance between us was a breeding ground for weeds; they grew higher even though I could have stopped them, but I was too tired for gardening. He left early.

The next morning (I dreamed, but certainly not of you) I woke early and felt better. The relief of feeling better was enormous. I swung out of bed and pulled up the blinds with a clatter. The colors of the flowers were hazy with dew and mist. I opened the screens and leaned far out, testing my stomach and pelvis on the sill, lifting myself on taut and healthy arms. I saw a grass path I had never seen before, a straight path continuing as far as I could see, flanked with pergolas and small box hedges. I wondered when they would let me go outside. I wanted to walk with Simon along the grass path, which must surely end in a stone seat covered in bird lime, a shady isolated place where we could kiss and touch each other and softly sigh with anticipation, playing at lovers. I felt suddenly resentful that we were kept here, away from the eyes of other people, with no plans for the future. I felt (guiltily) resentful at Simon's placid acceptance of the situation. Why didn't

THE LESSON

That promising morning,
Driving beside the river,
I saw twin newborn lambs
Still in a daze
At the grassy sunlight;
Beyond them, a day-old colt
As light-hoofed as the mare
That swayed over his muzzle—
Three staggering new lives
Above the fingerlings
From a thousand salmon nests—
And I sang on the logging road
Uphill for miles, then came
To a fresh two thousand acres
Of a familiar forest
Clear-cut and left for dead
By Weyerhaeuser Lumber.

I haunted those gray ruins
For hours, listening to nothing,
Being haunted in return
By vacancy, vacancy,
Till I grew as gray as stumps
Cut down to size. They drove me
Uphill, steeper and steeper,
Thinking: the salmon will die
In gill nets and crude oil,
The colt be broken and broken,
And the lambs leap to their slaughter.

I found myself in a rage
Two-thirds up Haystack Mountain
Being buzzed and ricochetted
By a metallic whir
That jerked me back toward life
Among young firs and cedars—
By a rufous hummingbird
Exulting in wild dives
For a mate perched out of sight
And cackling over and over,
Making me crouch and cringe
In his fiery honor.

—David Wagoner

• •

Whitney Darrow, Jr

"It would appear to be a financial emergency of some sort."

• •

he tell them I must go out? Why did he so obediently agree to stay indoors all day, to visit me like a health visitor instead of staying with me in my bed? Why, a more rational voice inquired, didn't I demand a larger bed? At the sight of the grass path, I had remembered the future and forgotten the past.

Though I did not altogether forget the lessons I had been learning. When he arrived, therefore, I didn't welcome him with an army of words and questions. We didn't even wait for the usual conversation; for the time being we knew enough about each other. He came straight to me, a speechless and for the first time violent meeting; it seemed as though we had been apart for too long. The pain was the most sharp, the most desolating I had ever experienced. I was impaled on driving steel. "Sinner!" it screamed. "Sinner!" The pain yelled with laughter at its trickery and awful punishment. "Sinner! Sinner!"

I was too stubborn to cry out. I stuffed my arm between my teeth, praying that he thought the stifled whimpering came from pleasure. They had succeeded well. Pleasure was done for. When he leapt in me, I didn't feel it; the pain numbed all other feeling.

I didn't tell him at first, afraid of introducing such crude and unmanageable reality, afraid of frightening him, of losing him. Unable to see into his skull, I was underestimating him perhaps. Of course I wasn't going to tell the doctors or nurses (who of course already knew), I wasn't going to give them the satisfaction. For some days we went on as before, playing, talking, laughing a great deal, loving. But there was a hectic edge to my tenderness for him. I was too happy, too greedy; and, when he left, too cast down. I felt bitterly cheated, trying to give him all my pleasure as well as his own.

Finally, exacerbated with every renewed attack of love, I told him about the examination, the test of endurance, and the pain.

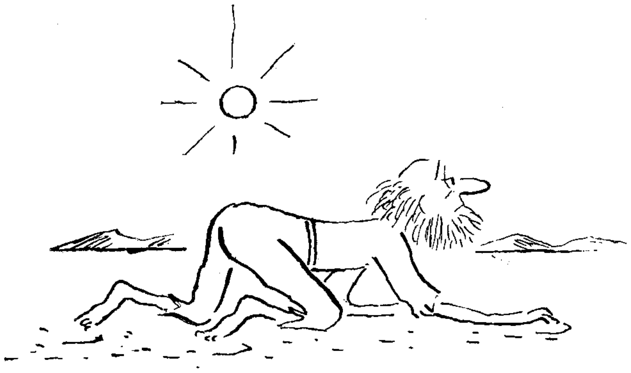
He said, "I wish you'd told me before."

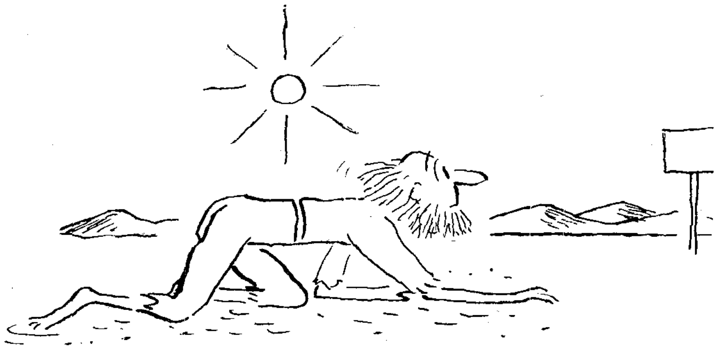
"I didn't want to frighten you."

"I'm worried. Not frightened."

I reached for his bones, swept him with my hair, the frown smoothed away, he stopped being worried. My body, in spite of its prohibited area, served us well. He took me far back to childhood, before procreative sex was born. He pored over me as delicately, with as intense a concentration as someone turning over the pages of a rare book, lifting the tissue covering the plates, tracing the outlines with gentle fingers. When we kissed we brought home new flavors imported from abroad—tart liqueurs and spices, civet and musk, the taste of rare and exotic secretions. The nurses' eyes were puzzled, even dismayed. We seemed happy.

We were not children, but we were forced to be. I thought that in time the damage would repair itself and we would be able to grow up again. In time. But how much time? They told me Mrs. April would be coming to see me in a few days, and I was terrified. That meant that having apparently survived this last endurance I was to be pronounced cured and taken away. I





had no doubt of this. But the terror of the electricity and the drugs was greater. I daren't pretend I wasn't well enough.

"When we get back there—what shall we do?"

He considered a moment. "I don't know."

I felt a dull, unconcentrated fear. "Well. What do you think?"

He considered again. "I suppose . . . we shall go on as we did before."

"How can we do that? There was *no* before."

He grinned, with faint irony. "Then we shall have to make one."

But I knew the truth so well that I could try, much as dying people are said to repeat the Ave or whatever prayer they know, one last question: "Why don't we leave? Both of us."

"With you? I couldn't do that."

I paused carefully. "Why not?"

"Because . . ." He thought for a while, then looked at me honestly. "You know why."

The rejection was so clear, so simple, that it was almost painless. I sat quiet, trying to see my fate down the long grass path. He sat quiet, I didn't know what he was trying to do. Then he smiled.

"What are you smiling at?"

"I don't know." He turned his smile toward me, it seemed full of trust. "I guess I'm happy."

He was happy. Because I had asked him to leave with me, even though it was impossible. What a remarkable happiness, achieved as easily as tossing a coin and buying a newspaper, as easily as picking a pleasant flower. I didn't say anything else, and even my fear was nursed in a desultory fashion, sleeping most of the time.

We made love in the afternoon, and in the evening he sat on his chair. It was colder, and he wrapped himself in one of my blankets, completely shrouded except for the melancholy face. As though knowing this would make it easier (though what, neither of us really knew), he became a little petulant for the first time, babyish, even going so far as to irritate me. I felt a thousand years old, tired and unapproachable. I didn't bother to charm him. In the days when the baby, whoever he was, came back or home, I would welcome him with lank hair, a face destroyed with exhaustion, aching all over. So, that night, I lay passive, being who I was. And for the first time I sent him away, and for the first time he looked back when he reached the door. I could have opened my arms, but what was the point? He left. I lay for a time, then switched out the light and slept.

In the morning Mrs. April, as I knew she would, arrived.

"Well, dear, how nice to see you. Ready to go?"

"Mrs. April. I want to ask you something."

"Of course." She was all attention.

"What shall I do about Simon?"

There was a long silence. I think she had been prepared for this question, but now didn't know how to answer. She pressed her hands together, looking down at the floor, looking up to me. "I'm glad you asked me. Simon has gone."

"Yes."

"It is very important . . . I think . . . that you now forget."

"But if I forget. Won't it happen all over again? The love. The separation."

"Not necessarily." Here she was on firmer ground. "I think the experience itself is . . . indelible." She seemed to apologize for using such a formal word. "You just have to forget, in order to go on."

"You mean pretend to forget?"

She smiled naughtily. "If you put it like that. I think you can choose, now, what is . . . best . . . for you to remember."

"Yes. I understand."

"You have done very well so far."

I was pleased. "Thank you. I tried very hard."

"I know you did."

"Is Simon happy?"

"He will be. In a day or two. He's gone to stay with his peers."

I got up and went with her through long white corridors. Thinking that Simon had walked this way twice a day and must know it by heart. A car was waiting for us, but it wasn't a very long journey. By the time we had reached the mansion I had already forgotten most of the things I have recounted here.

THAT is the past, there's no point in pretending that it isn't. I hope, however (though I am not yet sure), that I can think of it without regret, guilt, or remorse. I had been very happy, within my allowance. I hope that Simon, whom I loved, is living firmly, with certainty, unwounded and unafraid. My father, the end of my heredity, sang a song: In the fair vale of Clwyd in the days of my joy, ere the primrose was over I loved my slender boy. He was graceful as the willow, he was steadfast as the oak. Bitter tears wet my pillow for the plighted vows I broke. But I didn't make any vows. A vow annihilates itself. Once broken, it magically ceases to exist.

Fortissimo: Brave Sir David came hunting, with houses and land. Though I cared not, I wed him—he was mine to command. I was queen of his treasure, I had homage everywhere. But my heart found no pleasure, and his love no dwelling there. This, even now, vaguely reminds me of a dream in which I plighted myself to you for thirty acres, thirty measures of land. But the land was divided into building plots, I think, in subsequent dreams, and only the daffodils monotonously grew and died and disappeared and grew again.

In the spring comes the primrose to brighten Plas Draw, but my heart knows no springtime in the vale of Clwyd now. Oh, a snare is ambition, foolish woman to destroy. All in vain my contrition, for I love my slender boy. A moment's pause while the note dies away; then again the incessant muted clatter of the teacups.

This type of nostalgia is not, in fact, fitted to Simon. I know perfectly

WRONG WAY
CEM

well that it wasn't all a bed of roses. There were times when our games palled, when one of us would refuse to play. At these times it was always the children who took over, leaving the archetypal parents with nothing to do but yawn and fidget and drink. There were sulks, stamps of the foot. Then I would leave them, these liberated generations in their fantasy playground, and go as far as I could into the frozen, desolate places of my own mind. It was cold and bleak there, not a soul in sight: arctic conditions would prevail until death. But after some calling and hallooing, to-ing and fro-ing, touch and go, we would come back together, I would gently reprimand or be reprimanded (which I took badly, of course, since it came from my own mouth), and we would start again, rather self-consciously at first, bruised and confused by the trial separation.

This occasional failure of the idyll wasn't—I know this too—the only hazard. The parental Simon (didn't I pay enough attention?) was a formidable man. He could see, all at once, vast stretches of life, great land masses, huge horizons; these he would people (intently, frowning, tongue exploring upper lip) with a kind of compassion that was beyond my grasp. I was left behind on these expeditions of his, I felt myself to be a sailor's wife, simple, patient, knowing my place, which was a wharf on which I sat with hands clasped, gazing out to sea, a pretty picture of puzzled acceptance.

I know there were bitter disappointments in myself: when I couldn't learn (even though the learning was surely for my benefit, not his) to let go, say a casual goodbye. There were times when he seemed slippery as a minnow and spectral as a ghost, but they were not the right words to set to music. There were times when the knowledge that he didn't belong to me, that he would fly away on a crane and never come back, enraged me, baffled me, drove me momentarily mad.

I know all this, but forget it. He has been gone so long (and so properly, of course) that facts are hard to remember, even if I recognized that I could remember. The melody of the song—like those settings of Longfellow and Tennyson that worried me so much at one time—re-creates a sensation: the sensation, if I concentrate sufficiently, creates a state of mind. Simon, for me, is a sensation (compounded of an immeasurable history of sensation) and a state of mind. I don't feel that anything more is necessary.

PART FIVE

XVI

I HAD hardly thought about my return, imagining everything would be just as I had left it; though I knew there would be an absence. My room, indeed, is precisely the same, picture crooked, fruit in fair condition, dressing tables in front of three of the doors. Inconsistently, this amazes me. The sun shines as though it is still high summer, the shadows don't appear to move; when I sit in the upholstered rocking chair, the lily pond is still exactly in the center of my line of vision, the deck chairs are dry on the terrace, and before supper Leonora's laugh hacks mercilessly, just as before.

But I am beginning (at first without knowing it) that imperceptible separation from myself which, when completed, will be permanent.

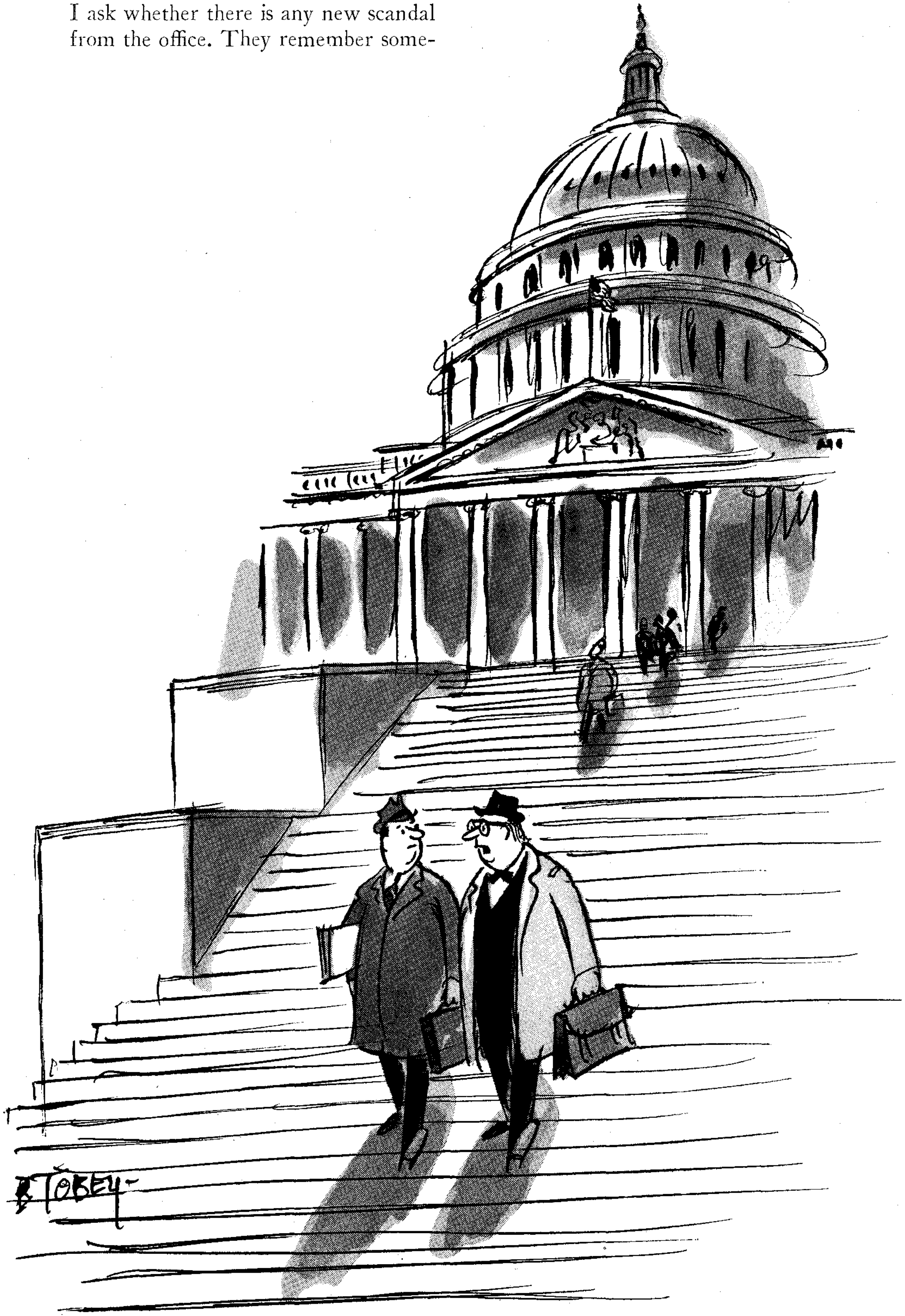
Gondzik is away on business of some sort. That (after the first terrible mourning for the dog, which soon ceases to be terrible) is a shock. For a short while, the place without Gondzik seems as though it should be unbearable. They say his visit is only temporary, and that he will soon be back. Elizabeth has returned, less limp, more nervous than before. Paul and Revlon have both gone: until I forget what it was like when they were here, I miss them. Dominic has isolated himself, seldom appearing, even for meals. He is, it seems, involved in something. Rowena has grown even smaller: she is marmoset eyes on a stick insect, grotesque.

But there are new visitors: a great square hunk of gum-chewing peasant, who sits and cries quietly on the landing; three lean, secretive men with little eyes, who form, with the homosexuals, a battalion. Their names are undistinguished: Adam and Hugh and Bill. It is hard at first to see the exact formation of the battalion, its allegiance or purpose. I am a stranger to them, although they may have heard about me. For a time I automatically try to live as I did before, and steer clear of them. It is hard, without Gondzik, without the dog. Without.

A wisp, a mere vapor of me at first, drifts down to the terrace to join the women, Rowena, Elizabeth, sometimes Leonora, and the silly blonde (still working her fingers to the bone). I believe that I totally have joined them, and naturally don't look up at my windows to see myself looking down. Anonymous among the women, I feel that there may be a suitable, if temporary, future.

I have forgotten the din of ancient Mondays. It is as though for a very long time I have lived a prolonged, exquisite Sunday evening, the fever of life over and my work done. I have forgotten the imperious sounds of the house, the fetid smells, the stained lavatories, the slimy washcloths. I have forgotten that all this (and so much, so much more of the same) is the domain of women—or should I say, to be fair, those women who have been carried protesting over doorsteps and allowed themselves to be locked in. It is not simply that they discuss over and over again their own menstrual irregularities, abortions, obstetrical repairs, gynecological damage, wickedness of doctors, immorality of psychoanalysts, difficulty or ease of obtaining popsocks or crotch-fitting tights, heartaches, past betrayals, immediately imminent rescues, hopes for and suspicions about and inevitable treachery of men. No. Having discussed all these formidable items in relation to themselves and each other, they embark on them with fresh enthusiasm in relation to their friends, their friends' friends, their daughters, their aunts' cousins, the women who told them once, and the women who told them about. I begin to understand why Leonora's chief comment is that cheerless laugh; why she continues to fling herself at a man, any man, and demand immediate conversation; why, when she gets it, she has nothing to say.

Nevertheless, I stubbornly try to convince myself that, being so vastly outnumbered by masculine and feminine men, they are simply putting up some sort of makeshift womanly front. I ask whether there is any new scandal from the office. They remember something about—what was it?—the Director's wife having a hysterectomy, or was it that the widower Hathaway is said to keep his secretary (secretary, indeed!) working until late at night, until *very* late at night. If any of them have secret lives, or meet people in the gardens, they keep quiet about it—afraid, I imagine, of frightening the men by appearing neurotic or unusual. In fact they also seem to succeed in frightening themselves. Their eyes are constantly alarmed, they shake easily, bite their nails, jump at loud noises.



"I've got thousands and thousands of constituents, but no friends."

It might be possible in other circumstances to blame all this on the arrogance of the men; but the men are so pitifully lacking in arrogance. I know that Gondzik—if his fantasies are in any way based on fact—must have made a formidable enemy. However, they could have hit back; and Gondzik, from all I hear, has been away a long time, even though he will shortly return. The women really have nothing to fear. Nobody oppresses or persecutes them. That, of course, is what they fear: the emptiness of indifference, the responsibility of finding themselves responsible for themselves, the lack of anyone to blame. They don't want to be women, they want to be leaders of men; but the men, tepid and timid, don't wish to be led, they can't stand to attention on command.

(Much of my education, it must be obvious by now, is gained through my father's songs. Pretty Polly Oliver, the pride of her sex, is rousing and merry. He really only sings it to amuse me, having no deep feelings about it himself. The love of a grenadier her poor heart did vex. He courted her so faithful in the good town of Bow, then marched off to foreign lands a-fighting the foe. Sometimes I sing the next verse, leaving him to turn the pages. I cannot, sings Polly, rest single, nor false I'll not prove, so I'll list as a drummer boy and follow my love—peaked cap, looped jacket, white gaiters and drum, and marching so manfully to my true love I'll come.

We do the next bit together, clowning grief. 'Twas in the battle of Blenheim in a fierce fusillade, a poor little drummer boy was prisoner made. . . . But a brave grenadier fought his way through the foe, and *fifteen fierce Frenchmen* together laid low! Now my father takes over, simulating first tenderness, then riotous joy: He bore the boy tenderly in his arms as he swooned. He opened his jacket to search for a wound. "Oh Pretty Polly Oliver, my bravest, my bride! Your true love shall never more be torn from your side!"

The moral of this tale, I suppose, is that if you are outwardly disguised as a boy—

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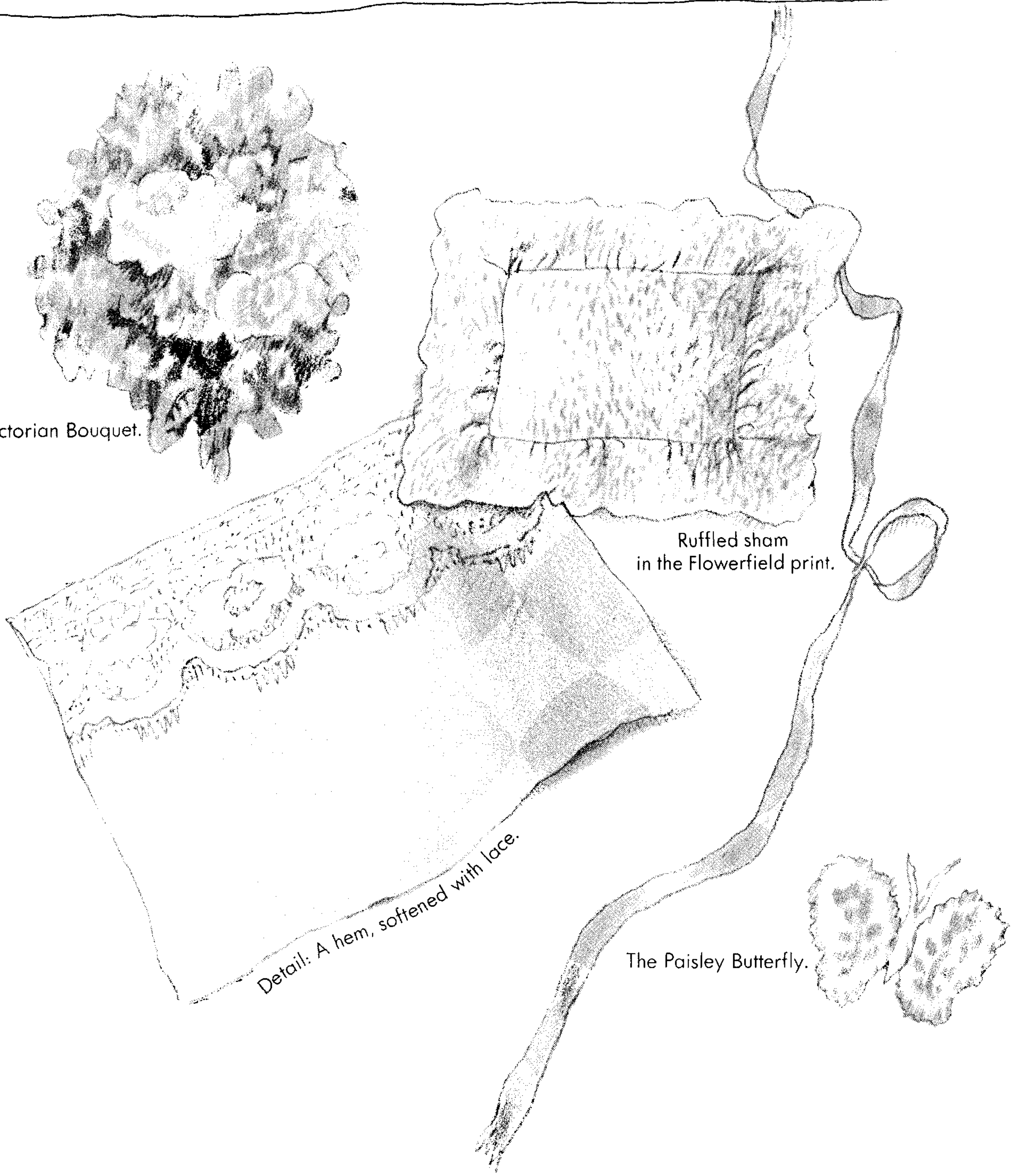


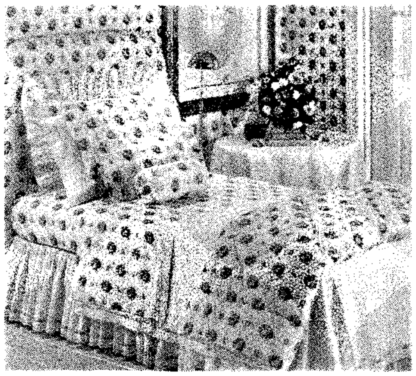
The Victorian Bouquet.

Ruffled sham
in the Flowerfield print.

Detail: A hem, softened with lace.

The Paisley Butterfly.

An Atelier bedroom.



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though bearing your secret wound with fortitude—you will be rewarded with eternal love. I certainly identify a good deal with Polly Oliver, strutting about with my toy drum, blackened with the grime of battle. But I don't much like the end, and would prefer her to die a hero's death. In principle, the story interests me and is a subject well suited to social-psychiatry courses, but bears little relation to the men and women in this place, who are not engaged in battle or love.)

Bored and disappointed, I drift away from the women and go back to the pool. The women don't go there much, it is always the wrong time of the month, or they are self-conscious about their figures. The hard-worked blonde swims only at night in what she calls "the nude."

It is at the pool—a shred of me, a paring of my dividing self, lying with head in the shade—that I discover the nature and purpose of the battalion. Adam, Hugh, Bill, and their retainers have taken the place over. They bask in the sun with all the indolence of replete emperors. They are surrounded, at a discreet distance, by prostrate sycophants, by sun oil and other unguents, small mirrors, decorative (unlike mine) towels, tidbits and carafes of wine (so that they, like Gondzik, receive certain privileges). Rings glitter on their indolent fingers, they wear fine gold chains and swimming trunks like careless fig leaves. Compared with them, I feel bulky and dowdy, but it doesn't matter, they are nothing to do with me.

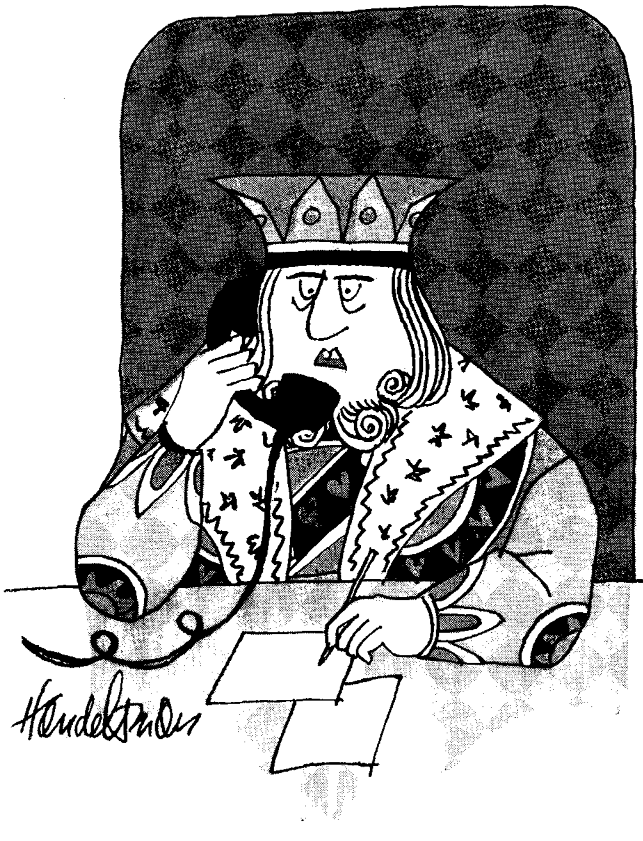
A tap on my shoulder: a summons. Opening my eyes, I see Adam squatting on his heels beside me, head a little on one side, boyish and appealing as only a middle-aged man who has studied the gestures for over forty years can be. He is offering me a section of peach, both the peach and the smile seductive. "You look such a lonely little girl," he says in gracious explanation.

In a short while this fragment of myself—which I now begin to observe from the outside—joins the battalion in the guise (what possible qualifications do I have?) of an international sophisticate. The title and rank are theirs, but this part-self seems to know exactly what is required of it. It leaps expertly on double meanings, serves up saucy scandal at a moment's notice, appears to have a knowledge of perversity which quite astounds me. I realize that the battalion has made some sort of coup and (for the time being, and until Gondzik's return) has imposed its own autocratic regime on the old timeless, liberal muddle. The office, being in such dire straits, needs all the support it can get and turns a blind eye while feeding them with dainties. Their purpose (commendable, I would think, in the West Wing) is to extract every possible pleasure from life. To achieve this end, their justified means are always devious, often cruel, sometimes brutal. They are pledged to destroy (tinkling and glittering with glee) any form of lugubriousness, ugliness, or mediocrity. Seldom bothering to move from their appointed thrones by the pool, they tease and torment until their victims blubber for mercy, readily offering any part of their bodies that may, on a whim, be thought appetizing. It is because of them that the simple hunk cries on the landing. A devastated puritan, he can't endure it, and yet he must endure, and yet he can't endure. One part of him longs to throw itself down and be assaulted, torn apart by their meddling fingers; the other part weeps and prays and clings to memories of wheat and children. He hasn't yet learned (as I am learning) that these two selves can separate and lead their contradictory lives in freedom.

Sitting in my rocking chair (holding my innocence like an old, battered treasure, a threadbare toy, a holy relic), I see myself doing the most extraordinary things. My voice has become deep and sharp with viciousness. I laugh most of the time, particularly at misfortune. I am party to their schemes and plot some of their most outrageous enterprises. From my rocking chair, I gape with disbelief. But it is so. There will be no more children. The boys will be bought as slaves, the girls thrown away. Only the mothers, mummified even in life, will be allowed to survive, and they will be put into charming temples situated at a safe—but accessible—distance. It is an old, old story; but I, participating in it for the first time, appear to find it enthralling.

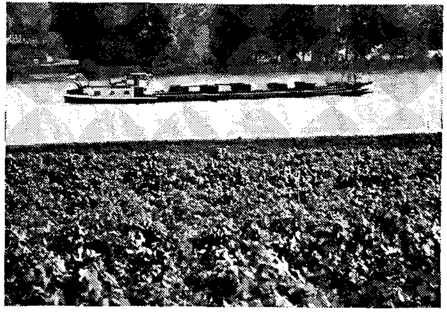
Even from the rocking chair, looking down toward the lily pond, I find it more intriguing than the plaintive dreariness of the women. Nevertheless, I am a woman. I see myself in bed with the crying man, helping to break down his defenses. (If George were here now, he would not be allowed to remain average.) "Don't!" I call out to myself. "Don't do it!" But I laugh and laugh, telling him secrets that will make him weep all the harder.

I see myself everywhere, on beds, divans, sofas, floors, tables, on grass and the spongy ground of the pine forests: (He was dressed in shirt of doeskin, white and soft and fringed with ermine, all in-wrought with beads of wampum. He was dressed in deerskin leggings, fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine, and in moccasins of buckskin, thick with quills and beads embroidered. On his head were plumes of swansdown, on his heels were tails of foxes, in one hand a fan of feathers, and a pipe was in the other. Barred with streaks of red and yellow, streaks of blue and bright vermillion, shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis. From his forehead fell his tresses, smooth, and parted like a woman's, shining bright with oil and plaited, hung with braids of scented grasses.) I see myself, intent with the others on some treachery



"So someone stole the tarts. Call the guards! Search the palace! Bake some more! I'm trying to run a deck here."

Where the vineyards face south and the Rhine flows west.



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or lechery, dancing and whooping through the pinewoods, catching obscenity, juggling it and throwing it high, gaudy with colored ribbons. We run, we play tag, we fall in heaps of two, three, four on the ground and in a moment are up again, singing, carrying weapons. The moon is full, the lawn, where we shall stage whatever game we are going to play, is gray as ash, the statue in the lily pond supplicates. We pour out of the woods onto the lawn, running for the statue as though it were a Maypole.

Adam arrives at the pond first. He leans on the wall, leans over, jabs something with a stick. He begins a clear, exuberant laugh. Hugh and Bill are close behind, they peer, jab, fall helpless against the wall, their heads thrown back, teeth gleaming. The others run faster. The only woman, I show a moment's petulance. I cry, "Let me see, let me see, pigs, bullies, bastards!" I push between them, looking down into the pool.

Caught in the placid, folded lilies is an infant's body, naked, a girl. It is so small it could be lifted on the palm of my hand. It is bloated and black with drowning. After an interminable moment I turn away and walk with dragging feet back to the mansion. I pull down the blinds, but from my rocking chair I can hear their laughter diminishing into the woods as they carry away their prize.

BUT the office finds out. They have gone too far. The battalion is disbanded, Adam and Hugh and Bill stripped of their decorations, their adornments, their privileges, and their power. They appear at breakfast with the grave, proper faces of punished schoolboys. They have been issued ordinary clothes and someone has neatly cut Hugh's hair, which yesterday hung to his waist. They don't speak much, and avoid each other's eyes. When they do speak, their voices have broken; they murmur short, moderate sentences about passing the pepper and hoping Rowena slept well.

As for me, it is most extraordinary. I receive, by hand, a letter from the Director himself. Thanking me. Telling me I have done well. Asking me if I will go (when summoned) to the office and speak with Mr. Hathaway. Since seeing the floating infant, I have been entirely myself. Now, reading this inexplicable letter, one part of me reads the inexplicable letter; the other part goes and sits in the rocking chair, rocking, gazing. Remembering.

The mind of the first part thinks it may find out what happened to them after they were caught, what went on in the office, why they weren't taken to the West Wing to be cured. Possibly destroying pleasure takes less time and effort than destroying pain. Or perhaps (the mind of the first part thinks) there was nothing, really, to be cured; nothing that a stern talking-to couldn't take care of, or six meaningful strokes of the cane. They turned out in the end to be quite ordinary men. Men are little boys at heart, the mind of the first part tells me; and boys will be boys.

But the mind and heart of the second part knows something different now. Firstly, that it has been divided and may well have to live alone in the end. Secondly, that there was a boy like a man, a man like a man, a man like a woman, a woman like a boy, a mother like a child, a father like a mother; a father of a mother, who shook his head like a little girl. Thirdly, this part now knows, with confidence, that these facts are indelible.

PART SIX

XVII

CURIOUSLY enough (it seems to me curious), I worry about not having proper clothes for my promised or threatened interview with Hathaway. I spend a day washing, mending, and ironing my dresses: even then, they are too florid, revealing too much or too little. Jeans, I feel, would be improper. I think of asking Mavis to help out: surely she could buy me a skirt, sweater, and leather shoes somewhere? But I have no money and don't know what they use here for money. I compromise by shortening one of the dresses to knee level. My legs are so tanned that they are quite decent. I can scrub my linen shoes with soap and water, stuffing paper into the toes so that they dry in some kind of foot shape. My hair has grown long and shaggy, so I experiment by drawing it back sharply and tying it in a knot. I look quite different, rather formidable, and shake it loose again with relief.

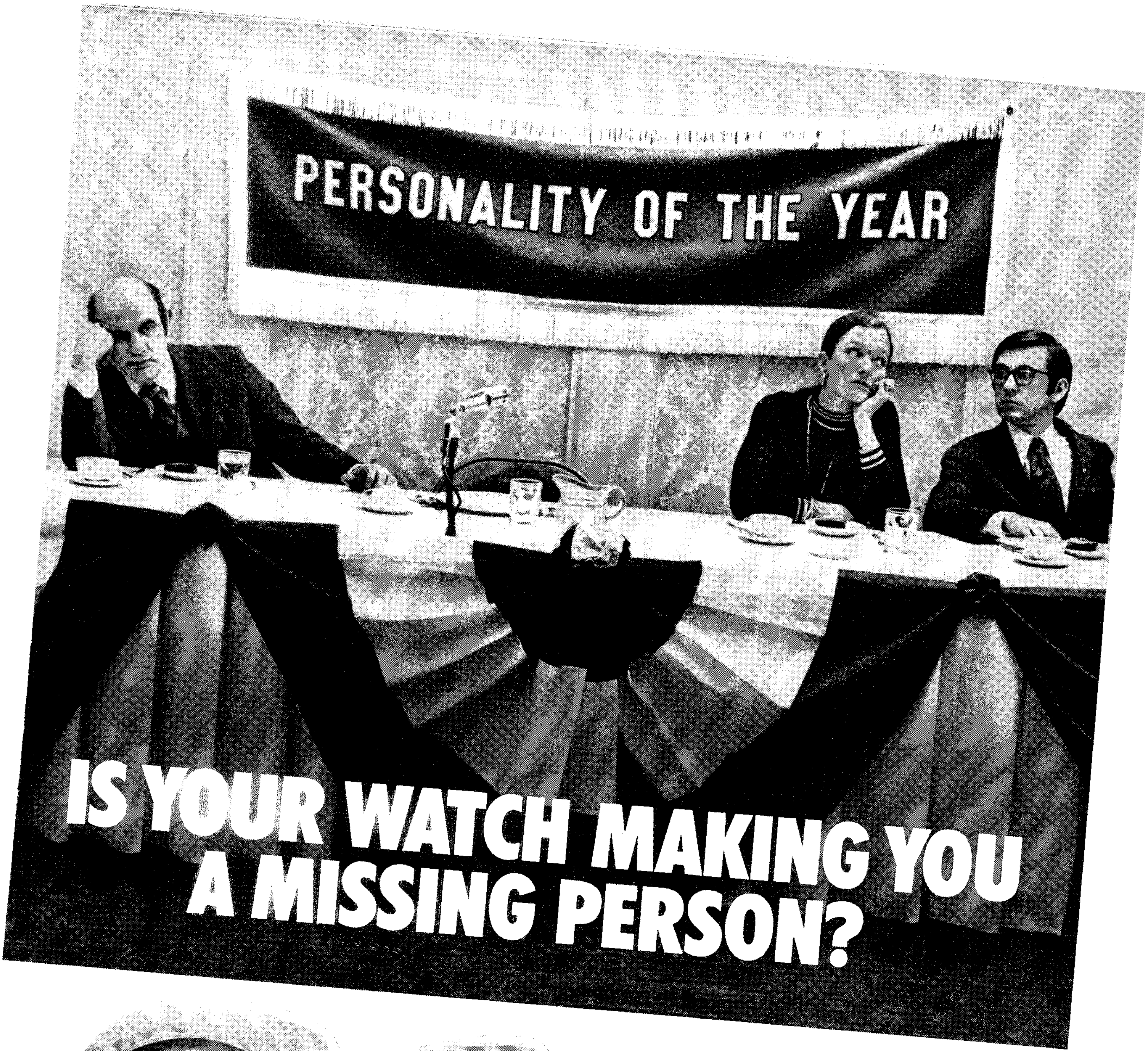
There is a knock on my door, and who should be there but Gondzik, Gondzik with a little more gray in his beard, smiling all over.

"Hi," he says.

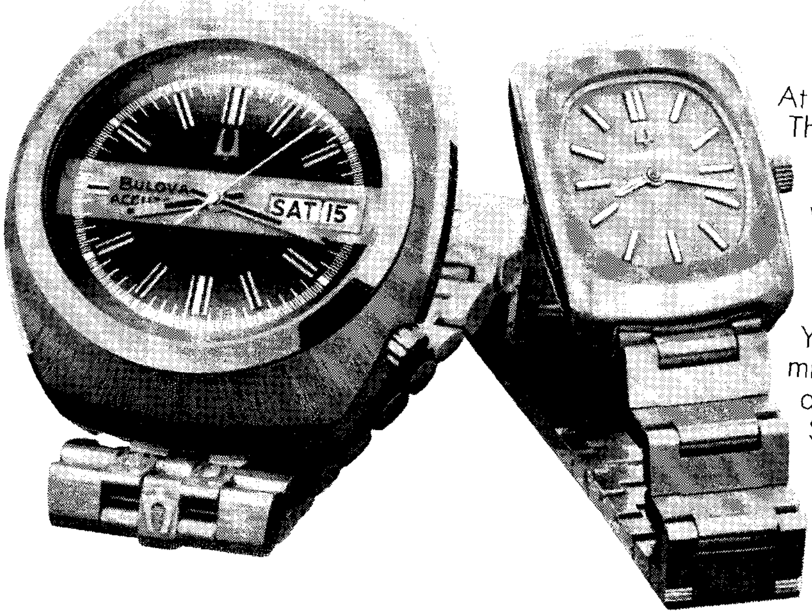
"Hi."

"It's good to see you. How've you been?"

"Fine." Plumbing it, I find my heart has sunk a little. I don't want to be taken over again. I don't want to be told how bad I am, how much better I could be. I don't want my



IS YOUR WATCH MAKING YOU A MISSING PERSON?



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days planned, or to be owned. "You're back?"

"Not exactly. I've come to take you to Hathaway."

"You? How nice. I thought it would be . . . someone else."

"Who?" He's smiling at my silly ideas.

"I don't know."

"Well, then. Are you ready?"

"Of course."

I know the way. It was on my map, which I left in the gardener's hut. Gondzik puts his hand on my shoulder, affectionately, as though he's arrested me.

As we go down the stairs, beneath the stained-glass window, thread our way through the heavy furniture in the hall, I ask him, "Have you been there all the time? I mean, in the office."

"Off and on. How was your stay in the West Wing?"

"Oh, it was . . . very interesting."

"Good. Good. We don't have many connections with the West Wing. I was worried."

"You mean the West Wing is . . ." I puzzled for the words, they came obediently, "outside your jurisdiction?"

"More or less." He steers me across the terrace, down the steps. I look up at my open windows. No one's there. "Hathaway will tell you, of course. But I'd just like to say, for myself—you did a great job."

"Did I?"

"The baby in the lily pond. We knew, of course, no one else would have thought of it."

"Thought of it?" I inquire stupidly.

"Brilliant. The West Wing must have done you a whole lot of good."

It's too ridiculous. *I* drowned the baby? *I* left it there for the battalion to catch and carry? I'm bewildered, outraged. And yet I have learned so well to act that the actor in me congratulates herself: that would have been a clever thing to do, it would have been a masterstroke—if I had thought of it. So I stay silent. His hand on my shoulder is hot and heavy, even though I know it is a delicate hand.

We are making polite conversation. "How are things . . . in the office?"

"Difficult. We'll survive, of course."

"You work there now?"

He looks at me shrewdly, little eyes flicking sideways behind gold-rimmed glasses. "I always did."

"So you were . . .?"

"An agent. Yes, you could call it that. It's vital. For security."

"Of course. For security." Did I really say that? Well, security is something I understand by understanding so well the lack of it. We all need security, safeguards, guardians, a safe lodging, a holy rest, and peace at the last. Perhaps that's where Gondzik is taking me.

"I'm taking you the long way," Gondzik says. "There's a shortcut I'll show you later. Right by the West Wing, as a matter of fact."

"You mean along the path by the flower garden?"

"That's it. Take a left at the stone seat, you're at the side door."

"That's convenient."

But this time we go under the No Entry sign, with nothing to park or unload, our shoes on. The memory of the dog stabs me, cuts me in half. Did Gondzik, then, participate in the dog's death? I'm going to be received by the enemy. I will fling myself on Hathaway, beating him with my fists. I will spit on him, I will break his furniture, I will expose his immorality with the secretary. As for Gondzik, I will kill him slowly, scalping his beard, submitting him to dreadful agony. But the woman in the knee-length dress and clean shoes is quite proud to be walking under the No Entry sign, being saluted by guards. By accompanying Gondzik, she is given priority and admiration. She smiles prettily, saying "Hullo" because she doesn't know whether it's good morning or good afternoon.

The office is busy. People hurry to and fro, carrying papers. The muted thunder of electric typewriters comes from cubicles. An elevator takes us smoothly upward, stops with a sigh of regret, always prevented from soaring on. We step out into a carpeted corridor. There are plants in ceramic tubs. Gondzik knocks softly on a mahogany door whose neat brass lettering simply says "31." "Come in," the secretary calls, low-voiced. She is, of course, glamorous, dressed in pink. She welcomes me, even shakes my hand. "Mr. Hathaway will be *so* pleased." I smile haughtily, as befits (I think) both sides of my character.

Gondzik goes into the inner office first, asking me to wait a moment.

"We were so impressed," the secretary says. "To tell you the truth"—another confidence—"we knew long ago. I mean even before the play. You remember?"

"You knew what?" I know I can afford to sound offended.

"Why, that with a little assistance . . ." She looks up, smiling, as Gondzik beckons me inside.

Hathaway (of course) sits at a large

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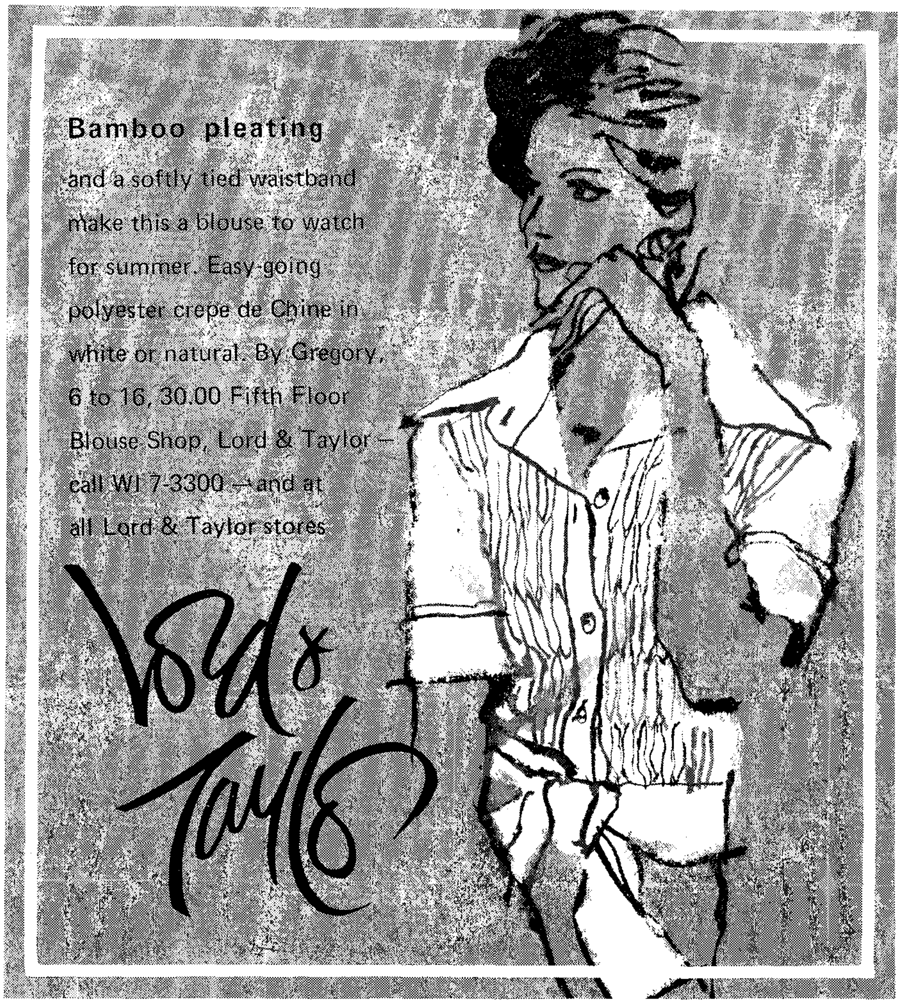
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desk, his back to the window. He gets up and advances on me, hand outstretched. Handsome, with an unnaturally even tan, gray curls just slightly dishevelled, a well-cut suit, soft collar, and distinguished tie. "I'm so *very* pleased to meet you. Please sit down. Would you care for a drink? Gondzik, the drinks. Are you well? Are you happy? I must say you look quite . . . stunning. Gondzik, you never told me the lady was stunning. Gondzik likes to give me these pleasant surprises. Quite frankly, I was expecting . . . But never mind, all's well that ends well. You've been at the pool a great deal, of course. You must tell me all about it. We must have many long talks. Cigarette? Comfy?"

During all this, slightly dazed, I sit and regard the room. It is large and pleasant. Flowers (brought by the devoted secretary) everywhere. A large leather-framed photograph of the unfortunate Mrs. Hathaway and two sparkling children. A placard or poster, done in the style of Toulouse-Lautrec, its legend: "Be like Dad, Keep Mum." A handsome mirror, framed in modernistic plastic (for Hathaway to admire himself in, of course). A half-open door leads to another, darker office, where there are many machines. There is another door which leads, I know perfectly well, to a bedroom. At last I return to Hathaway. Gondzik is seated on a smaller chair, swivelling from side to side, spectacles gleaming.

"Well, then," Hathaway says, and sighs, sips his drink, lights a small cigar. "You'll be wondering why we sent for you."

I make some interested sound. He decides to get to the point, looking at me keenly with blue eyes, man-to-man instead of man-to-woman. "We would like you to come and work with us." He observes my reaction. So does Gondzik. I am careful not to react.

"What would you want me to do?"

He leans back, serious but tender. "You understand, of course, that it is vital that the security of this place should not only be kept intact. It must be strengthened. By your own work, since you returned from the West Wing—which unfortunately is outside our jurisdiction—you have shown how keenly you appreciate this fact. Only a woman, and only—now I see you I can, of course, appreciate this—yourself could have infiltrated into that subversive group, and used the methods that you did to make them play into our hands. It must have been unpleasant for you. Let's not mince words. I have no time for faggots. But the time has unfortunately come when we have to treat them very carefully, very carefully indeed. Just the other day I told Gondzik—you remember, Gondzik?—that the word 'faggot' must no longer be used on these premises. I am talking to you, of course, in confidence."

"Of course," I say. I don't know why, since I have noticed the tapes in the machines in the other office smoothly turning.

"This particular group was all the more dangerous for being intelligent. Thanks to you, we have managed to deal with that. I'm merely sketching the scene for you, you understand. Putting you in the picture." He also seems to put this phrase in quotes, as though it were a snatch of French or Latin.

I smile, to show I understand.

"So. To get to the point, since I'm sure you'll have no patience with me if I'm long-winded." A ravishing smile. There are so many smiles, followed by so much gravity. "In order to keep our security intact, we have certain simple devices, perfectly innocent, of course, but necessary."

I hear myself say, "The lamps. The light switches."

"Precisely." Oh, he is pleased with me. "Of course all of you over there are absolutely free. This is a free place. Everyone is equal. We call each other by first names, don't we, Basil? We all muck in together for the common good. No one would dream of putting any obvious pressure . . . on minorities. . . ."

"Of course," she says impatiently. "I understand."

Hathaway looks at me sharply for a moment. Apparently what he sees leads him to even deeper confidence.

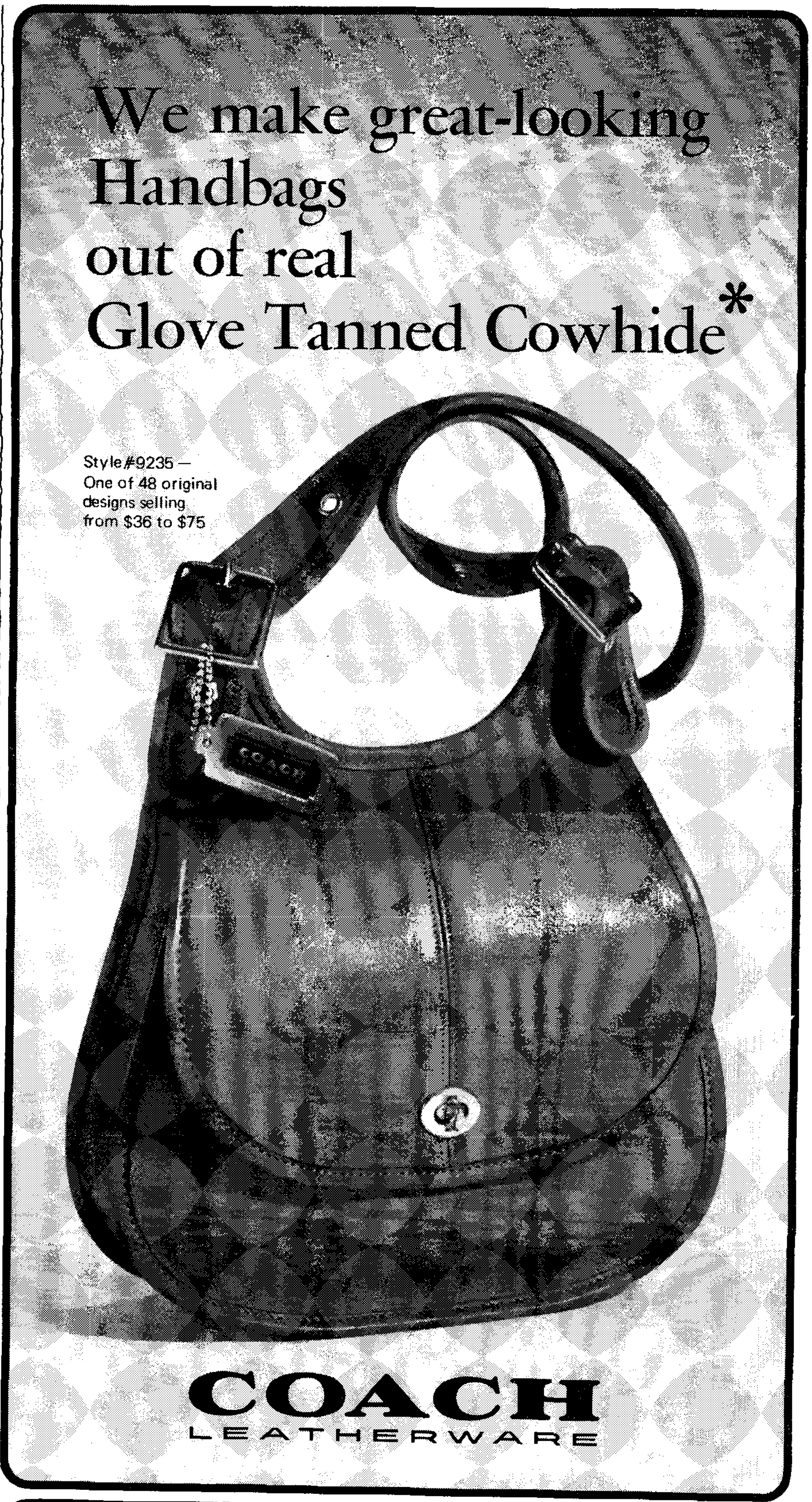
"Good." He leans back, his arm stretched forward, tenderly brooding over the long ash of his cigar before it drops into the ashtray. He is now comrade-to-comrade. "Now, as you may have heard, we are having a certain amount of trouble with our security. Things have got out of hand. In the first instance, the Board requested to see our tapes. Tapes, of course you appreciate, of the greatest . . ."

"Confidence," she supplies.

"Precisely." Leaning forward again, elbows on desk, he glances at Gondzik and smiles, as though to keep Gondzik going. "We dealt with that one. We insisted on—"

"Executive privilege."

But she is going too fast for him. A comrade she may be, but still a woman. He is faintly displeased. Gondzik al-



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most imperceptibly shakes his head.

"I'm sorry," I say. "Please go on."

"They were stumped for a while. We were pretty sure they couldn't get round executive privilege." The way he says the words, they sound like the name of an ex-Playmate, a thoroughly good sort. "Then some idiot spent a couple of days in the library and came up with a loophole. The tapes were inaccessible, you understand. But transcripts of the tapes, in his opinion, were not."

I am incredulous. She is impressed. Hathaway sighs deeply, as though the whole thing is too idiotic. Which (I think) it is.

"We agreed, therefore, to submit transcripts of the tapes." It is an honest sacrifice, anything for a bit of peace. "We would like you to transcribe these tapes. Clearly, honestly, with the interests of our security—your security—the security of all your friends over there at heart."

Hathaway has finished, he has said his piece. Giving us time to consider, he snaps his fingers toward Gondzik. "Gondzik, drinks."

The whole thing is absurd. Does he really believe those tapes will be honestly transcribed? Of course not. That's why he asked me here, that's where he made his mistake. He's not only asking me to be a spy, he's asking me to be a dishonest spy. Oh repulsive Hathaway, who killed my dog and had me trapped by the gardener and encouraged all my vices for his own ends. I am sick with disgust and anger.

"I'd be glad to help you," she says. "When would you like me to start?"

Hathaway laughs merrily, disclosing a treasure of teeth.

"But sweetheart, you haven't said a thing about money!"

"Money?" I ask, startled.

"Shall we say . . . a thousand a week? With all your expenses, of course."

"Well," she says, a shrewd glint in her eye, "I'm used to fifteen hundred, but of course if it's an emergency . . ."

"Twelve-fifty."

She shrugs her shoulders as though slipping off lacy shoulder straps; smiles and nods. I am stunned, bewildered, the idiot trailing along far in the rear. Gondzik is smiling, having won his hunch against considerable odds. What am I to do with the money? What is it for? What kind of money?

"But what shall I do with it?" I ask. "I mean, there's nothing . . ."

Hathaway glances at Gondzik: he can take this over.

"If you like," Gondzik says, "we put it into the Company for you, as an investment, of course. We pay eight per cent and you can withdraw it at any time. What most of our employees do is to invest, say, two-thirds of their salary against their . . . well, retirement, you might say. The rest you can spend in the Committee Store." He smiles, that pretty clearing in the grizzle. "It sells everything from Saint Laurent to soap, you'll have a ball."

"And accommodation?" she asks, slurring the word a little, looking at Hathaway.

"For the moment, you'll stay where you are. Keep your eyes open, of course."

"Ear to the ground?" I ask faintly.

They both laugh. It seems that of the two of us, she and I, I have the better sense of humor.

"Well, then," Hathaway says. "How about tomorrow?"

"All right."

"About nine-thirty?"

"How shall I know," I ask, "when it's nine-thirty?"

"Christ, I almost forgot." He slides open a drawer in his desk, brings out a slim oblong box, hands it to us with extravagant gallantry over the desk. "For you."

It is a dainty watch; the entire works, I think, are made of diamonds. I would throw it in the trash can, along with the other litter from Christmas crackers. She gasps with wonder, slips it over her wrist, actually extends her arm to see it better, breathing gratitude and admiration. "Oh, but it's so pretty!" she whispers, "so cute!" and suchlike inanities until I wonder whether she's lost her senses.

Hathaway is delighted. I can tell that he is planning all manner of treats when he's told the secretary she can go home and visit her aged mother, or babysit for her plain girl friend.

"Don't flash it around," Gondzik says. He sounds, I think, a little acid. "You know the rules."

I look at him with contempt and loathing. Imagine confusing him with . . . but that's so long ago, I don't know his name anymore. I see Mrs. April sitting in my room in the West Wing, pressing her hands together, looking down, looking up: the experience itself is . . . indelible. A moment's grief tornades through my heart, which is waiting inside me: it sweeps through as a tempestuous but tearless storm, leaving my heart dry and aching. I have nothing to say. She, the other, pushes the watch a little up her fore-

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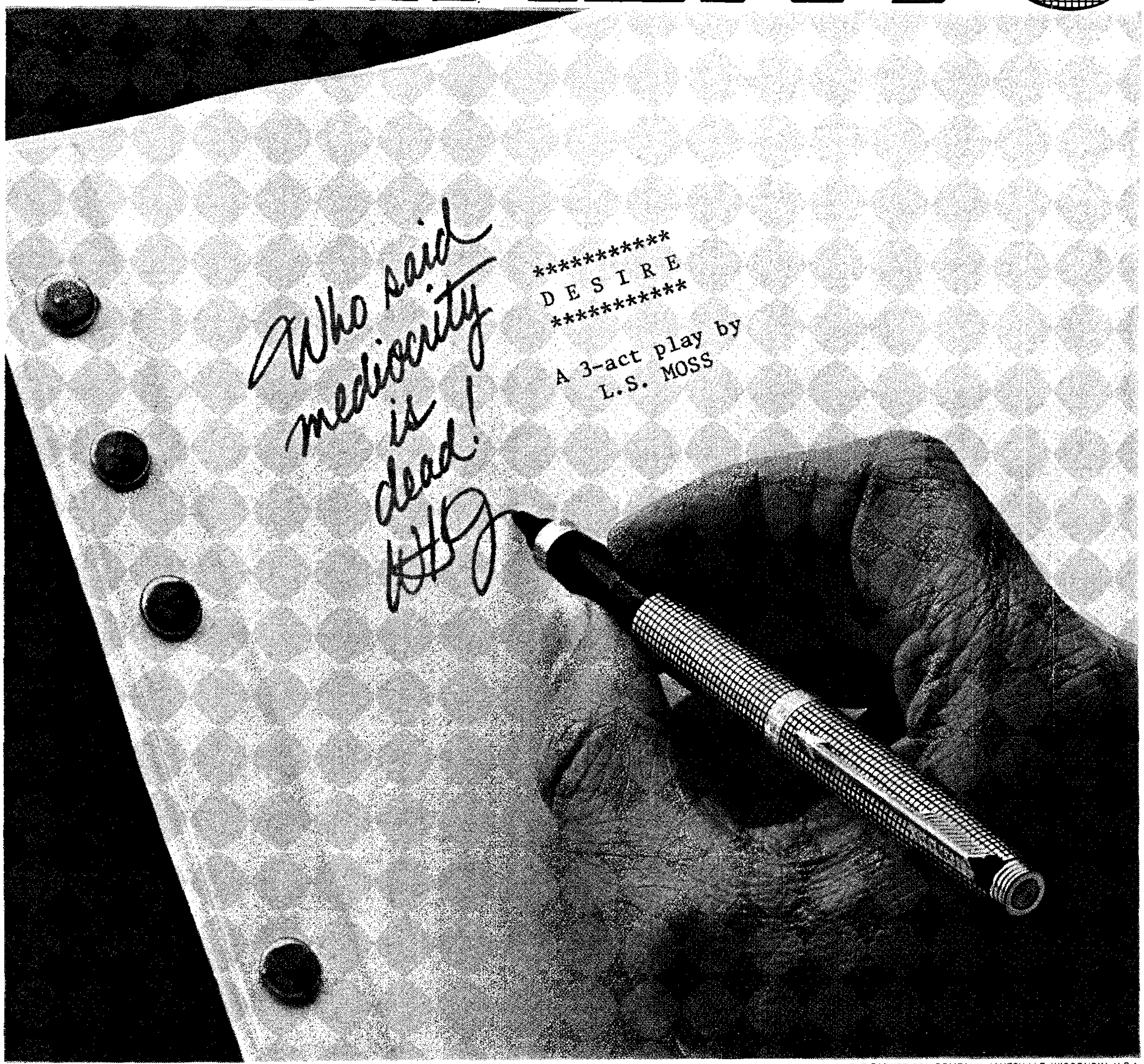

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arm, so that it is hidden by the cotton sleeve.

"Would it be terrible," she murmurs, "if I asked for just a tiny advance . . . I haven't a thing to wear. . . ."

Hathaway summons Gondzik with a backward jerk of his head. Gondzik goes to the neo-Lautrec poster, folds it back, turns the dials of a safe, opens it, looks sourly over his shoulder. "How much?"

"A thousand?" Hathaway asks.

"Twelve-fifty," she says, "would be better."

Not having a purse, she holds the bundle of notes in my hand, where they stick together, become soggy. Hathaway gets up, benign but quietly suggestive. He walks round the desk. I get up. He looks into my eyes. He looks into everyone's eyes, knowing this to be the best policy.

"We're so glad," he says, "to have you with us. The Director will be overjoyed."

"He has seen me," I say, meaning that on the two previous occasions the Director was not overjoyed.

"The circumstances were a little . . . unfortunate." The smile again, the searching, yearning eyes. "After all, you're a . . . new woman."

"Yes," she breathes. "I really do feel . . . reborn. I really do."

I don't know why I stand there so passive, being gazed at. Perhaps I'm preserving myself so that when this is over (and it will, like everything else, be over) I shall still exist. I know that my eyes are troubled, but that her lashes are thick and long, curtaining my eyes.

"We'll have . . . lunch," he says. "Very soon. And talk about everything."

He stands there, looking after us as Gondzik leads us away. My back creeps with horrible anticipation: horrible, and yet it's so long since the West Wing, so long since I was treated as a woman, a pretty thing, an object of desire, an acquisition. My back seems to move toward him, not away.

"Well," Gondzik snaps, "you certainly did all right with Hathaway. Want to go shopping?"

The Committee Store is enormous, department after department full of spoils. I drag behind, wondering why they have all this for so few customers, why the prices are so outrageous, why I'm not in the least interested in tweed and cashmere and underwear, expensive bags and shoes and (my God, I haven't seen them since . . I'm sure the old woman doesn't wear them) gloves. Gondzik, however, shows ex-

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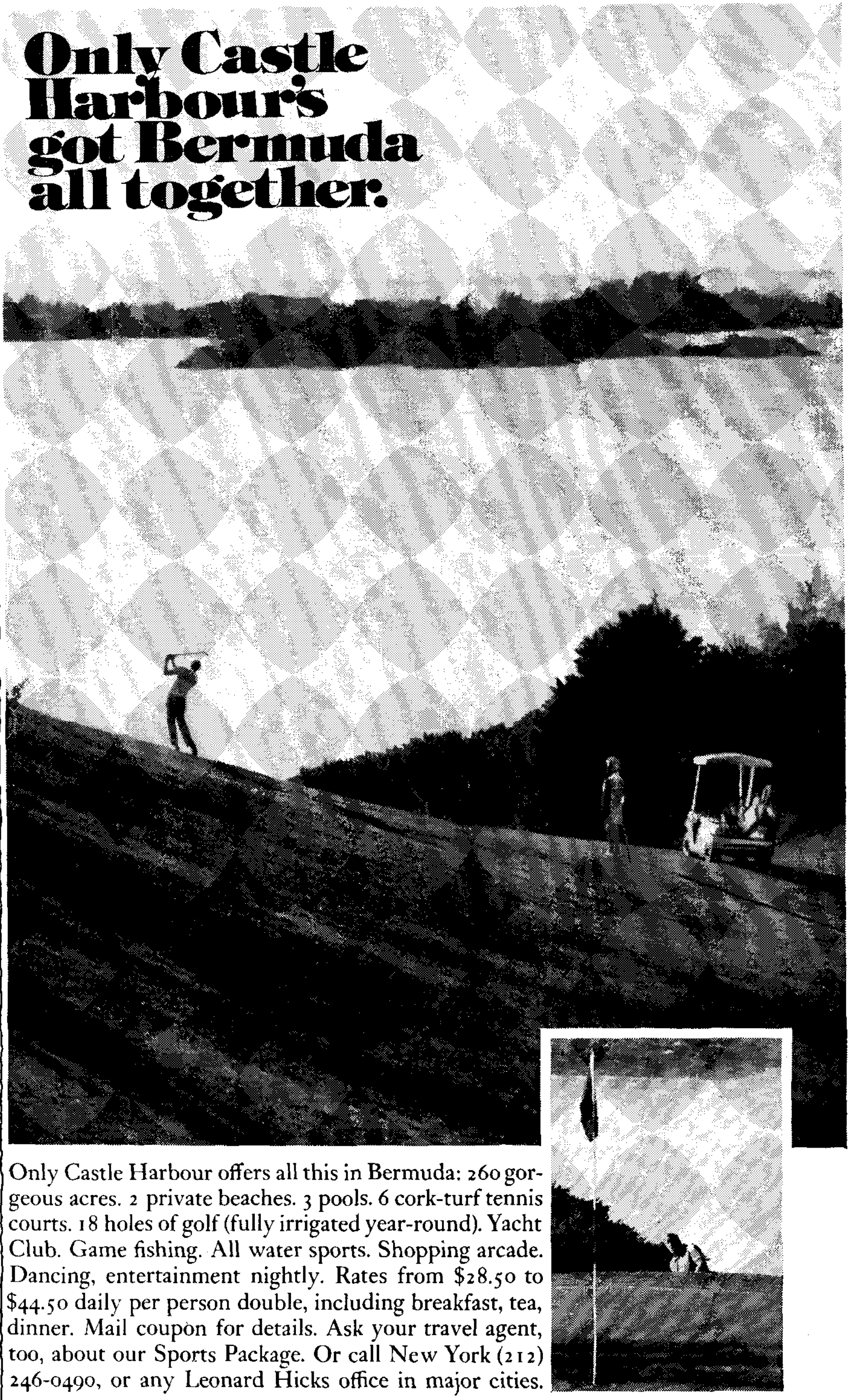

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traordinary interest, sweeping her from counter to counter, sitting and waiting while she tries things on and emerges like a butterfly from the fitting room, twisting and turning for his approval. It will all be delivered, of course. I shall have to move the dressing table from in front of my cupboard door. My cupboard will be crammed. Thank God there are four dressing tables, she'll need at least three of them. I have given Gondzik the handful of notes, but he charges it all to the Committee.

"But," I protest weakly, "he gave me the money. . . ."

He looks at me with mock despair. "You'll learn, baby, you'll learn."

I look blank. I feel blank. He grins. "Remember the tennis courts?"

She giggles. "Oh. Of course."

But back in the mansion, climbing the familiar stairs (the drip drip of the fountain the only sound at this time of day, as at night), I find I'm alone again. Presumably she's gone off somewhere with Gondzik, perhaps up to the white chapel to pray. I let myself into my room and make for the rocking chair. When Mavis cleans the room (which she now does more often than necessary, because she loves to chatter), she always turns the rocking chair to face the room, being sociable. I always turn it back again, to look out of the window. Having done this, I sit, feet propped on the sill. The temperature outside Hathaway's air-conditioned office is in the high nineties, so someone said. My drawn blinds let in slits of sunlight. I can't look out of the window, I look at the still blind on which I have tied the shred, the remnant of a balloon from another age.

XVIII

I WAIT, but she doesn't appear before breakfast, she doesn't appear at breakfast. I sit with Rowena and the reformed Adam. I haven't looked around me for some time, being preoccupied with other things, and am shocked to find how depressed and lifeless Rowena has become. Her cropped hair, at first little more than bristle, has grown dully over her ears; her sad, accusing eyes are burned into the pallid face; her body seems hardly able to support the weight of her eternal cover-up, the shapeless shroud she wears from morning till night. Even now he is normalized, Adam obviously hates suffering of this kind. He keeps his eyes firmly on his scrambled eggs until he has finished them, then on his coffee until he has finished that.

"Are you all right?" I ask her softly, a foolish question since she is so obviously dying.

She nods, shrinking into herself.

"Is there anything . . . I can do?"

She looks up at me, attempts to smile, to make a sad joke of it. "I guess I miss Simon."

"Simon?"

"Of course you were away most of the time. Simon. The little one. I miss him."

"Oh. I see."

There's nothing more to say. I take my cup, glass, and plate into the kitchen (winked at by Mavis), and go upstairs. The room is still empty, except for a huge pile of packages on what might be called the daybed. I pace up and down in bare feet, sit in a number of chairs. But Simon (and isn't even the name forbidden?) was mine. Simon lived in a room in the West Wing. Simon went away and would be happy in a couple of days and is staying with his peers. What peers? Where? How can Rowena possibly miss Simon? How did Rowena even know Simon? You mean that he knew other people here? He wasn't just brought here (by the distinguished person, I remember) for my benefit? You mean that Simon—beyond my generous fantasies, my tolerant and maternal fantasies—had *a life of his own*?

I force myself to consider Rowena. Though destroyed, she is quite young; or was quite young. I think of Rowena daily diminishing in Simon's absence, while we were telling stories to each other, while we were celebrating, while I explored his bones as though he were a small cathedral made out of ivory. I am burning inside, suddenly knowing that I have often burned so, and often in dreams. *Rowena*?

At the height of my bewilderment and passion (of course reason is there too, but what it says is dreary, it can't gain my attention), she is tearing open the packages with a kind of cold severity, choosing this and that, discarding the rest for Mavis to put away. She glances at her exquisite watch, carefully nestling inside her elbow; she puts on panties and a brassiere, not seeming to find this restricting; she stands at one of the dressing tables and deftly, hardly looking in the mirror, enhances her face; she pulls on tights, gathering each leg in her hand, smoothing them up from the toe over the knee, wriggling a little to settle them over her hips; she fastens a skirt, swivels it round, the placket at the back; she buttons three buttons of a nine-button sweater; she brushes her hair, leaning her head first this way, then that. She seems

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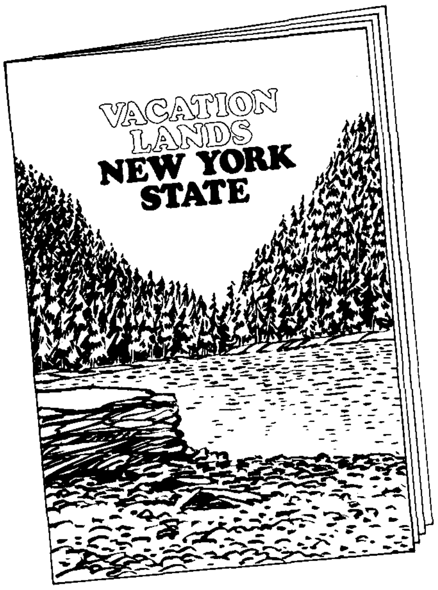

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angry, like someone going out to battle.

However unwillingly, I still have to go with her; after all, we share the same body so far. She runs briskly down the stairs, good handbag swinging from her shoulder, and out (I am totally amazed) through the front door. I have never been through the front door. She strides (though the strides are short and ladylike) down a driveway, suddenly turns into a subsidiary road which, tarmacked, goes straight through the woods. She is muttering to herself now she is out of any possible sight. I know what she is saying. It is the first time we are almost friendly. "*Rowena*, for God's sake . . . No, it's not true . . . it's perfectly obvious . . . he was sly, that's what it was, sly . . . but come on, I was there forever before he came, he had to do *some*thing." How dare she miss him, how dare *she* miss him. . . . I'll kill her. . . . I'll comfort her. My love (I say). *My* boyfriend (she says). We march on, wanting to stone Rowena with pine cones.

Now we are crossing the flower garden. Nobody there. I look up, to see if I can spot the window of my room in the West Wing. All the blinds are drawn, all the windows identical. We take to the straight grass path. The grass is burned, lacking rain, and her heels don't sink into the ground. The petunias are shrivelled, the box hedges parched, a few roses hang withered heads from the pergolas, hanged roses. I am occupied, overwhelmed, with a longing to see the old woman again. She, more practical, twists off a few dead heads on her way. We go on and on (I thought Gondzik said this was a shortcut) until at last, in the far distance, I see the stone seat crusted with bird lime. It is empty. You aren't sitting there like a judge, a doorman, a janitor, an executioner. We take a left, as Gondzik instructed, by the stone seat. We are at the side door of the office. We go in (deferentially saluted), plunging into the ice-cold air with a gasp.

Up in the elevator (we shall get used to this, never allowing it to go farther), a brief knock on Room 31, enter before the secretary flutes come in. The secretary is pleased to see her, offers coffee from a chromium machine, shows her through Hathaway's office (which is empty) to the room where the still tapes (no, one is steadily turning) wait behind transparent doors. There is a desk, a lamp, a typewriter, sharpened pencils, paper of all sizes, a dictionary, and a Roget ("crime, guilt 947;" "criminal, vicious 945;" "culprit, malefactor 949"), and a comfortable chair. The tapes, she takes in at a glance, are neatly filed, the padlocks on the cases already opened.

"I'll show you how it works," the secretary says.

"I know," she says, and hangs her handbag on a hook.

"Mr. Hathaway said that you'll find some of them a little . . . incoherent." She is well educated, this secretary, a good school, excellent college degree, plenty of experience. "But that he leaves it to you to make them—"

"Clearer."

"More . . . clear."

"All right. I'll begin."

"If there's anything you want," the secretary says, and giggles once, "just holler."

We are left alone with the tapes. As she takes the first one out of the file, briefly examines its front and its flip side, fits it into the machine, I passionately hope that the huge Brandenburg will burst into the room, the office, sweep away the entire building. Instead of this there is crackling, breathing.

"You *have* been here in the winter. You *have*. . . . It was cold, very cold, your feet froze to the ground! . . . The lake was frozen, you walked across it, she was skating, cutting figures of eight, she was eight, wasn't she—"

"Her little skirt like daisy petals flung out from a yellow stem, she loves me, loves me not—"

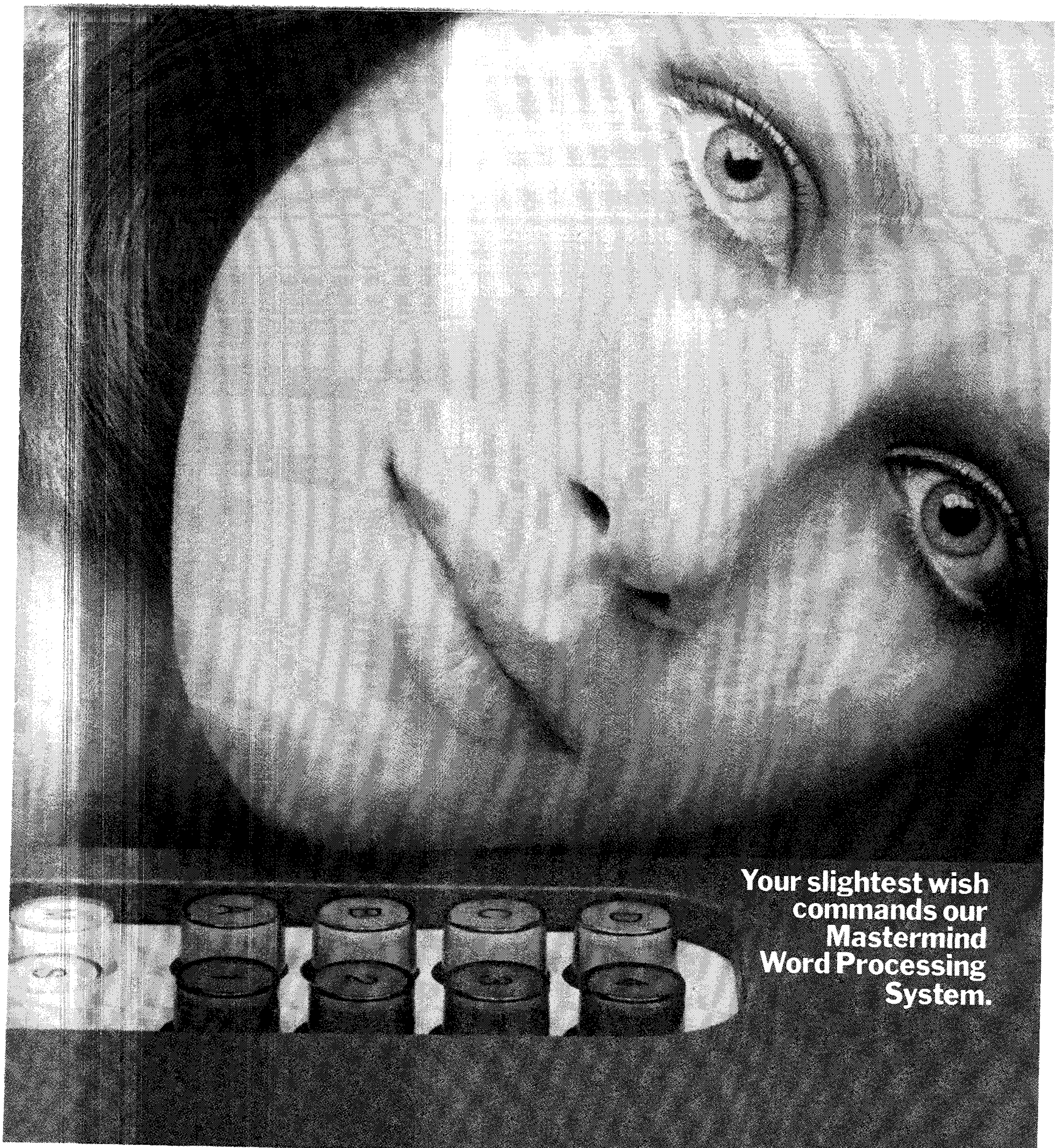
"You plucked them, leaving her shivering."

"*God damn you!*"

She presses some button, the tape stops, she settles herself in her chair, adjusts the lamp. Even I am intrigued, as though looking through an old photograph album, amused and curious. She doesn't look amused. She fixes her earphones, presses another button, and sits stony-faced, occasionally scribbling something in neat handwriting.

GONDZIK: I don't remember. I experience.

MYSELF: My God, you're just like all the others! What's the matter with you in this place? Keep off the grass, don't pee in stationary trains, walk, don't walk, no smoking. What d'you *mean* you don't remember, you just experience? It's a . . . slogan, isn't it, something you learned off pat. I know what you think you are, you think you're a revolutionary, don't you? Jesus Christ, you don't know what revolution *is!* I don't either, but then I don't pretend to, I just want to be free to . . . well, walk on the grass, pee when I feel like it, cross streets when it's obviously safe, I want to tell *myself* when it's dangerous to smoke. That's what it's like where I come from, wherever it is, but here your so-called freedom's like a bloody nursery! And God, what a fuss you make about it! Freedom! You don't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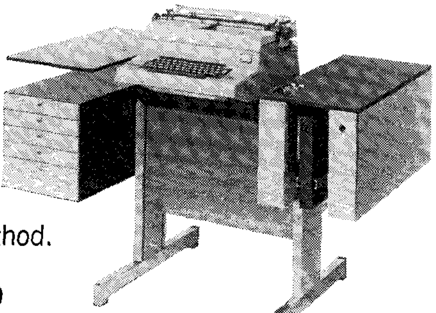

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begin to know what it is, freedom!... I've seen you when you think I'm going to break a rule, when anyone's going to break a rule, you go quite sick with terror, you really look quite *sick* at the idea that someone might behave unsuitably, particularly if it involves you! I mean, Gondzik is the strong one, the right one, the rich one, the one who gets his bed made every day because he bribes the bloody workers! You're safe, aren't you, because you're so *smart*, you know all the names for everything, you can kill other people and play awful games with other people, but if anyone tries to do the same to you, sitting up here monarch of all you survey with all that sex boiling round in your head and no way out for it! If anyone tries to do the same to you ... But of course they don't. They never will, will they? And you're so sweet at heart, sweetheart. You never did anything horrible to a little girl on the pond, did you? You didn't tear off her skirt like daisy petals or whatever awful phrase it was? You didn't set fire to the bloody Reichstag or shoot those students or drop a single tiny atom of a bomb or gas, gas a single person of your own race, did you? No, you're just a scribe, a Pharisee! You play innocent, you've got the Right Ideas, you don't remember, you only experience, and you sit there mumbling that like the Talmud while just at the bottom of your garden the cattle trucks are rattling by, do you know that? The *cattle trucks!*... O.K. So you're laughing. Of course, you have to. That's one of the most tedious things about you, the ghastly noise of it, ha ha ha if anyone tells you the truth. It's *your* job to tell the truth. No one else knows it, of course. It's your private possession. And you trick it out to look like fire and brimstone, your truth is so *significant*, not like anyone else's. Go on! *Laugh!* Louder! Louder! You're a liar, Gondzik, but you think that the beauty of it is that no one else knows! You're a bully, but it's *you* who do the sissy kissing, keeping everyone quiet with your incessant yatter, beating them down if they even take a breath, giving your awful bounty to poor simple girls who'd be grateful for a crust of bread, an old grape-stalk! You don't want to *change* what you call the system! You just want to suck its blood and pretend it's soda pop, one of those filthy drinks you drink, baby drinks. That's what keeps you alive, the system! ... I'm so delighted to be entertaining you! God, that's what I'm for, isn't it? To entertain Gondzik?... You'd be *lost* without the system! You wouldn't have any father or mother or brothers or sisters or simple girls or girls to adore you or heroes to wipe your feet on! You'd be abandoned, Gondzik! You'd be thrown away, like an old gauleiter who's no use anymore! You think you could ever learn to be humble without resenting it? Just the word "humble" makes you laugh, doesn't it? There's no such thing as humility in your book, that's in the other book, the later one written by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, remember? It's a strength, not a weakness, but you'd never learn that, would you, not on your life! And you know it's possible to be proud without being cruel, possible to love your enemies with righteous indignation? You'll rupture yourself if you laugh so much....

Tyrants are the weaklings, you fool! Tyrants like you, barking and braying and forming people up in straight lines, in straight pigeonholes, in straight libraries with straight censors, in straight speeches that go on and on and on and on without making the slightest human sense.... (*The sound of weeping superimposed on laughter*) Damn you and your rules for freedom and your silly tricks with time and your cheating, cheating.... *Damn you!*

(*There is a long silence.*)

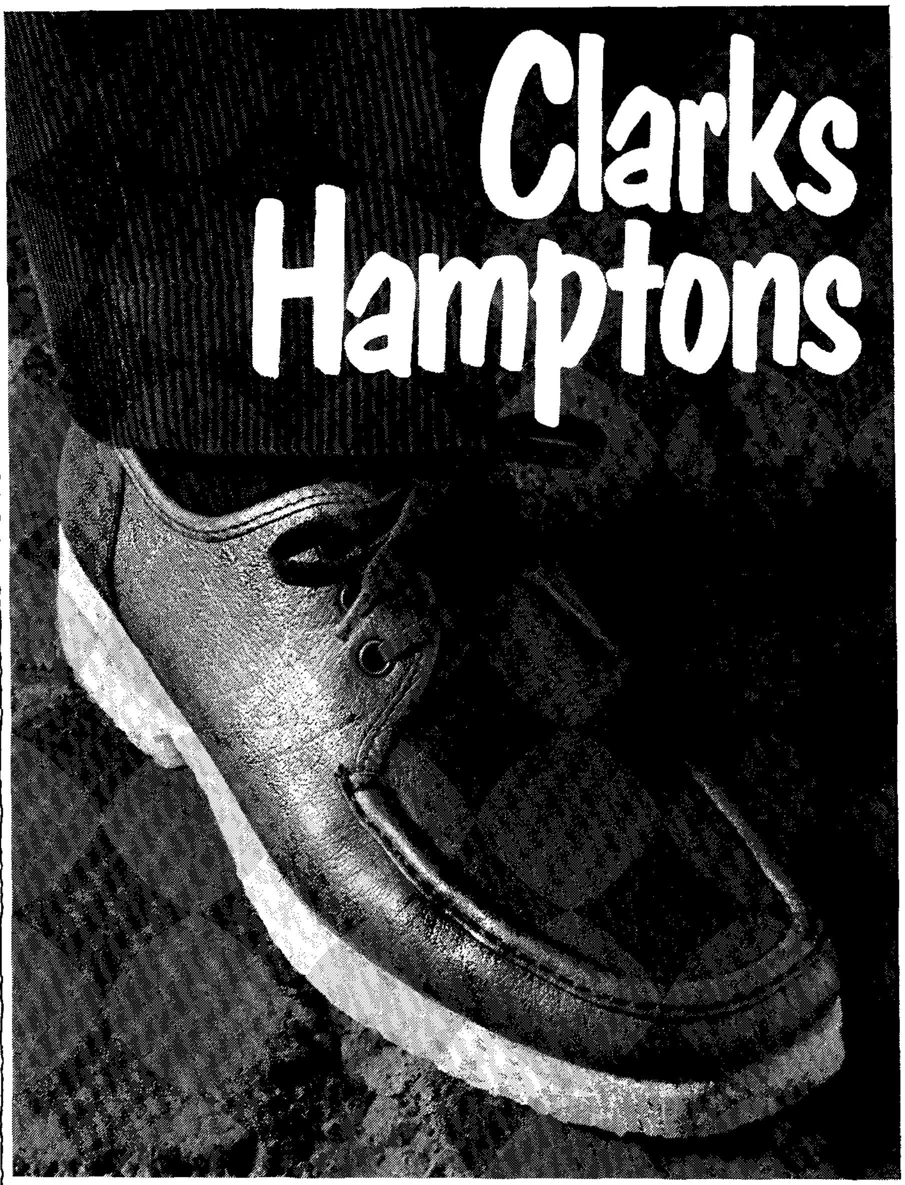
GONDZIK: There's no point in being here if you don't go along with it, obey the rules as you say. It's one of the few situations which one can quite validly call a waste of time. Why don't you leave?

At the end of this scene, which I listen to with relish, she with a face like stone, there is a click, a moment's silence. Then Gondzik's voice: "She's hopelessly misguided, of course, but shows spirit. I calmed her down. It will be interesting to note her progress from now on."

THERE are a surprising number of tapes of people making love, men and women, men, women. On the whole they seem to me rather uninteresting and completely unsubversive, but she stabs the paper with her pointed pencil, stopping and starting again and stopping as though she were writing a sex manual. Leonora and Dominic. Elizabeth and Gondzik (his voice is unmistakable, but it was, as he points out, for her own good). Adam, Bill, Hugh, and their satellites, in various combinations; the blonde (and among others Gondzik again, I'm sure of it), who really does give a good performance—(after these, Gondzik suggesting that, with certain minor alterations, they could be sold at considerable profit). Leonora and . . . Rowena? Rowena and Hermann, perhaps, the forgotten anthropologist. I'm astonished by the quantity and variety of activity, when, apart from the battalion, I had thought them all so passive. Myself and George (I am shocked, but for once she smiles). Myself and the weeping man, the action drowned by those tearing sobs. Often she pauses, adjusts her earphones as though they were a hearing aid, gives her head a sharp shake to clear it, listens intently over and over to the same sounds, apparently having difficulty in identifying a voice.

ROWENA (*laughing, sighing*): Don't go away...come here...that's right ...I love you....I said "love," l-o-v-e. ...It's quite respectable, you know.... Love is. Don't look so shocked....Do you love me?

Maybe she was murmuring into her mirror, for there's no reply beyond protesting bedsprings. In this way I



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learn a great deal about the people in the place, their hopes and disappointments, their abilities to feel. Of course I already know that Gondzik had set up the affair with George, and this will presumably be to his credit; but for the rest I can't believe there is anything damaging to the office, politics having very little place in encounters of this sort.

Unidentifiable Voice: What's the matter?
Rowena: Nothing.
Voice: Yes, there is. What is it?
Rowena: Nothing.
Voice: Look, don't be silly.... That's better.

(A long pause)

Voice: Now. What's the matter?
Rowena: I'm ... frightened.
Voice: What of?
Rowena: Nothing.

(A deep sigh)

Voice: Well. If you won't tell me, I can't help you. Can I?
Rowena: I'm pregnant.

(Pause)

Voice: Oh, God.

(Long pause)

Rowena: What shall we do?
Voice: I don't know. *(Pause)* I don't know, I don't know, I don't know.
Rowena: I knew you wouldn't know.
Voice: Jesus, I don't know. *(Pause)* How long?
Rowena: You know I can't tell how long. A long time.
Voice: Why didn't you tell me before, for God's sake?
Rowena: You wouldn't have known then, would you? I mean what to do. There wasn't any point. I talked to Elizabeth and Leonora....
Voice: What did they say?
Rowena: They didn't know.

(Long pause)

Voice: It doesn't show. I suppose that's why you keep that thing on all the time.
Rowena: Yes. *(Pause)* Don't be angry.
Voice: I'm not angry, I'm *not* angry. ... Oh God, I'm sorry.
Rowena: Now you're crying.

(Long pause. The voice pulls itself together.)

Voice: Well. What shall we do? Have you tried ... hot baths and things?
Rowena: I've tried hot baths. Do you think that woman would know? The one who's by herself all the time? She looks ... as though she might know.
Voice: I think she's away somewhere. I haven't seen her since the play.
Rowena: Then what shall we do?
Voice: I don't know.

The tape whirs and clicks to a stop. Of course I am horrified. What was I doing—putting the house in order? Hathaway, scented even from here, puts his head round the door.

"Good morning, sweetheart. You look sensational today. How's it going?"

"Fine," she answers, fluttering a little.

"Interesting?"

"Oh, very."

"I'll look forward to your report. I'm tied up for lunch, unfortunately. How about a quick drink at the end of the day?"

When the shadows lengthen and the evening comes. "Lovely," she says.

Hathaway disappears. She fits another tape into the machine, fiddles with the earphones, poises the pencil, frowning with concentration.

Rowena: I really didn't want to bother you, but you seem so ... well, I mean, as though you might know ...
Voice: That's perfectly all right, sweetie. Poor little thing. I tell you what, I'll talk it over with the woman when she comes back. The one who's always at the pool. We'll think of something. Never fear. What a ghastly bore it must be.

Is it Adam, Hugh, or Bill? Cocking our head, we try to hear the finer nuances. Adam, we decide.

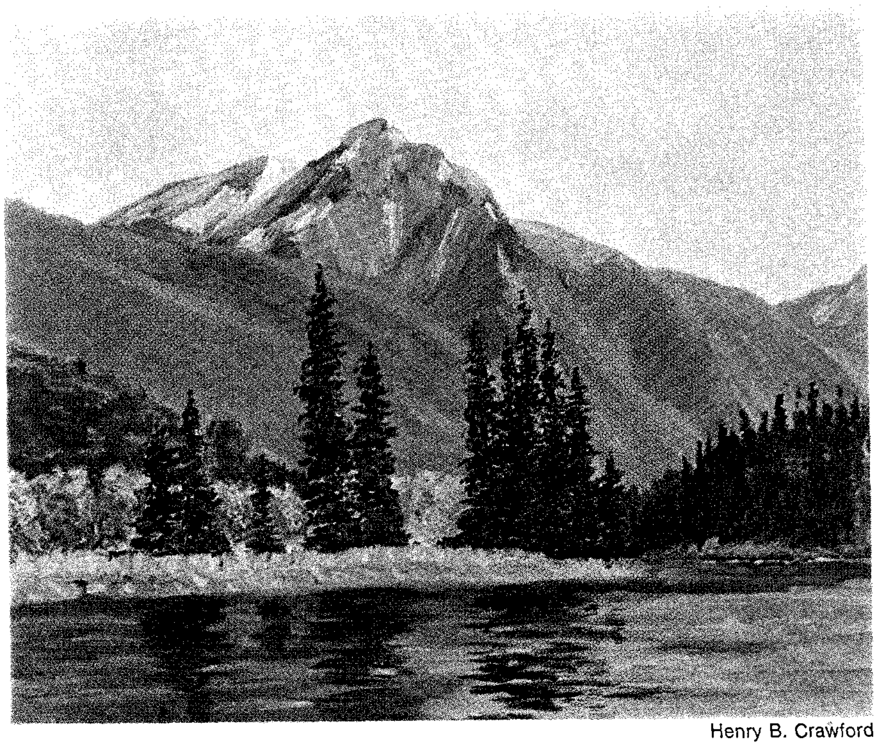
Rowena: There's just no one I can ... well, ask. I never see him now. I mean, only at breakfast, and then he doesn't speak much. Well, you can't say anything at breakfast, can you?
Adam: Now dry those pretty little eyes. Women crying does something quite terrible to me. I want to slice their heads off. Do you know where he goes?
Rowena: No. He won't tell me. He just doesn't care.
Adam: Of course he cares. He's probably just scared out of his tiny little wits. Now are you going to be a good girl and leave it to Uncle Adam?
Rowena: Yes. Yes, all right. Thank you....

(A click, a scrape, new voices)

Hugh/Bill: But how absurd!
Bill/Hugh: I always did think she was a stupid little slut.
Adam: But what the hell am *I* supposed to do? You think a corkscrew might serve?
Hugh/Bill: Not at this juncture, I'm sure. My mother is a mine of information on these subjects.
Adam: But your mother isn't here, is she? We'll have to think of something. At least she wears that djellabah all the time.
Bill/Hugh: Ah, Tunis ...
Adam: Anyway, the woman will probably know. She looks the sort.
Hugh/Bill: Surely we can think of something *amusing* to do? I mean, it's all so dreary. We could liven it up a bit.

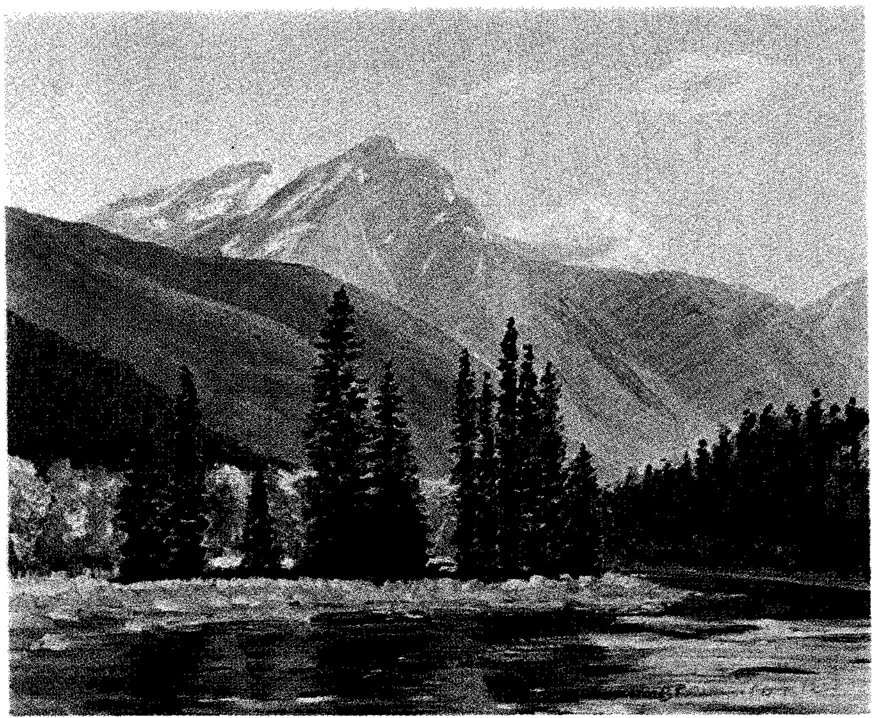
I am feeling sick. In spite of the air-conditioning, the office seems stifling. My heart is knocking, trying to give me some message; anxiety makes me want to clench my hands, but they are busy writing. Let me out, let me out. But no, imprisoned in this unfamiliar body, I'm forced to listen.

Rowena: I'm so sorry to bother you. ... Did you manage to talk to her?
Adam: Who?
Rowena: That woman. She's back. And I've seen her going to the pool.
Adam: I saw *you* talking to her the



Henry B. Crawford

"If you're color-blind and want to paint,



Henry and Elizabeth Crawford

just get a kibitzer who ain't."

The cheerful artist himself thus captions his work. The upper version suffers because his wife was not in her accustomed place beside him to pick the paints. To his eyes, both versions reflect an equally literal view of the scene. (An amateur in oils, a professional in orthopedics, and a Dartmouth man, he caught himself one horrible Saturday afternoon yelling encouragement to the crimson of Harvard instead of the green of Dartmouth.) To Dr. Crawford some shades of red, brown, and green are virtually the same color.

Confusion in various degrees between red and green is far more common among men than among women, but there is not a man or woman alive who can find words to describe either red or green. Each of us must live with his or her private conception of color, yet the color-photography business, as best it can, must please all. Therefore Kodak scientists have put forth great effort over the years to measure the subjective objectively. Rarely do philosophy, commerce, art, engineering, and science mingle so closely.

Not for scientists, though, but for any man, woman, or child who can get to the Kodak Gallery at Avenue of the Americas and 43rd Street, we have created an exhibit that may show you some interesting things about your sense of color. It runs until May 13, from 12 to 5 on Mondays, 9:30 to 5 Tuesday through Saturday.

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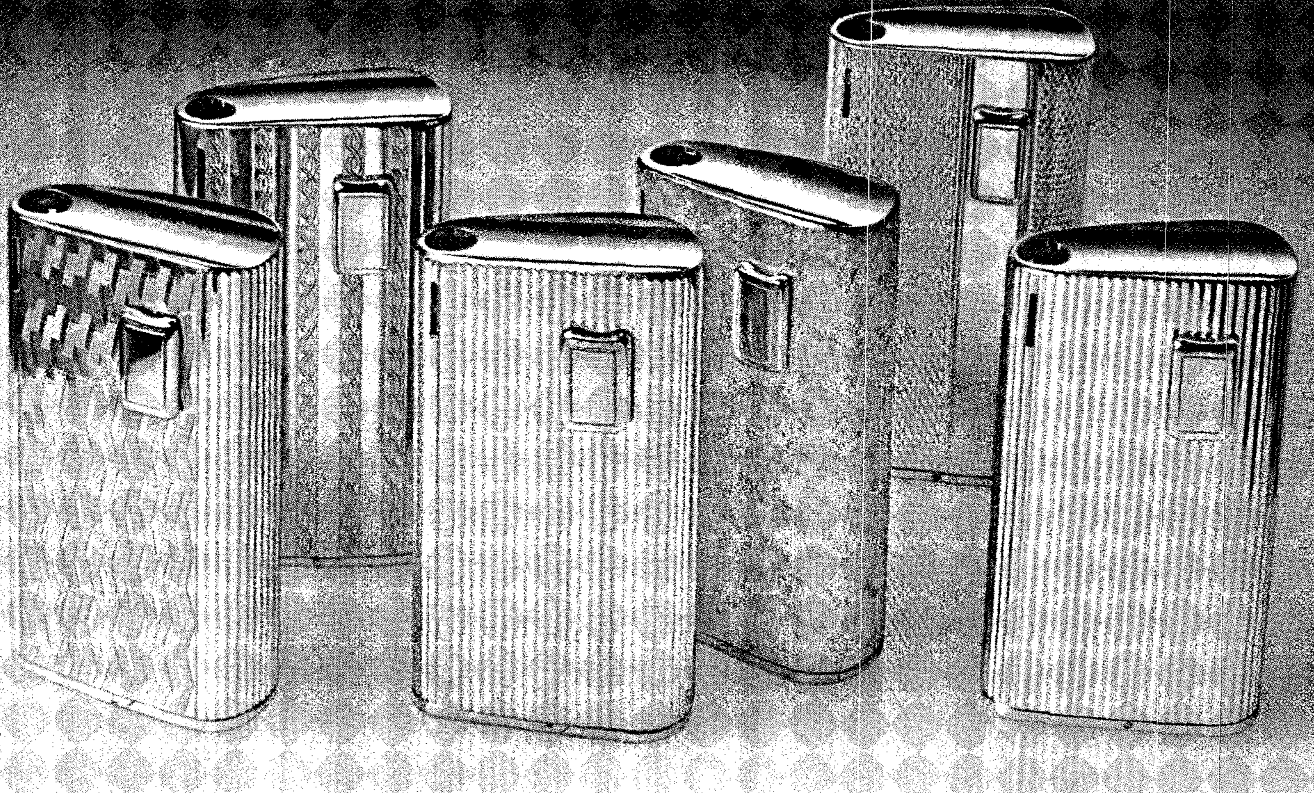

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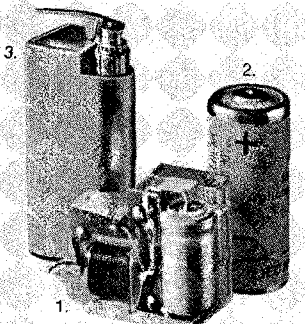

1. When you press the automatic switch button, it discharges the capacitor in which the battery-supplied voltage is stored. Instantly, the tiny transformer boosts the voltage and sparks it across the burner valve. A sure light results.

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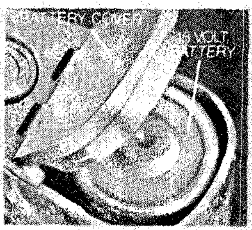

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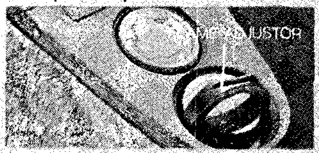

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Rowena: I couldn't. I think we bore her. Somehow I can't.

Adam: And where's the proud father? Hopped it, I suppose?

Rowena: I think they sent him away. I don't know why.

Adam: For pity's sake, dear, do stop crying. I'll talk to her today. I promise.

(*Silence. The sound of sobbing*)

Rowena: I'm so sorry to bother you again.... Have you talked to her?

Adam: Who? Oh...yes. Yes, of course. She said...it's much too late to do anything about it, but she'll talk to Gondzik. She has influence with Gondzik for some reason, such a brute. She says ...you'll have to grin and bear it, dear, Gondzik may be able to arrange something.

Rowena: But I don't *want* it!

Adam: Silly girl. You should have thought of that before, shouldn't you.

(*Silence*)

Leonora/Elizabeth: Christ! Is that *it*?

Rowena: Yes.

Elizabeth/Leonora: Is it alive?

Rowena: Yes.

Leonora/Elizabeth: It's terribly small, isn't it?

Rowena: Yes.

Leonora/Elizabeth: What happened?

Rowena: Well...the pains began. I didn't know what to do. I went out somewhere, I don't know, into the woods somewhere. I could hear them...playing by the pool. So I went farther, I mean very far. I sat down under a tree. It was funny, because there was a squirrel, it kept running up to me, it couldn't ...do anything. Then...the pains got worse. So I lay down. Then I remembered that someone told me you should... you know...squat down, that's what savages do. But I couldn't get up very well, though I tried. Then an old woman came.

Elizabeth/Leonora: What old woman? Who?

Rowena: I don't know. She just came with her little chair, you know, one of those folding chairs? And she sat by me and she said, "Hold my hand." So I did, and after a bit...I don't know, I'm afraid I hurt her hand. But she told me what to do and she kept saying that's good, that's good, good girl, that's good....

Leonora/Elizabeth: What was good?

Rowena: And I bit her hand. It was very old, quite brown, you know, with veins...veins. And then it was terrible. And then it was born.

(*A long silence*)

Elizabeth/Leonora: My God.

Leonora/Elizabeth: Then what happened?

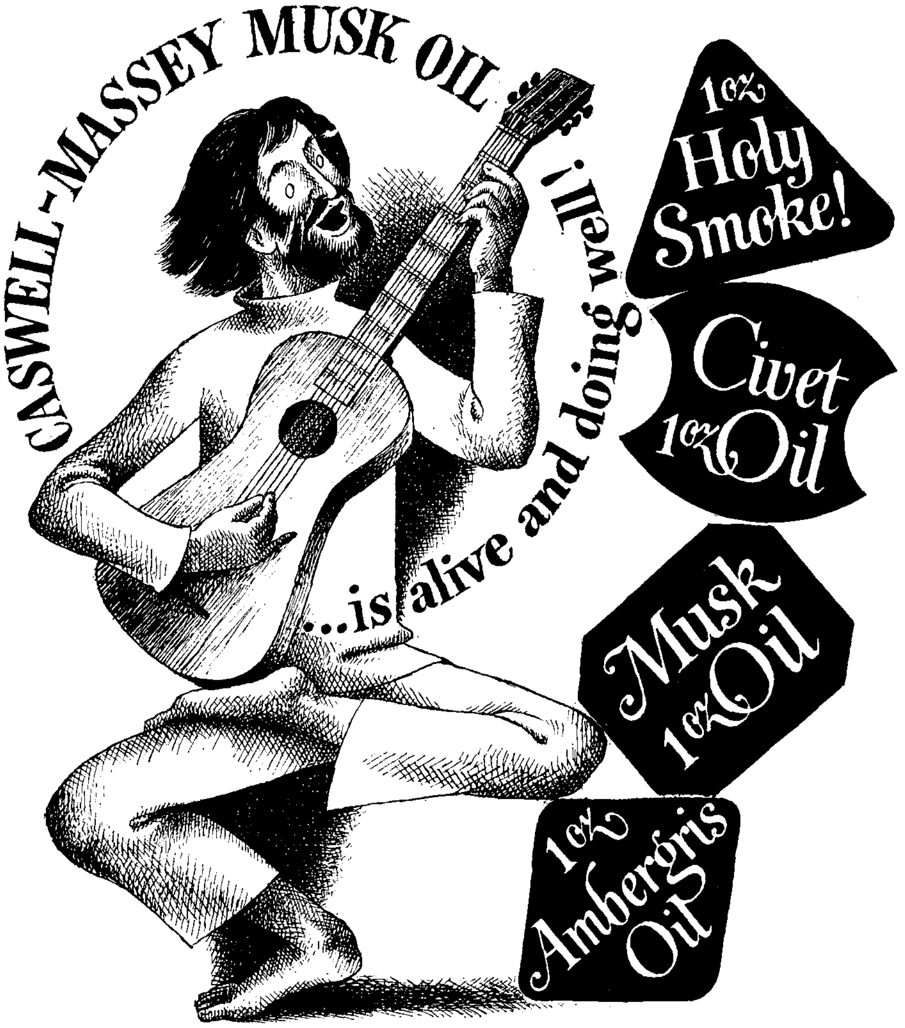
Rowena: She had a pair of...secateurs. She cut it off. She made it very neat, I think. She said the afterbirth... the placenta?...had come away with the baby. So she wiped the baby, I think with her dress, and wrapped it in her shawl. Then she looked at me for a long time. She was crying. Then she went away.

(*Silence. Long silence*)

Hugh/Bill: What an exquisite idea! What genius!

Bill/Hugh: Just imagine her face when she finds it!

Adam: I still think we should get her



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to do it. I mean . . . it's more of a woman's job, really.

Hugh/Bill: But then it wouldn't be a surprise! We want it to be a surprise!

Bill/Hugh: A treat.

Hugh/Bill: She'll laugh like anything.

Adam: I'm not sure. Maybe it'll make her all dingy and glum again.

Bill/Hugh: Why should it? It's not her brat, after all. Oh, come on, Adam. . . . Go and get the thing.

Adam: I'd much rather we asked her. I don't even know how to . . . carry it.

Hugh/Bill: But you must have played with dolls, sweetie. When you were a child.

Bill/Hugh: Whenever that was.

Hugh/Bill: Adam's chicken! Adam's chicken!

Adam: Oh, all right. Give me some of that, you bastards.

Bill/Hugh: That, my love, is what's known as Dutch courage.

(*Silence*)

Adam: I've come to get it. Where is it?

Rowena: Here it is.

Adam: Jesus Christ. Isn't it very . . . small?

Rowena: Yes.

Adam: Is it . . . a boy or a girl?

Rowena: A girl.

Adam: Thank God for that. I don't need this old shawl. I'll put it under my shirt, O.K.?

Rowena: I'm . . . sorry.

Adam: Not to worry, baby. Here's some candy, it'll make you feel a lot better.

Rowena: Thank you.

Adam: New life, yes? Make yourself pretty? It won't cry, will it?

Rowena: She's too small to cry.

Adam: Right, then. You just lie there and think beautiful thoughts.

Rowena: Thank you.

If there was any more, I didn't hear any more. In the evening, she probably had a drink with Hathaway. I didn't notice. As far as I know, I stayed where I was, staring at the silent tapes.

XIX

SOMETIMES, in the mornings when she's getting ready to go to work, we talk.

"But I don't understand. Adam never said anything to me. He never asked me."

"Well. There it is. What would you have done, anyway?"

"I don't know. We could have kept it."

"Don't be ridiculous."

"But why do they think I planned it? Why do they think I was working for them?"

"You weren't. I was. I'm having my hair done this afternoon."

"But how could you be . . . when I . . ."

"Why not just accept it? Let them think what they like? We're on to a good thing, after all."

"We're not! It's evil! What are you going to do next?"

"I don't know. God, I'll be glad to get my hair done. I think it's time we had a showdown of some sort. You know those tapes of Mavis, for instance?"

"No!"

"Such a silly woman, always chattering, terribly indiscreet." She fixes her eyelashes as easily as sticking on stamps. "And then, there's Gondzik. . . ."

"But Gondzik works for them!"

"I know." She smiles, dreamily. "That's the beauty of it."

"What you're writing down—it has nothing to do with the tapes, nothing!"

"I always wanted to be a writer. Such fun. Just a tiny basis of truth and presto . . ." She turns, radiant. "A star is born!"

"Can't I kill you?"

"I shouldn't think so. When this is over, I'll be leaving anyway."

"Where to?"

"I don't know." She shrugs, dusts one shoulder. "To make my fortune?"

I am always baffled. I always lumber about the room, heavily, lamenting. I bore her, I know that.

"But how can you work for them? They're criminals!"

She fixes me with calm eyes, the same color as my own.

"I'm continually surprised by what appears to be your newfound sense of morality. Forgive me, but . . . you never seemed very concerned with such things. I think you believed in convenience, something like that. All this seems to bring it out. I must say, your highly emotional idealism makes it difficult to reason with you, but they always say converts are the worst. You must admit that anyone who behaves as you have, jumping in and out of bed with all and sundry—some of them married men—and proving yourself quite incapable of tidying and cleaning a simple house . . . well, perhaps you're not the best spokeswoman for ethics. Of course all that's easy to forget with your modern rationalization. So why don't you allow the rationalizations in the office, where they're merely doing things—just as you did—for personal gain, or maybe just for the challenge? Or even for some insane belief in our security? I mean, is it simply a matter of scope, who's affected? Or aren't you accountable for your acts? Do you want honest men—and women, of course—over there, running things, so that you can be free to . . . well, commit your own little crimes in safety? . . . No, wait a minute. It's so easy

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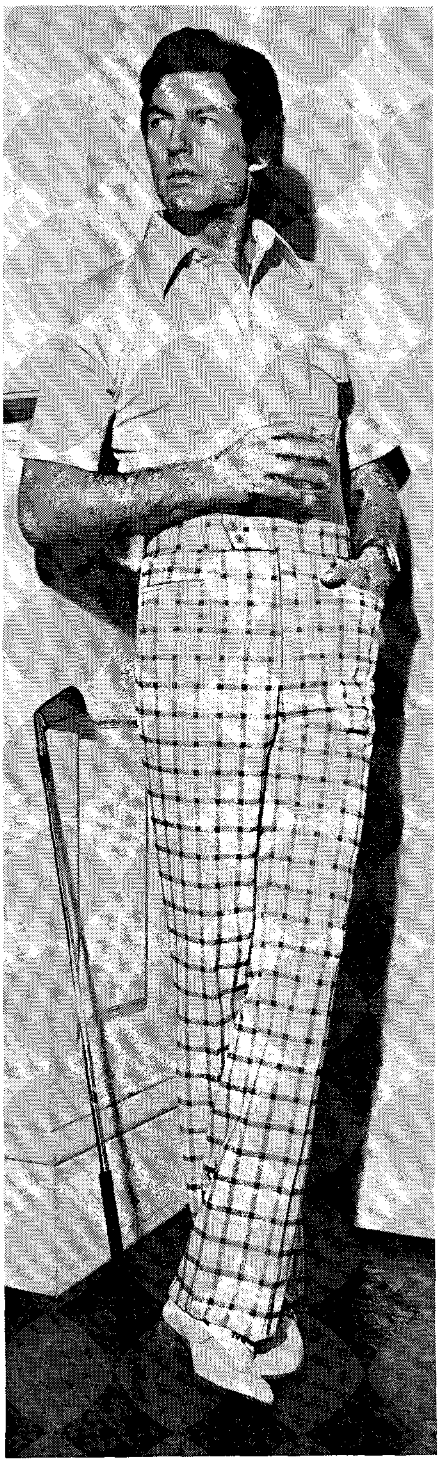

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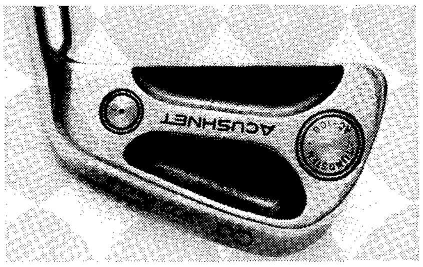

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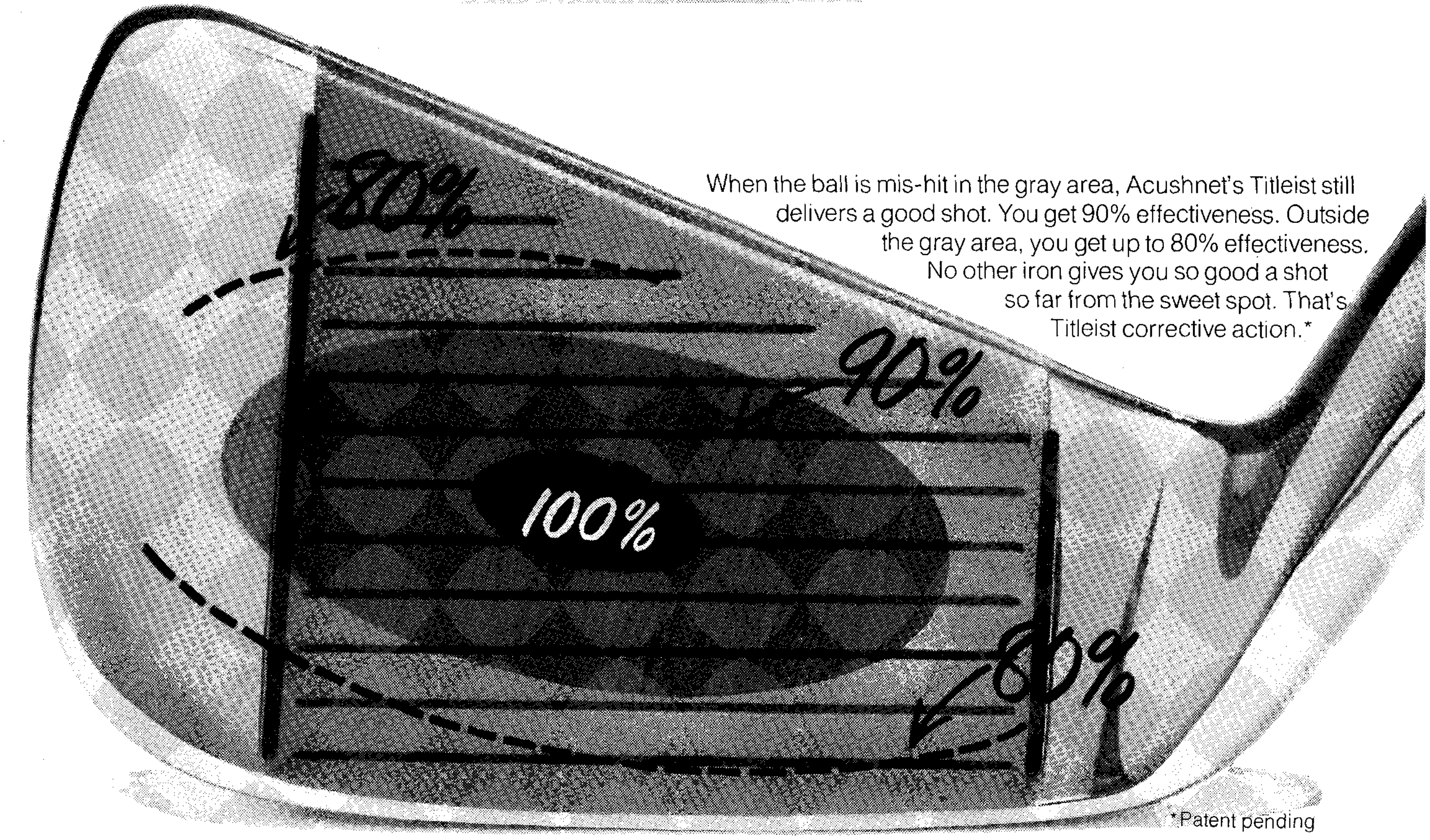

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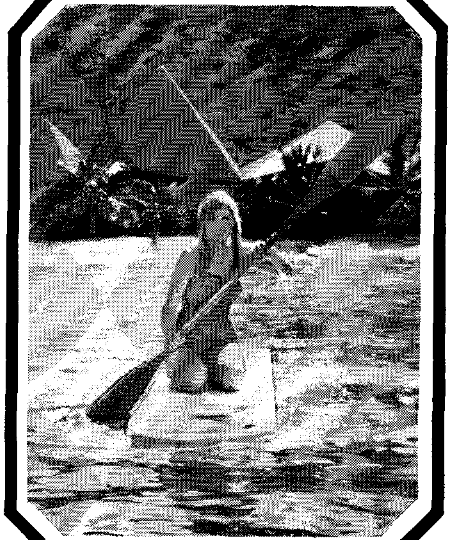

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for us to rationalize our own indulgences and immoral acts—why do we expect the administration to be above such things? Why be so shocked when you discover that some of them, too, are just as humanly frail and faulted? I believe you thought something along these lines when you first came here. I don't know what's happened to make you change your mind. It's a grave pity."

"I was innocent," I say, "then."

"Indeed you were. I'd advise you to . . . recapture your innocence."

"You know I can't do that."

"Invent it, then."

"I can't do that, either. Besides, I'm right."

"You're hopelessly wrong."

"Are you going to . . . have me up? Try me?"

"Unfortunately, I can't." She does have a pretty smile, mischievous and yet open. "United, we stand. Divided, for the time being at any rate, we fall. Well, are you ready?"

So off we go. I'm beginning to feel like Caliban tagging along behind Ariel. The stone bench is always empty. I haven't dreamed about you, or at least remembered my dreams, for aeons. Perhaps I miss them. They were remarkably real illusions, full of natural incident and feeling. Now she has taken over, all charm and confidence, the right word for every occasion, I have no escape except into my childhood, and that place—so rich, I know, if you want richness—is beginning to bore and disappoint me. The old woman tends to other women, nurses their children. The pinewoods are merely pinewoods. I feel I am almost back to the numb time, when things were things, names were names, I was no one.

We continue to transcribe the tapes. Hathaway is delighted. They have little cocktail parties now, after work, just the two of them. She asks me to go with her, but I won't, I block my ears, running off into whatever hole or cranny I can find for privacy, watching two kittens (Troilus and Pushkin?) unravelling wool, searching the shelves of supermarkets, posting letters in red letter boxes, wondering where my next meal is coming from. There's little comfort or entertainment in this, and I suppose I sometimes feel envious of her, sparkling away with Hathaway's hand creeping up her thigh. The days I spent in the rocking chair were best, rocking and watching my world go by. Now I am dragged out every day by this detestable wardress, I don't know what to do with myself. I accuse my-

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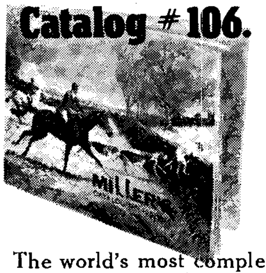

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self of inexcusable passivity. Why don't I just wreck the tapes while she's sipping her icy drinks, squealing appreciation at Hathaway's wit? Why do I just sit here? I have nothing to lose. They couldn't execute me, not without damaging her strong neck. But they might do that. I can't be responsible for another's death. Only my own. So the dull thoughts, confused with saucers of milk and instant coffee and postage stamps, go plodding through my mind and out the other side and round again.

One evening—a little tipsy, I think—she is full of excitement. She won't tell me why; or else she tells me but I refuse to listen. The next morning we don't go into the tape room but remain in Hathaway's office. Chairs have been placed in a semicircle, Hathaway's desk at the apex. There is one chair in the center of the semicircle. We sit close to Hathaway's desk, at a small table equipped with writing materials, a carafe of water, and a glass.

People begin to arrive, strangers, administrators I presume. They are mostly men of Hathaway's vintage, kept trim by badminton and tennis, well massaged and manicured. The few women wear jersey suits with large, expensive brooches, it is obvious that they constantly attend their hairdressers and, like the men, keep themselves lithe and healthy. When Hathaway enters, even more tanned and affable than usual, they tease him with small, personal jokes, demonstrating their familiarity with the great. He takes this with huge good humor, settles himself in his chair, prepares to make a speech of some sort. The door of our office is shut, but I know that she has switched on the tape machines. The secretary, who has grown flustered and a little wild of late, arrives in a pretty turmoil, murmuring that she overslept. Hathaway looks at her coldly. She settles herself in her place, all legs and, for once, improperly distributed hair. Hathaway resumes his preparations for a speech.

It is, of course, about security and insecurity. I barely listen. There is something about the fall of a sparrow, which I don't understand anyway. Now he is talking about ants undermining great cities, quite poetical this morning, I think she must have written this for him. The audience looks awed. Hathaway has risen to new heights. He reads messages from the Director, who is indisposed. He calls us "My friends, my very dear friends." It must be moving, since the secretary

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is dabbing her eye. At last, Hathaway even touches himself; his voice grates with emotion; he lies back, hands hanging limp, delivered. The applause is of angels on Judgment Day, a kind of tinkling of ethereal hands, reverent congratulation.

The door bursts open, it seems, before the two guards can open it. Gondzik strides in, beard bristling, eyes whirling around behind the gold spectacles. He stands, pugnacious, ready to shoot a straight left to any whisper or shadow. The guards stand lumpishly behind him.

"Basil," Hathaway murmurs, reviving himself. "Dear boy . . . take a seat, do." With a courteous hand he indicates the center chair. After some hesitation, bristling and glaring, Gondzik hauls the chair back with a scrape, turns it, straddles it, arms along the back. He gives me a hard look and I want to say that he has made rather a noble gesture, but keep silent.

"As you know, Basil," Hathaway says, leaning back at ease, "we have been transcribing these . . . wretched tapes so that the Board can see to its satisfaction exactly what we've been doing in the way of examining and strengthening our security measures. Naturally . . ." He laughs slightly, conceding this point. "You know all this as well as I do. . . ."

"But I don't know what in hell this is all about!" Gondzik roars. "They've no right to come and arrest me in the gym."

"In the gym?" Hathaway is mildly shocked. "That's a shame. Let's get this over as quickly as possible, then." He holds out his hand, she fills it with a blue folder, he opens the blue folder and smooths it tenderly. "We have here a transcript of a conversation between yourself and my . . . new assistant. It is, of course, undated, but appears to have been the first of many such conversations. . . ."

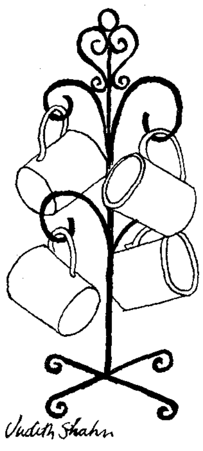
"Well?" Gondzik barks. "We had frequent conversations."

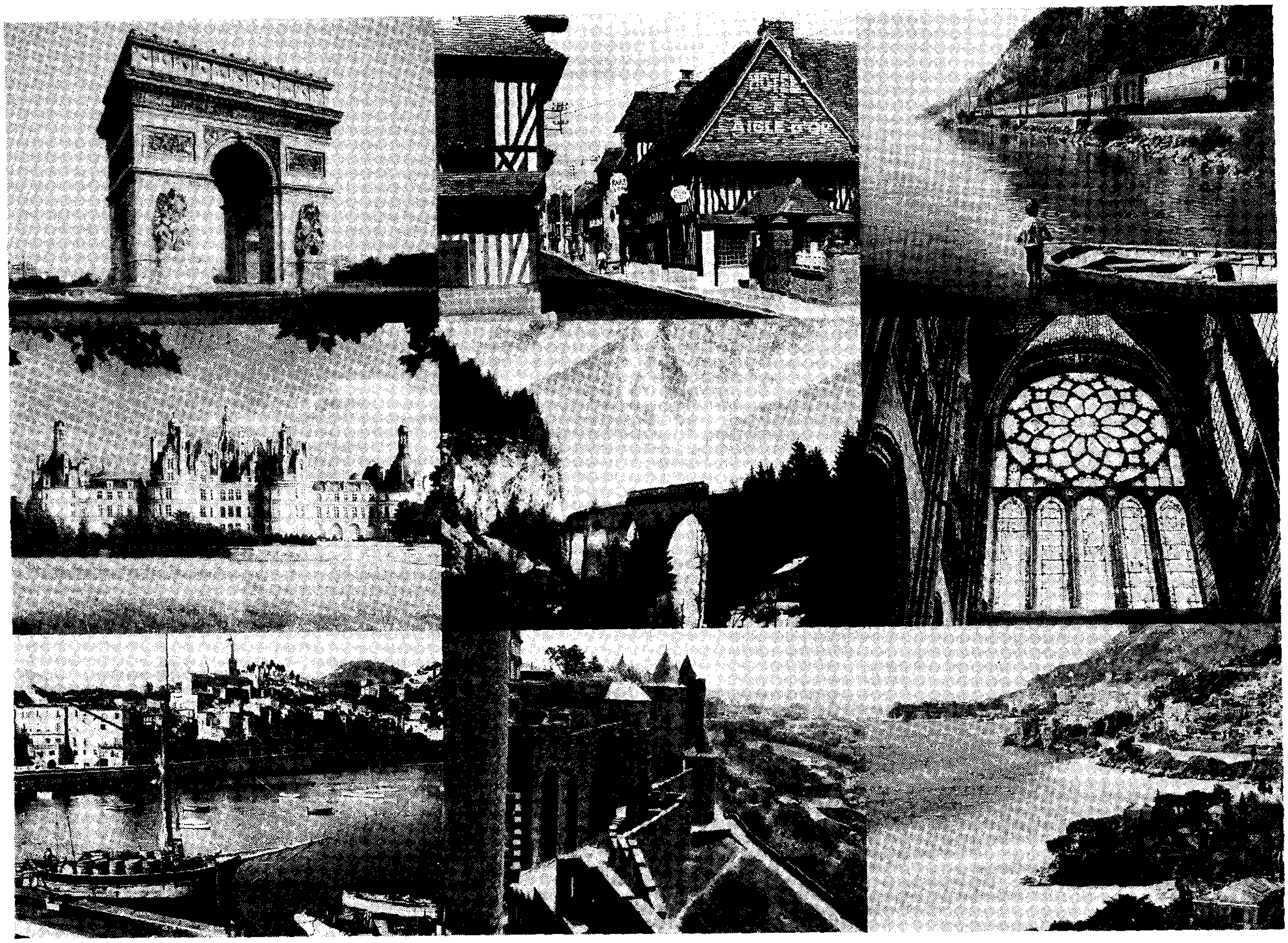
"I know, I know. . . . I'm not in very good voice today, I'm afraid, but perhaps if I read you the gist, shall we say, of some of your remarks on that occasion, you would be good enough to explain them?"

"Certainly." Gondzik is suddenly rather smug, he thinks he will do well in this kind of Dialogue.

"You begin . . ." Hathaway's finger traces the passage. "With a rather frank confession of a particularly nasty"—he looks up, beaming—"crime. We will, however, come back to that in due course. My assistant then . . . changes the conversation—obviously, I would think, distressed." She lowers her eyes with the slightest shudder. "She makes some ordinary, civil remark. . . . Let me see. . . . Yes: 'I'm so pleased to meet you.' The sort of remark one might hear in any civilized, reasonably secure household." He looks up for confirmation; his civilized, reasonably secure audience nod their heads, smiling. "You then ask her—forgive me—if she *remembers* how you met. She replies quite correctly that she is concerned only with experience, and refuses to discuss memory. . . . I'm sorry, Basil. Excuse me." He holds up his hand, stemming the bursting tide of Gondzik's denial. "You will have plenty of opportunity to speak later. This is simply an Investigation Committee. You must remember that you're among friends. Bear with me." He turns the page, frowning slightly. "You then launch into the most remarkable . . . tirade. You accuse my assistant, and through her our entire organization (the organization, Basil, that has cared for you and put you where you are today), of being lethargic and simple-minded. You say that we have no grasp of freedom." At this, his voice is so appalled that he almost chokes; she swiftly hands him a glass of water. "While appearing to recommend the most violent form of revolution, you simultaneously admit to setting fire to the Reichstag, *shooting a number of harmless students, bombing innocent civilians, and gassing a considerable number of . . . Jews.* You even boast of these exploits, stating that you are smarter than anyone else, that you know all the names for everything, that you can kill with impunity—immunity?—that you can (and I quote) 'play awful games with other people.' " This is too much. Hathaway sits back for a moment, gazing at Gondzik, who is temporarily stunned. "Basil, Basil . . ." Hathaway mourns, his head moving from side to side. The audience murmurs. After allowing perhaps thirty seconds for their reaction to become law, Hathaway continues.

"Need I, need I, my friends, continue with this . . . puerile rubbish?" The question is rhetorical. "To give you some idea of what follows, our comrade, our ex-comrade here, insists





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that he wishes to suck our blood and pretend it's soda pop. He denies democracy, he denies the Gospels, he denies Our Lord Himself. No. Wait. While raving like the lunatic which (I am sad to say) he must certainly be, he is *laughing*. It says here perfectly clearly, you can see it for yourselves: 'he is beside himself with *laughter*.' Do I really have to say more?" Hathaway falls back, exhausted with emotion.

There is an appalled silence, all eyes on Gondzik. Who rises and comes toward me. Who stands over me.

"It's not true," he says.

She looks him calmly in the eye. "It is true. It is on the tape. A tape doesn't lie, Basil."

He whirls to Hathaway. "I demand to hear that tape!"

"I'm sorry, my dear fellow. The tapes are protected by executive privilege. This . . ." He taps the blue folder. "Is a faithful transcript, the transcript that will be submitted to the Board."

Gondzik starts bawling that it's a lie, a lie, that he demands justice, a lawyer, a public apology. Hathaway waits patiently, motioning the guards to step back as they move forward. He sighs, softly drumming a gold pen on the soft blotter. At last Gondzik, having run round in circles, collapses like a child playing musical chairs.

"That's better," Hathaway says. "I shall only touch briefly on the other, even more sordid side of the case. You first admit to raping a little girl on a frozen . . . cake?" He puzzles, peering. "I'm so sorry. Lake."

"She was my sister," Gondzik says stupidly.

Hathaway merely flicks him a glance. "You then get involved in infanticide."

"In *what*?"

"You persuade an unfortunate girl here—and God knows, we have every sympathy with the unmarried mother—to get rid of her child. You drown the infant. In our lily pond. Basil, what possessed you? Why didn't you come to me for help? We could have sent you to the West Wing, even though it is outside our jurisdiction. Basil—what have you done?"

Now why aren't I crying out? Why aren't I helping this poor blundering man, mopping and mowing his head like a stuck bull, blood about to pour from his nostrils? Because I have no voice. She has taken my voice. She sits there, looking smug and appalled, with my voice tucked inside her larynx. My pity for Gondzik—who did, after all, care for me according to his lights—is

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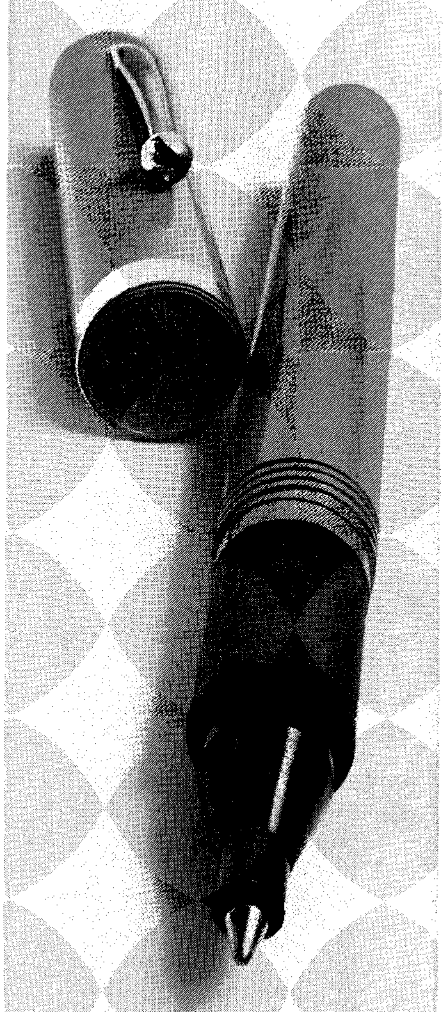

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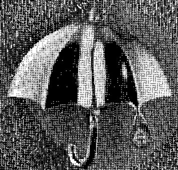

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useless. If I smiled at him it would be an offense. How terrible it would be if it were the other one, the one I loved, the one I . . . But this diminishes Gondzik's real stature now, which God knows isn't all that high, he can't afford to be further belittled. My hatred for her, the woman who no longer even looks like me, is violent; but I have no weapons, seem powerless.

After a while Hathaway flips through Gondzik's minor crimes, such as assaulting the women, indulging in unnatural practices, trying to seduce even his assistant (murmurs of "Shame!"), spying on the administration through binoculars, encouraging Revlon and other revolutionaries, and so on. During this recital Gondzik revives a little. His wits are working. Unfortunately his wits are the latest, most highly perfected piece of machinery off the assembly line; but what is the machine's purpose, what can it produce? His wits race through their complicated routine, every part in mint condition, and produce nothing. His wits exist for their own sake, nothing more.

"I demand—" he says.

"Oh, Basil." Hathaway sighs. "Do stop demanding, it's so unsuitable. I think we should take a vote, but first, naturally, I will give you the alternatives. This transcript, together with many others, will be presented to the Board in the near future. The final decision is up to the Board. I am, of course, a member of the Board, but it will be a majority decision and who knows . . ." He smiles sadly, accepting the foibles of freedom. "In the meanwhile, as I see it, we as the Investigation Committee have two alternatives. Naturally I should be happy to hear any suggestions from you, since I may have overlooked other possible solutions. . . ." He glances up, is met by the composite devoted gaze. "In my opinion, we can do one of two things. Either we confine Basil here—under the most humane conditions, of course—until the Board meeting; or we arrange for him to be sent to the West Wing, where—being outside our jurisdiction—he can be treated indefinitely, and may possibly become a responsible citizen. Do you want to know which of these alternatives I, personally, prefer?"

Of course they do. He clasps his hands, leaning forward on the desk, looking at Gondzik with fond, serious eyes.

"In my opinion—the West Wing. There are brilliant diagnosticians in the

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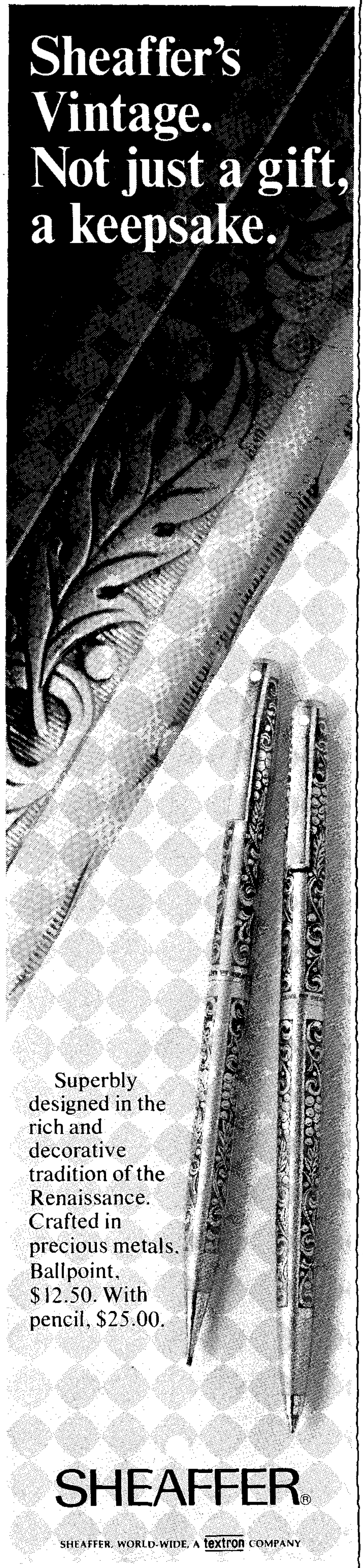

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West Wing. The best in the world, I believe. It is my firm belief that the balance of Basil's mind has, of late, been disturbed. Basil is no criminal. He is an intelligent man. He needs help, rather than punishment. If we decide that he is fit to appear before the Board, there is no knowing what the decision will be. If we decide that he is deranged—which I firmly believe—and should be institutionalized, the Board will be relieved of a very arduous and unpleasant duty. The Board has a great deal on its hands. Most of its members are exhausted. They have no rest, day or night. They have to return from their vacations, cancel their golf." He stops in the nick of time, knowing that more would be more than enough. He opens his hands, offering them the problem. "Friends, I suggest we vote."

The secretary gets up, hopelessly pushing at her hair. She distributes small pieces of white paper and sharpened pencils which for some inexplicable reason have the name Tawasentha printed on them in gold lettering. She gives one to Hathaway, and one to me—she, the assistant, is busy for the moment tipping tablets into the palm of her hand and giving them one by one to Hathaway to swill down with water. Before she can catch me, I write "Free Gondzik" and fold the paper. She sits, looks round for her paper, sees mine (I try to cover it with her hand), snatches it, reads it, crumples it with disgust, and buries it in her brassiere. She has her own paper. She writes "West Wing" in bold letters, folds it carefully, as though making a boat to sail in the bath.

"But you know," I whisper, "what they'll do to him in the West Wing. . . ."

"So much the better."

"And you know it's all lies, you know *I* said all that, you know it was me!"

She barely looks at me. "I thought you had lost your voice."

I take a breath. It's true. My voice has gone again, I can only manage an unintelligible croak. She hands me a throat lozenge, pink and encrusted with sugar. The secretary is collecting the votes in a kind of chalice. She goes into the outer office bearing the chalice with the distraught air of a divested virgin. A quiet murmur breaks out, Hathaway gets up and moves among his supporters, graceful and solemn. As he passes Gondzik, slumped on his chair, he presses his shoulder to give him courage.

The secretary comes back with an envelope, which she hands to Hathaway, which he opens. "The West Wing," he says; then, simply, gratefully to the audience, "Thank you."

Gondzik stands up. He looks at me directly. "Why did you do this?"

I make a huge effort, bursting my lungs. "I didn't. I'm sorry."

"She did nothing but transcribe the tapes," Hathaway says. "She shares, as we all do, my regret."

"Did I harm you?" Gondzik asks.

"Only a little."

"She makes light of it," Hathaway says. "She's a brave girl. We need more like her." There is a little patter of applause.

"What will they do to me there?"

"Change you. Unless you learn to pretend."

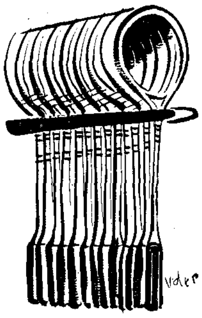
"We all have to learn to adjust," Hathaway says vaguely, passing his hand across his forehead. He is very tired.

"I don't understand," Gondzik says.

"No," I say. "That's the trouble."

"You will," Hathaway says. "In the end."

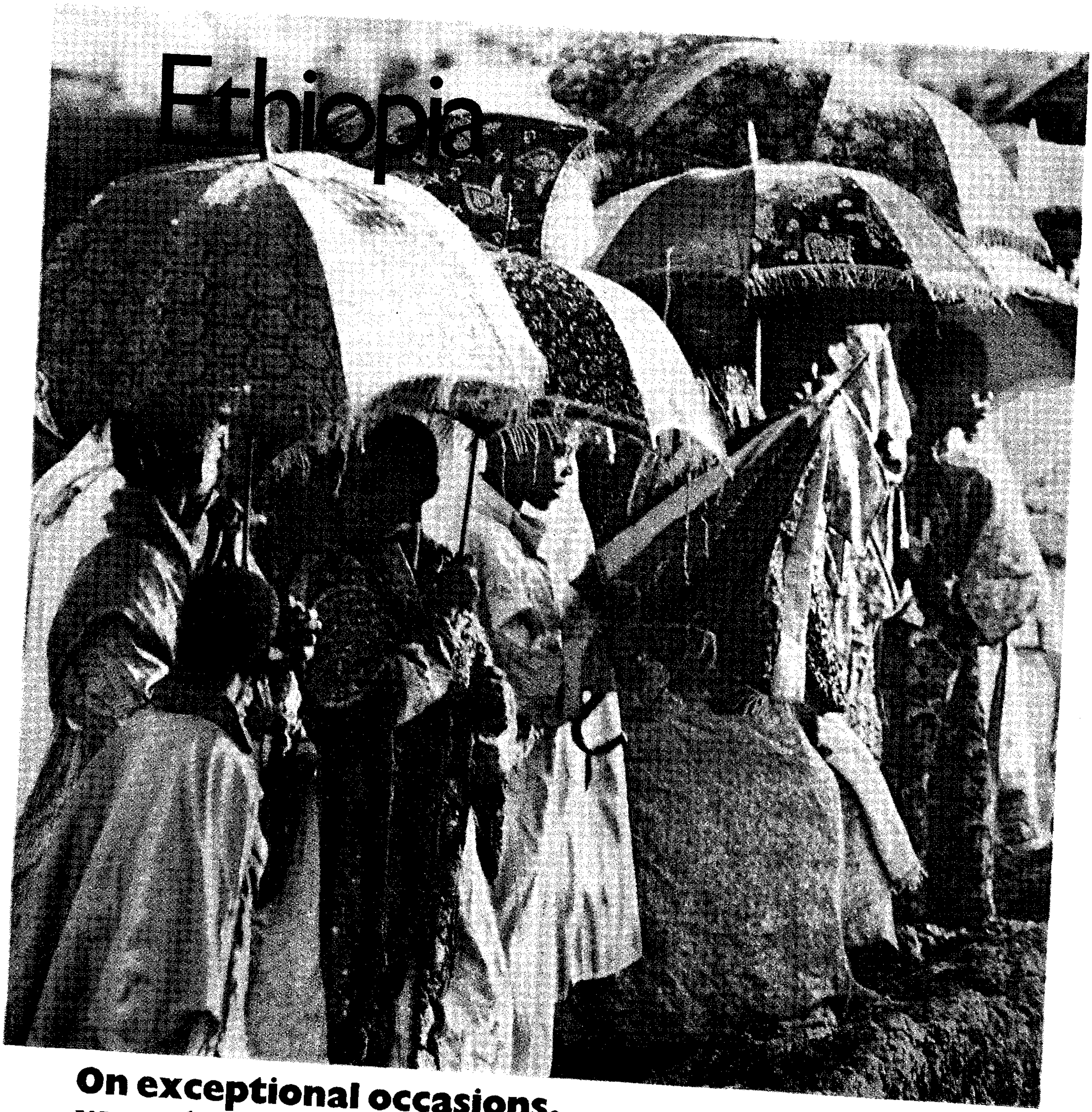
They lead Gondzik away. He doesn't look back. The secretary dispenses coffee in plastic cups.



MAVIS is child's play. At first, when they bring her in, she thinks it's a surprise party. She is so pleased to see me: Well, dear, what a lovely surprise and it's not even my birthday. At first she giggles and pats her hair, cheerfully admitting to stories of food shortage, rising prices, ever such lovely movies, lucky bets, and family misfortunes. When it comes to the bit about them having him (Hathaway, as it happens) up in front of the Committee, her merry eyes suddenly freeze, she is all fear. Hathaway is not interested, he wants to get it over with. Mavis begins to cry, an unpleasant sight, all slobber. She pleads with me to help her. I am dumb again. The vote is that she should be confined until the Board meeting, then tried. She is helped out, rather roughly, her pink shoulder straps slipped down over her buxom arms.

The Committee adjourns. Some people come up to congratulate Hathaway and his assistant. She murmurs that it was nothing, really nothing, she's so glad to have been helpful.

"She'll soon move on to higher things," Hathaway says proudly. "She's an artist, you know. A really free



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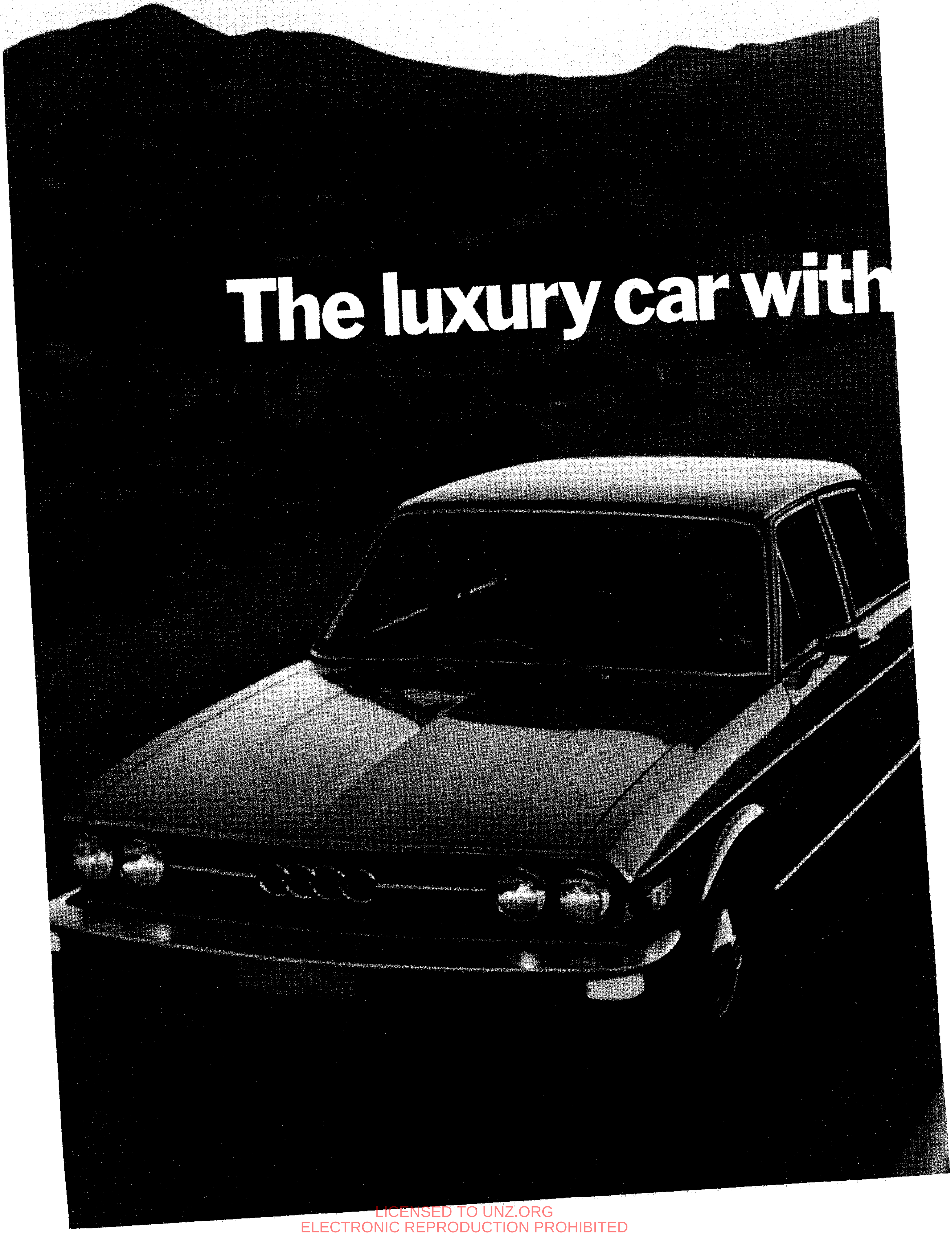
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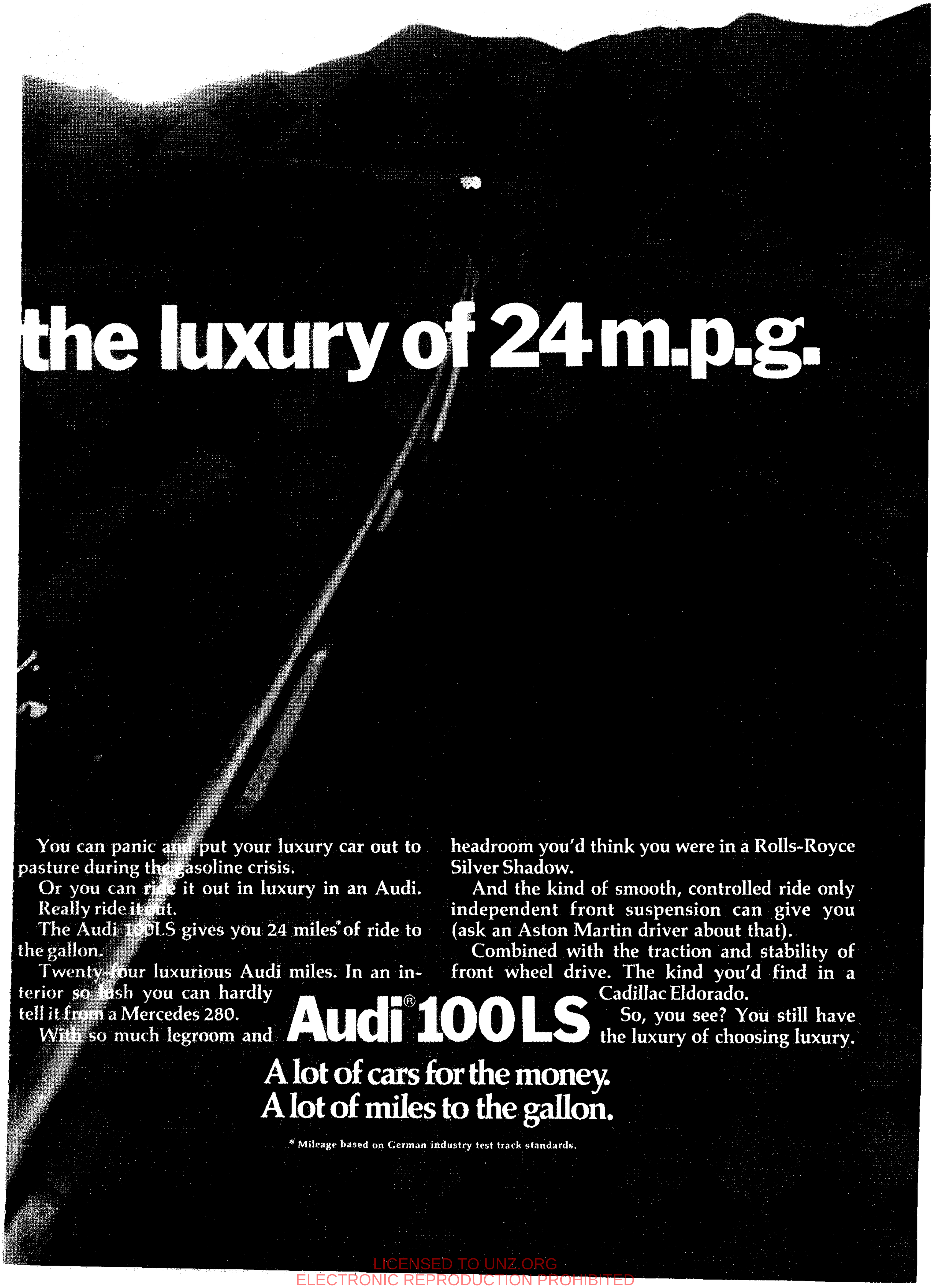

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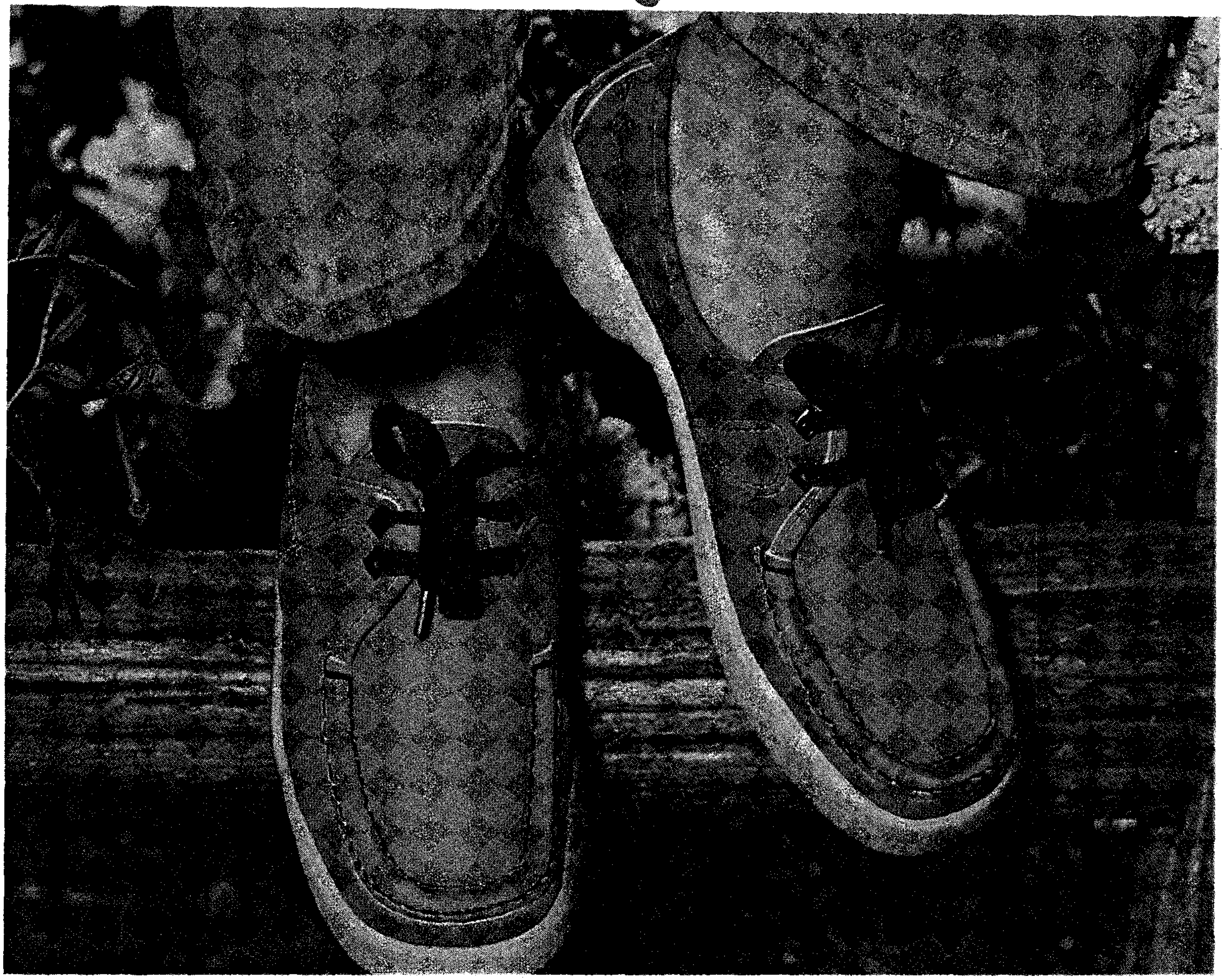

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spirit. We'd be the last to try and clip her wings, wouldn't we? Before we know where we are, she'll be better off than any of us!"

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"I don't want much," she says modestly. "Just thirty acres."

That evening, for the first time, I go back alone, leaving her at the office. There are lights in the West Wing. Perhaps Gondzik's torture has already started. I have little hope of his learning to pretend. But if by any unlikely chance he does, perhaps someone will visit him. . . . Perhaps, in some curious way, he'll find grace.

I am so lonely. But that doesn't matter. I am so grieved, so sick. But that doesn't matter. Other people's pain knocks at the windows, cries at the locks, upstairs and downstairs, softly howling in the woods and gardens. I sit in the rocking chair, listening.

XX

SHE is preparing to leave. She packs her new clothes in new suitcases. I sit and watch, getting in the way.

"It's quite maddening," she says. "I sent them out to find the gardener."

"Why?"

"Well, I *mean* . . ." She's appalled that I ask why. "Think of the damage he did."

"But think of the vegetables he grew."

"Rubbish. Anyone can grow vegetables. But he was dead."

"Really?" My heart or memory twists a little. Not very much, for after all, though an excellent gardener, he was an unwitting traitor.

"Yes. They found him in his hut. He'd been there for some time. People didn't call on him much, it seems."

"No. He was lonely."

"Well. It's a pity. . . ." She looks dreamy again, cheated of her punishment for the gardener. "Are you going to stay here forever? Just sitting about?"

"I don't know."

"They won't take the slightest notice of you when I'm gone."

"Probably not."

She folds things in tissue paper, she has a special bag for shoes.

"We can't find the old woman. She's dead too, I expect."

"No! No!"

"I don't know what else she can be. She must be at least a hundred."

"She's not dead!"

"How do you know? Have you seen her?" Shrewd.

"No. I haven't seen her. I expect

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you're right. She must be dead." And buried under leaves, pine needles? Peaceful under leaves and pine trees? Hears the whippoorwill complaining, hears the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah, smiles at thoughts of Mudjekeewis, sings the song of Wah-wah-taysee to the little Hiawatha . . .

"Are you getting a bit simple?" she asks, friendly. "Perhaps it's something they did in the West Wing?"

"No," I say. "I've always been simple."

"That's true."

She whisks me to and from the office, she is organizing things for the Board meeting, I can't keep up with her, I lag farther and farther behind.

"The other night," I say, pleading, "I came back here by myself. Do I have to go to the office with you any longer? Can't I just stay behind?"

"In a few days," she says kindly. "I do admit, you're quite useless."

"Won't you miss anyone?"

"Who, for God's sake?"

"Well . . . Hathaway?"

"Hathaway!" She laughs out of the corner of her face, the part she's not attending to at the moment. "You have to be joking!"

"But I thought . . ."

"He's impotent," she snaps. "He keeps his socks on."

"Oh . . ." I don't know what to say; as usual, I'm baffled. "I'm sorry."

"He likes to spank me with his ruler."

"Really?"

"Yes. It makes him feel big and powerful. God knows the ruler's bigger than he is." She giggles briefly. "Poor Hathaway."

"Well, then." For some reason, I want to ask this. "What about . . . me?"

"*You*?"

"Will you miss me . . . at all?"

"Frankly"—she is being frank—"no. You're nothing but trouble."

"I suppose I do slow you down a bit."

"Well. You'll be happier on your own."

"Perhaps." Though I can't imagine it. I did, after all, give birth to her in a way, she was part of me once. I know I am mooning about. There are so many things I want to know, but what are they?

"Will I . . . begin dreaming again?"

"I don't know. I shouldn't think so. I should think you're pretty well emptied out."

"It's true. I feel empty."

"You'll probably just . . . you know, wander off into the nineteenth century. Bake bread, bottle plums. That kind of thing."

"Cultivate my garden?"

She laughs. "I'd hate to see the garden."

"Yes. I'm not much good at gardening."

She hates to feel sorry for me. There's no need for her to feel sorry for me. Why does she do it?

"You could always learn," she suggests.

"Oh, no. I don't think so."

Later, I ask her, "Do I have to come to the Board meeting?"

"I don't know yet. We can probably manage without you."

"I hope so."

It is the day of the Board meeting. She is all packed, the suitcases closed and ready, waiting for a chauffeur to pick them up.

"I think you should put in an appearance," she says. "It would make things a lot easier."

"An appearance? What kind of appearance?"

"Just your usual. We're having a little . . . gathering before it starts. Just in case."

"In case . . . some of you aren't there when it's over?"

"Something like that."

"Hathaway, for instance?"

She smiles, the mischief flaring. "Now, now. Don't jump to conclusions. You can leave before the meeting."

"You promise?"

She looks at me coldly, honestly. "I want you to leave before the meeting."

"All right." But I'm so reluctant.

"I shall be going then. The car is picking me up straight from the office. So I shan't see you again."

"All right. Goodbye."

She picks up her good handbag, takes a last look round.

"Jesus, I'll be glad to be out of this room. How can you stand it?"

"I hope you're . . . successful," I say awkwardly.

"I will be. And I hope"— she actually pats my cheek—"you'll be whatever you want."

"Peaceful."

"If that's your scene. Peaceful."

FOR the last time into the biting air, up in the elevator, past the plants in ceramic pots. We walk straight in now, no knocking. Hathaway is there, a misty glass in his hand. And the Director. I immediately look to his feet, finding handsome leather shoes, though

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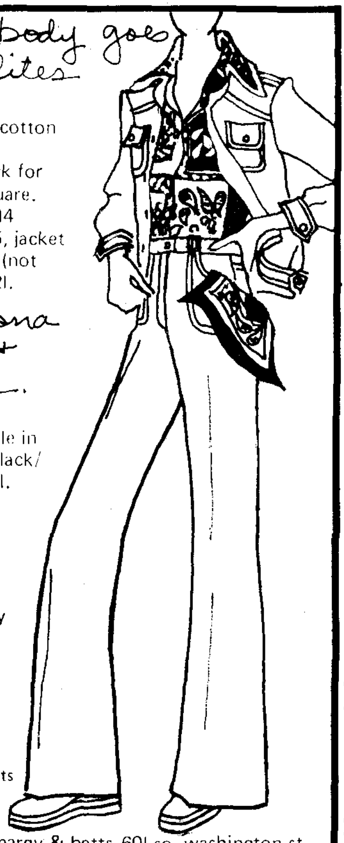

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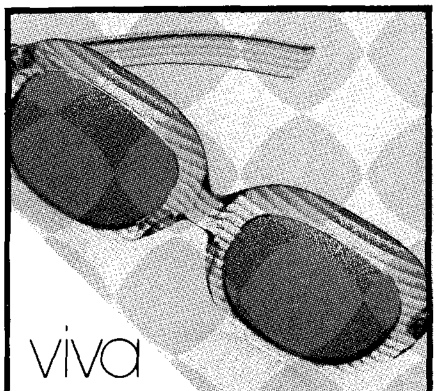

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I know he has black hairs on his toes. There is no mention of our previous meetings; in fact he says he is so pleased to meet her, he has heard so much about her, is so grateful, and so on. A few members of the Committee are there. The gathering is a little muted, nervous. When someone laughs, it sounds like a dog barking in the night. I go up to the Director, tapping him on the arm.

"Where did they bury my dog?"

"The gardener, I'm sure . . ."

"The gardener is dead. Where did he bury her?"

"I'm terribly sorry. I haven't the faintest idea."

Suddenly, for the first time in the office, they see me. I stand in the middle of the room, bedraggled and haughty. Demanding the whereabouts of my dog's grave. She is appalled, she tugs at me, I refuse to budge.

"I'm not going," I say, "until you tell me where the dog is buried."

They consult hastily together. They must get rid of me. Time is running short, the Board meeting due to begin. The secretary runs into the outer office, runs back again, leafing through an old file.

"In the vegetable garden," she says. "By the greenhouse."

"Is there a sign?"

"Yes. Yes, I think so. . . ." She is so flustered, both women so flustered. "The sign says . . . it says Dead Dog."

"Thank you."

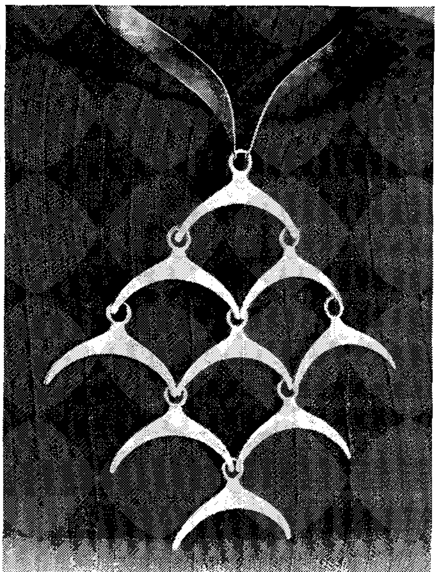
I walk to the door. Will they catch me now, hurry me away into some cell? They daren't. They are all silent, staring at my departure. She, my enemy, the assistant, takes a step forward, as though about to say something, but I silence her with a look, my look gags her.

My last sight of them is of a group of paralyzed people. Hathaway's glass is halfway to his mouth. I know it is the last Martini he will ever drink. The Director's face is all awry, nose twisted to one side, mouth gawping. The secretary looks arrested in flight. The others stand stiffly in ridiculous positions. Only she is still breathing.

"Goodbye," I say, going.

"Goodbye," she says, and raises her hand a little.

I KNOW you will be there, on the stone bench. And there you are. I try to look at you closely, at last and for the one and only time invited here. But I can't seem to recognize you, though of course I know who you are, and that you know me. You don't say



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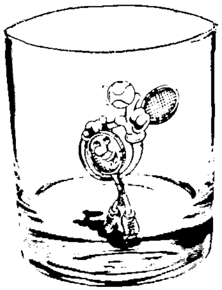

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anything, however. You just sit, basking in the morning sun; wondering how you got here, perhaps, though not where it will all lead.

I know well enough to walk backward and to take myself with me, though I keep my eyes on you (wary, now) until you diminish, dwindle, become no more than a speck in the distance, between the two parallel lines that will never meet, or meet only in infinity. At last you are out of sight. That being done, I need never do it again. I can turn and face the mansion, walking lightly and eagerly, released from a prodigious weight.

XXI

THIS morning, after breakfast, I went to find where they had buried the dog. It was hard to remember the way to the vegetable garden, but I did it. The sight of the vegetable garden distressed me, everything overgrown, peas and beans flourishing among the weeds, marrows lying about anyhow, cabbages gone to seed, dead stumps of asparagus, potatoes rioting all over the place, it was appalling. When I reached the greenhouses, I saw the glass broken, shrivelled tomato plants, even the frames rotting. I pushed through Aaron's rod, old-man's-beard, and hemlock, and found the board, quite neatly carved: Dead Dog. I didn't feel any grief but was glad to know where the dog was buried.

"It's disgraceful," she said, "when you think of so many people starving. I suppose they buy everything frozen now. The waste."

"I'm so glad to see you. They told me you were dead."

"Oh, I will be. Someday."

"I hope not."

"It depends what you mean, doesn't it?" She looked up at me, her old face sharp and wicked. "I'm certainly not going to be cheated of dying, if that's what you mean. It must be the most interesting experience. However . . ." She seemed to lose track of her thoughts for a few moments, prodding the dry earth with her rubber-tipped stick. "Compost," she said. "Good compost. That's what it needs."

"I came to see where they'd buried the dog."

"Ah, yes. She was a nice little dog. I remember her. She must have done the earth good, you know, when she rotted."

"Yes. I suppose so."

"Coffins deprive the earth. So long as they make quite sure there's no danger of disease, they should do without

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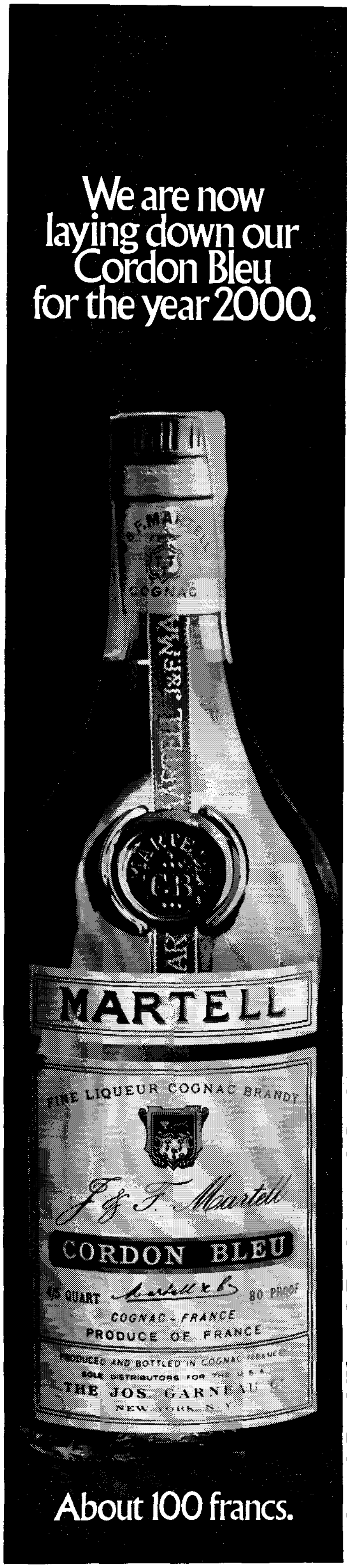
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coffins. Perhaps you would see to that when the time comes."

"If you insist."

"I do insist. I most certainly do." She went quite pink and would have stamped her foot if she hadn't needed both to stand on. I took her arm, almost crouching to reach it, and we began to creep slowly up the path.

"You mustn't think harshly of him, you know. He was an unhappy man. They'll have to plow it up if they leave it much longer, plow it all up and start again. What a waste. The trouble was, he was dreadfully intolerant. Well, there we are. What's past can't be mended. How are you getting along, dear?"

"I'm not sure yet."

"No. Well, of course. You can't be sure yet. Have you heard from the boy?"

"Which boy?"

"*I* don't know," she said rather wildly, waving her stick at a graveyard of brussels sprouts. "Any boy."

"No. I haven't."

"He'll come back in time. It breaks your heart, I know, but there it is, it's only a phase. If you give them an inch they take a mile. That's what comes of spoiling them."

"Did I spoil him . . . them?"

"Of course you did. Don't you remember the house?"

"Yes. I remember the house."

"I'm glad you're out of it. Of course, it was necessary. But I'm glad you're out of it. And what about your friends?"

"Which friends?"

"Adam . . . Hugh . . . Bill? George? Was his name George?"

"It might have been."

"Of course rotting vegetation has something to be said for it. Life to life, I think, would be far more suitable than ashes to ashes. If it comes to that, please see that they're put round the roses."

"Your ashes."

"Roses are gluttons for ashes. Where was I? What news of Basil Gondzik?"

"I don't know. He's still in the West Wing."

"Yes, I sometimes see him looking out of the window when I'm weeding. I'm surprised they don't put him on to this, a strong man like him, he might make a success of it, far more healthy than staying shut up in that room. I shall suggest it."

"You?"

"Why not? I shall write them a note. I'm very relieved that unpleasant person left you, you couldn't possibly have gone on living with her, sharing the same room. Good riddance, I thought, when I heard she'd gone."

"You know the story you told me?"

"Story? What story?"

"About Dora. Who grew up and had a great many babies and grew old and died."

"Oh, that story. Yes?"

"Was it true? Is that what really happened?"

She stopped, squinting up at me, leaning on my arm and on the stick. "There was a baby, you know. I was the first to see her."

"I know that." I was impatient. "But the story . . ."

"Ah. Well . . . perhaps . . ." She knew I was full of suspense, the old witch I belonged to. "Perhaps . . . I was wrong."

"Then what happened?"

She looked at me hard, her eyes boring into my skull. "Wait and see," she said, maddening.

"But . . ."

"What must be, must." She dug her stick into the path, moving forward. "If you can't have the crumb—"

"You must have the crust."

"Very good." She giggled, her small face crumpling horizontal. "It's a long lane?"

"That has no turning."

She shook with silent laughter. "It's always dark—"

"-est before dawn. Every cloud has—"

"A silver lining," we chanted in unison.

"A stitch in—"

"Time saves nine."

"Too much haste—"

"Less speed. And you aren't the only pebble on the beach," she said with finality.

I walked with her to the edge of the woods, then she said she could manage. Believing her, I let go of her arm. She swayed a little, righted herself.

"Shall I see you again soon?" I asked.

"I'm sure you will."

"I don't know where you live . . . or anything."

"You know, I have a great admiration for Sir William Temple. Had, perhaps I should say. He said, 'Something like home that is not home is to be desired; it is found in the house of a friend.' Do remember that if you can."

"All right," I said.

"Run along now. You've got a long life tomorrow."

At least, I think that's what she

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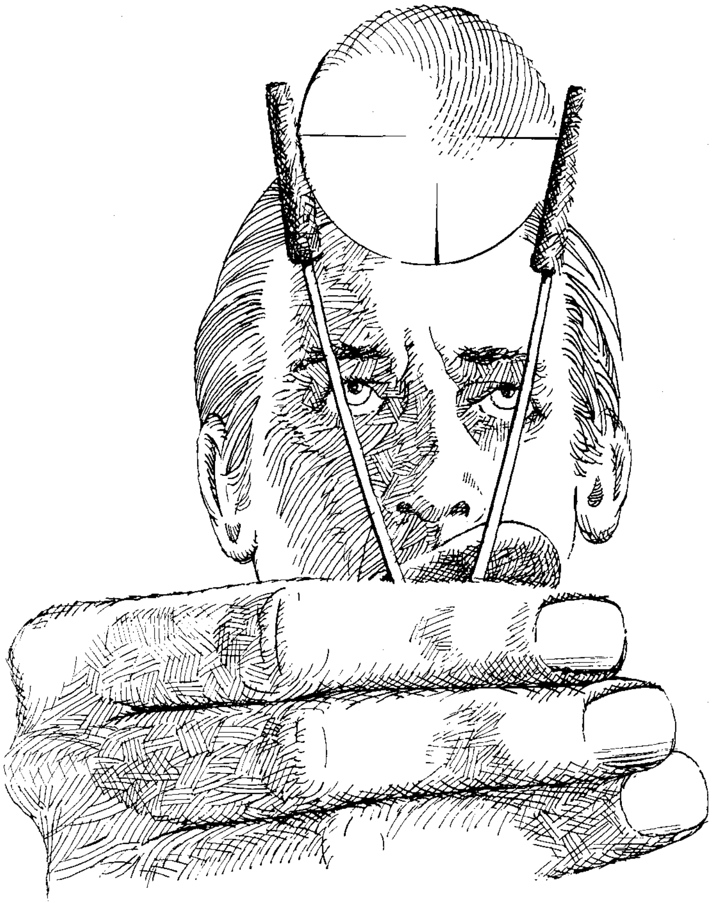

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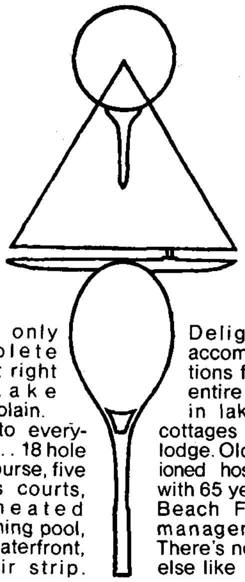

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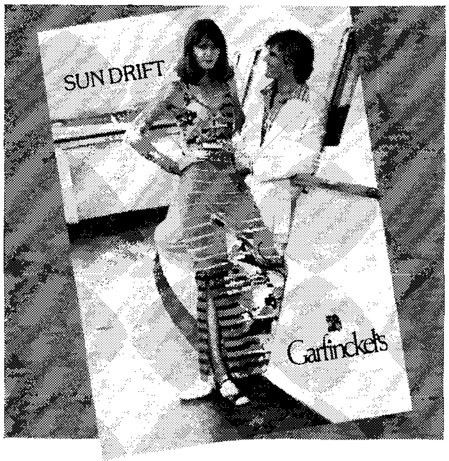

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said. That is what I heard. I turned away reluctantly, and when I looked back she was pottering through the trees, prodding the pine trees with the end of her stick and muttering something, no doubt about their upkeep.

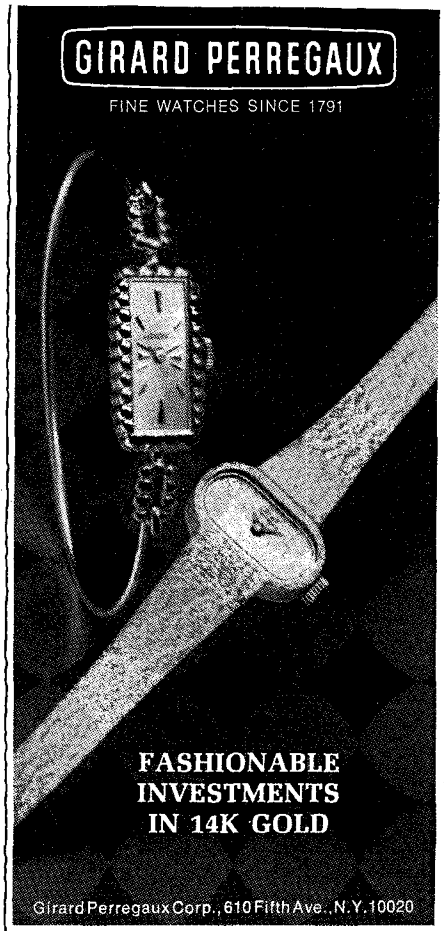
It is very dark, even though it must be midday: all my lights are on, the dense trees sway and toss, toss and sway in distress or welcome. But the rain cannot manage it, cannot break out. My blinds clatter against the windows, birds could be heard screaming if it weren't for the roar of the dry storm.

The wind rushes off to the mountains to torment lakes and gorges, I suppose. The air settles, heat comes back: no sun, but the air is sopped with rain that will not rain. Every cubic foot of air weighs a ton. People are dying. Because there is no sun, there is no shade. Even in the office they must be sprawling in their shirtsleeves. The housekeepers (one less) blow down the front of their white aprons, drudging away with ancient carpet sweepers, the dust is so damp that it wets their dusters. Nobody goes outside. They examine atlases of old worlds, read the old books, prizing the pages apart. They are drawn to the indoor fountain which drips in its grotto watched over by bronze Prometheus (holding light bulbs), by Homer, and by Amor Caritas. They loaf barefoot on the marble floor, drinking in the sound of the fountain. None of them think to dabble their feet in the shallow water. They believe it to be a mirage.

And then the shadows reappear like old stains on the burned grass. The terrace steams gently. Rays, shafts of Doré sunlight break through the sodden cumulus and suddenly there it is again: high summer, the distant lily pond perfectly clear, the statue untouched, the trees leaning on their shadows, the woods showing clearings of light.

I go to the pool again now, but I'm the only one. I swim naked under the high sun, protected by the water. A baby mole swims a width, valiantly. When I scoop it out it tries to bite with its little needle teeth, scurries away, no thanks. I float, feet moving lazily as fins; turn and open my eyes, looking down onto the remote green tiles, seeing no memory but a few twigs, leaves, blown there by the storm. I want to stand in the water all day, my head lolling like a dying dahlia, a stalk of cuckoo spit being revived by children.

I am so simple. My daft simplicity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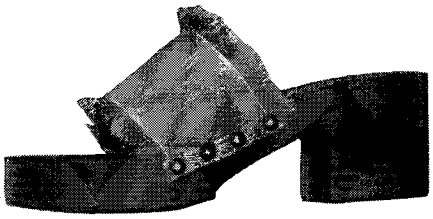

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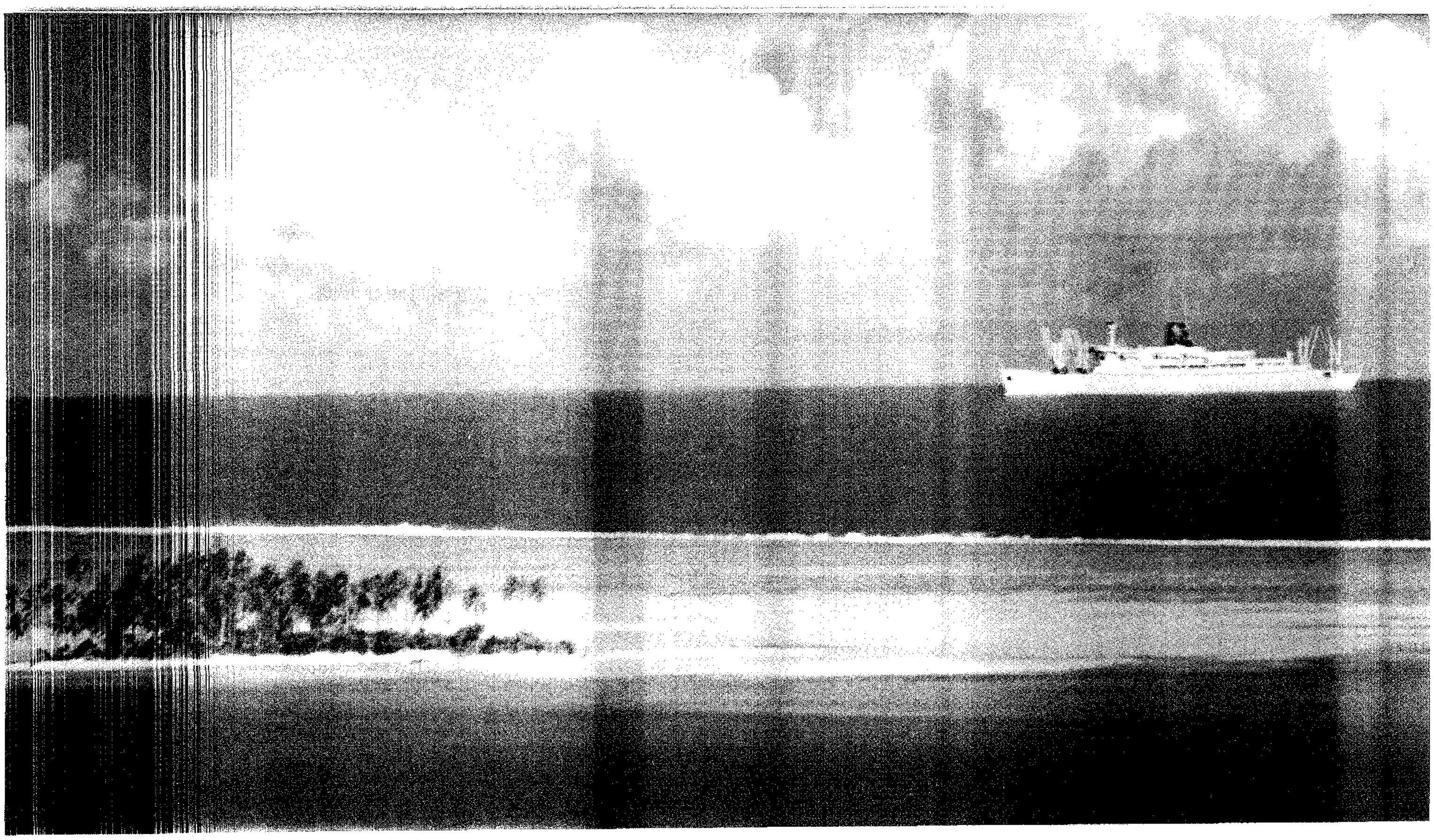

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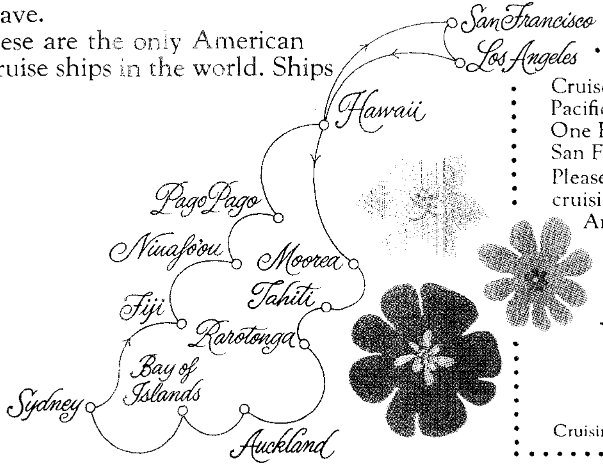

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eases my mind, flows through my arms to limp hands. I feel grateful.

ONE day, crossing the landing in search of a book ("Jude the Obscure," "Italian Villas and Their Gardens," "Victorian Working Women," I haven't decided), I meet Dominic for (it seems) the first time. He suggests we sit down on the yellow plush sofa, under the bust of an 1860 Madonna with her head on one side. We are surrounded, of course, by lamps, some of them lit. I am uneasy again.

"How have you been?" Dominic asks, delicately lifting his dark glasses to rest the bridge of his nose.

"Very well. And you?"

"Well. Naturally, I'm delighted."

"What delights you?" Of course I can think of many things: the new weather, the books, the smell of floor polish, the mole in the pool.

"They've all been replaced. Haven't you heard? He's resigned. They've sent him to Agattu, Los Testigos, I'm not certain. He says he's going to take up some local craft or other."

"But that's wonderful!" I can hardly believe it and yet know that Dominic, being blind, wouldn't lie. "That's incredible! What happens now?"

"Well, naturally . . . I'm making a very careful selection."

"*You* are?"

"I was elected," he says modestly; then, with a good touch of spirit, "I've worked bloody hard, it wasn't easy. There's a lot to be done."

I want to kiss him, hug him, but have always been in slight awe of Dominic. He is a good man, and there's a degree of goodness beyond my comprehension. I have so many questions.

"What happened to Hathaway?"

"He took his wife's advice. It was unpleasant. We buried him behind the garage, if you'd like to take a look sometime. I think there's a sign, or there should be."

"And his . . . assistant?"

"Oh . . . she'd left, of course. I hear she's doing very well in her own way."

"But if she came back?"

"We'd have to deal with her. Of course."

"What would you do?"

"I'm not sure. Some people, you know, are incorrigible."

"But would you use . . . violence?"

"I hope not. I very much hope not. I'm glad I came across you, by the way."

I'm pleased, the usual effect of flattery. "You could have found me before."

"No. I wanted to wait and see. I

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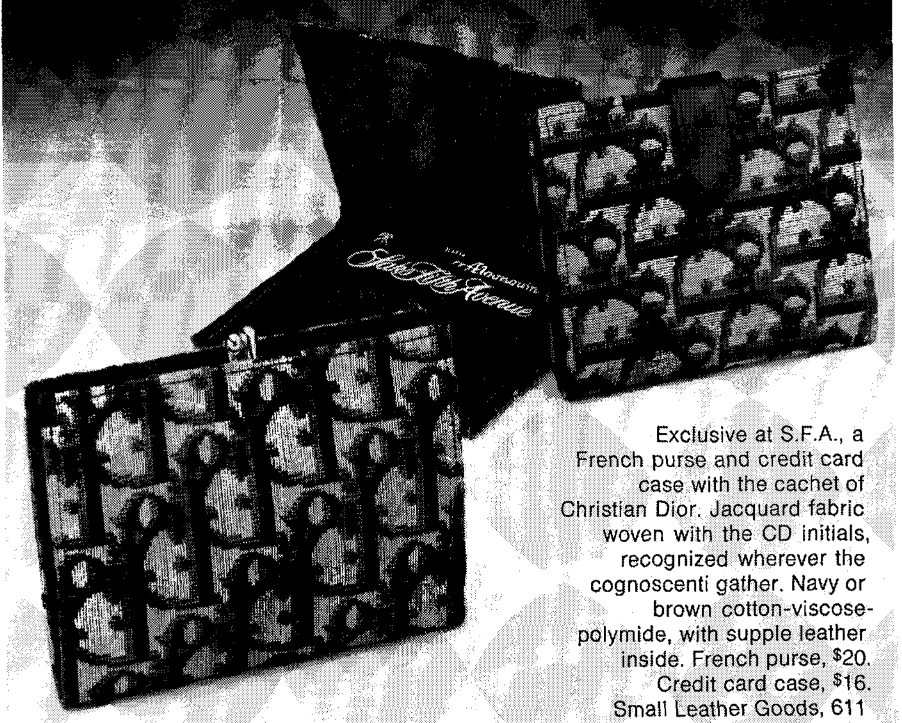

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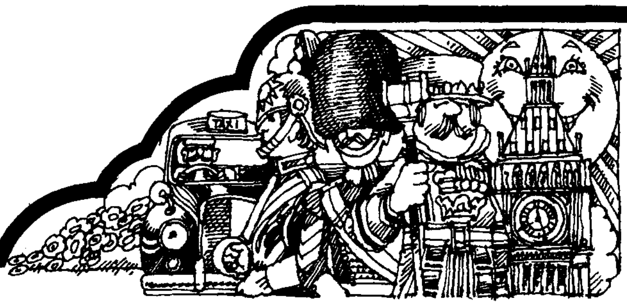

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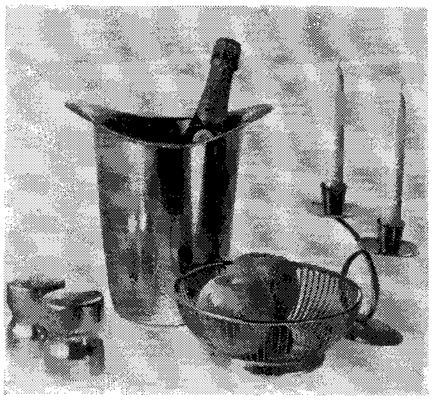

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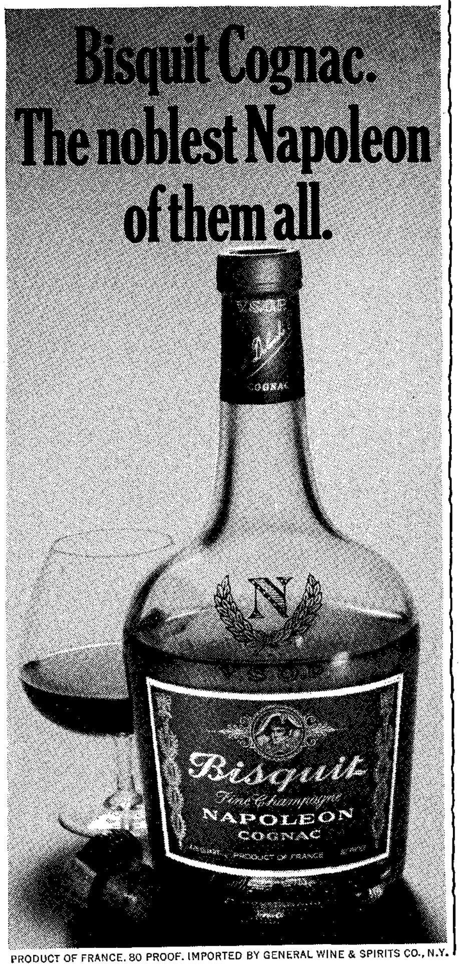

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think I'm pretty certain now. Would you like to work for us?"

"Oh, no!" I'm quite horrified. "No! Certainly not!"

He smiles. "Very well. I know you support us, anyway."

"Yes. Of course I do. But I don't want to work for anybody. I've got too much to do."

"Really? That's good. What kind of thing?"

"Well, there's this place. I haven't started to explore it properly. Once I tried to make a map, but it was useless, I want to make another."

"Excellent. We shall need maps. If you want any help . . ."

"Thank you." I'm so excited I really want to throw streamers and play in a brass band. Dominic is so calm. "What will you do here?"

"Reconstitute it. It'll take a long time. Get a few children in, probably."

I have a momentary, dreadful vision of the mansion becoming the house, chaos on every landing. "What for?"

"To be taught. It's useless having all these teachers here if there's no one to be taught."

"And the books."

"Of course. They need reading. Besides, children will . . . run about the place. Paddle in the fountain, maybe."

"Yes. They'll grow up, too."

He grins widely, most unsuitable for Dominic. "I sincerely hope so. That would be the whole point."

We sit silent for a moment, considering our different kinds of pleasure, our amazing future. "And Gondzik?"

"I was going to ask your advice about Gondzik. He's getting on very well. Rowena visits him every day now. You probably knew that?"

"No. But I'm very glad. Very glad."

"I thought you would be. Simon, by the way, sends his love."

"Sends . . .?"

"He was very helpful after he left. I think he found it easier to commit himself, I mean from the outside. We've been in constant touch."

Constant touch. I make do with constant touch. "But he won't come back?"

"Oh, no. He's doing great things where he is. . . . Now about Gondzik."

"Yes."

"We've had various suggestions. What do *you* think?"

"I think he should be put in charge of the vegetable garden. It's a disgrace, the mess it's in. He's a strong man, he could make a success of it."

"Excellent!" Now Dominic is as excited as I was. "Excellent idea! I'll see to it immediately!"

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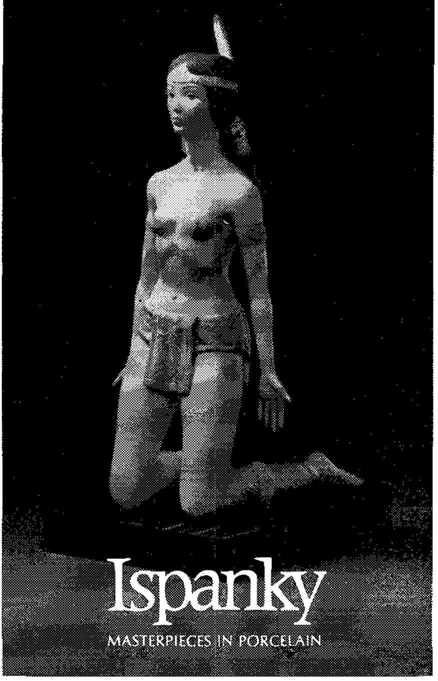

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"Perhaps he could live . . . with Rowena . . . in the gardener's hut? It's quite warm and dry. The gardener made it comfortable. Though they'll need a larger bed."

"Of course! Of course! I knew I could count on you!"

"But not to work."

"Oh, no." He actually gives me a kiss, all my brothers, my friends, my companions. "We won't put you to work. Just . . . well, keep going."

He dances off, Dominic exuberant, Dominic reconstituting life, blind and bold, in no danger of mistletoe.

I call after him: "Dominic?"

"Yes?"

"Do you think I'm simple?"

"Of course!" he answers happily, the prisms tinkle, the fountain splashes downstairs, the stained-glass light twinkles on the tattered Aubusson.

THIS is my room, where I hope to live forever, which you will never see. The four doors are all open, so there is a through draft; the blinds flap back and forth in the draft. The door with the black cloth leads to a balcony, where I sometimes sit in the evenings; the one behind the screen leads, quite sensibly, out into the passage. My bathroom is still difficult, but I am growing plants on the shelves, and someday hope to furnish it. Perhaps I shall put linoleum on the floor.

Mrs. April comes to see me occasionally. She is a new woman. She slaves for Dominic, though Dominic doesn't wish to be slaved for. She goes to see Gondzik's child, who plods about the orchard within a safe distance from the hut. Mrs. April takes her pine cones and butternuts. Rowena, the child's mother, puts them on a high shelf when Mrs. April has gone. Gondzik works most of the time, stripped to the waist, in the vegetable garden. We have fresh peas again and very small carrots, not to mention chicory and watercress.

I have accepted the fact that I'm simple and live through old songs. The children, as they grow up, don't seem to despise me for it. You have politely vacated my dreams, leaving me in order. I live at a long distance from everything I knew, seeing it very clearly. My maps are not only useful, they have a certain charm, cherubs blowing winds at every corner, boats on oceans, mountains and valleys very meticulous, though the scale is small. I think that after going to the pool today I will visit Gondzik's child and tell her a story.

—PENELOPE MORTIMER

(*This is the second half of a novel.*)

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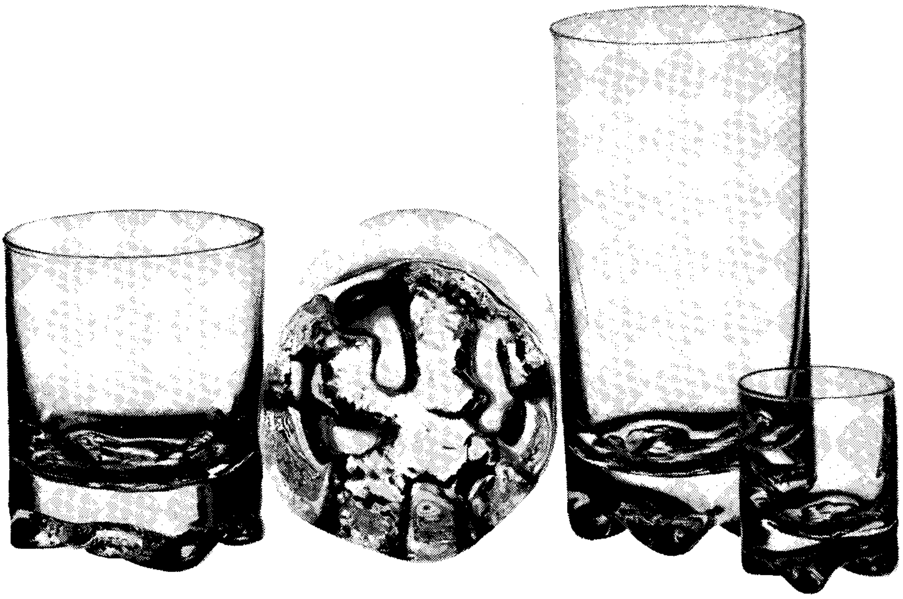

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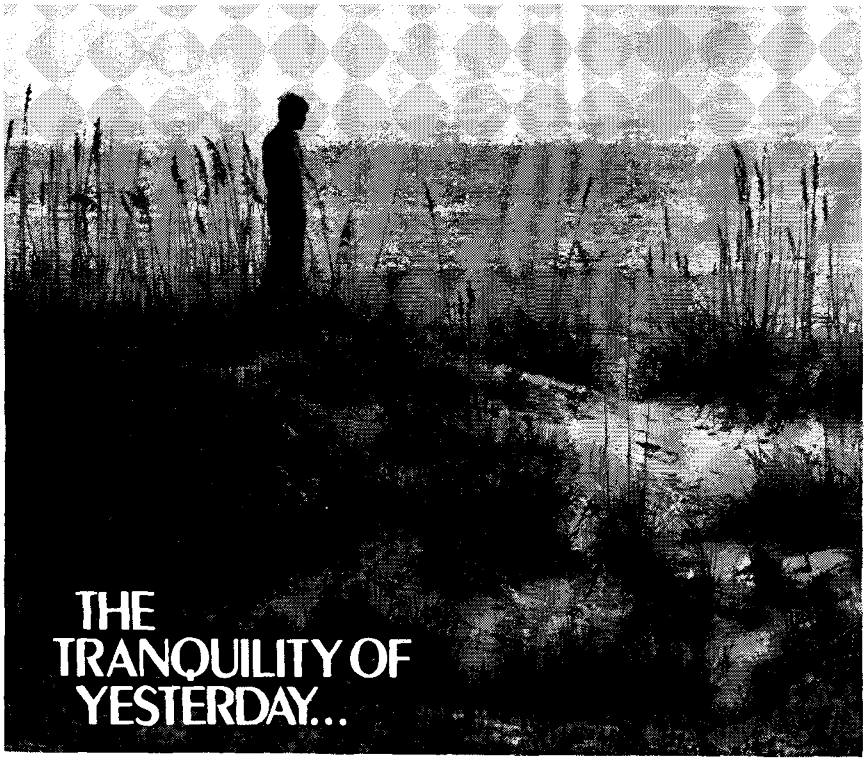

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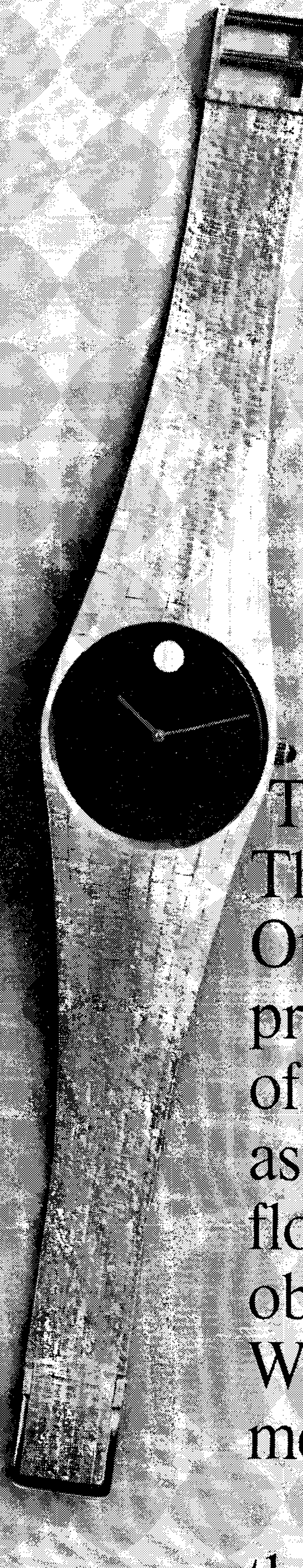

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"MUSIC! MUSIC!," at the City Center, is a curiosity. That is putting the matter kindly, and when it comes to the City Center, which is downright Dickensian in the degree to which it is always nobly aspiring and almost expiring, I'd as soon kick a tulip in a nunnery garden as put the matter harshly. Moreover, it isn't so much an irritating production as a harmless one; subtitled "A Cavalcade of American Music with footnotes by Alan Jay Lerner," it borrows one wonderful song after another from some seventy or eighty years of popular music and so can hardly be said to fail altogether. It's pleasant to hear the grand old standards being belted out by the strong voices of such singers as Larry Kert, Karen Morrow, and Robert Guillaume, and we are grateful for the winning eagerness of the rest of the ample cast, including Gene Nelson, Donna McKechnie, Gail Nelson, and Arnold Soboloff. Only after the first two or three scenes have been got past do we begin to form the uneasy impression that we are not at a stage show in a theatre but in front of a TV set at home, and that we are watching not a TV show of 1974 but one of perhaps ten or twenty years earlier, in which a large number of old A.S.C.A.P. songwriters are being told, "This is your life. *This is your life.* THIS IS YOUR LIFE." The vast stage of the City Center uncannily dwindles to what might be a twelve-inch screen (measured diagonally), and all those charming, gifted people begin to seem mere dithering electronic pygmies.

Mr. Lerner, some of whose superb songs make a welcome appearance in the cavalcade, has stitched the bits and pieces of the production together with a brief chronology composed of rhymed verses. These are sometimes mildly witty but have a fatal taint of undergraduate self-congratulation about them. The skeletal scenery is by David Chapman, who appears to have been charged with making a little go a long way; the costumes are by the tireless Theoni V. Aldredge; and the lighting is by Martin Aronstein. "Music! Music!" has been directed by Martin Charnin.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Three to Get Ready

THE Negro Ensemble Company's season of four workshop productions, which opened four weeks ago, at the St. Marks, with "Black Sunlight" (already reviewed here), closed last week with J. E. Gaines' "Heaven and Hell's Agreement;" in between were "Nowhere to Run, Nowhere to Hide" and "Terraces." The Gaines play, for all its imperfections, was the most original and the strongest of the lot, although every one of them had considerable merit. "Heaven and Hell's Agreement" tells the story of a G.I., first reported missing in action and then reported dead, who returns after an absence of ten years, many of them spent hiding in a dark cave in the mountains of Vietnam. His mother has always been sure that he was still alive—if he were dead she would feel it—and although his wife is now in love with another man, she refuses to marry him, because of a sense of her husband's presence that she cannot snuff out or understand. "Oh, Bert, there is something more stronger than love," she tells her lover after her husband's return. The play is about the affinity between the husband and wife—an affinity that amounts to his "possession" of her; he makes love to her in her dreams, and she has appeared to him, through the years, every night in the cave. Since the dramatist is Mr. Gaines, one can be sure that there is no easy resolution—no simple exorcism for the wife to free her from what to her is a nightmare of emptiness between heaven and hell. A theological discussion near the end got beyond me, but the feeling of possession was powerful—all the more so because of the intense, truthful performances of Gary Bolling, Michele Shay, and Leon Morenzie as husband, wife, and lover. The play is serious, but, needless to say, it is not bleak; a scene, for example, in which the husband and a friend of his called Poor Boy get high on pot is very funny. It is also a play that is still in the works. There are awkward passages of bald exposition, some of the speeches sound more rhetorical than natural, and there is a lack of emphasis, of proportion. Even so, the evening was never boring. Mr. Gaines is the author of "Don't Let It Go to Your Head" and "What If It Had Turned Up Heads," among other good plays. As an actor, under the name Sonny Jim, he has appeared at the Beaumont in "What the Wine-Sellers Buy" and at the New Lafayette in any number of roles. The production of this play, on the tiny stage of an upstairs studio, was quite remarkable. Anderson Johnson was the director, and Steve Carter, who runs the workshop, "supervised" the effective setting.

"NOWHERE TO RUN, NOWHERE TO HIDE," by Herman Johnson, is about a pair of crooked, dangerous squad-car policemen who are supplying dope to a high school in Harlem and must get rid of their contact inside the school. One of the cops kills him, and both try to frame another schoolboy for the murder. The boy they pick has troubles enough of his own—his mother is going around with a racketeer many years her junior, his girl is pregnant and doesn't want to have an abortion, and her parents don't think much of him. The action is episodic, each episode making its point, and there is considerable tension before the boy's troubles are over. Mr. Johnson's characters and the words they speak are always convincing, and so is the atmosphere he evokes of busy Harlem. "Nowhere to Run" is quite effective as a play, and might be even more effective as a movie. Again, the performances were splendid. Mr. Morenzie and Frankie Faison were properly sinister, and more than that, as the cops, and Todd Davis, Joyce Hanley, Lea Scott, and Roland Sanchez were especially good as the boy, his girl, his mother, and the murdered contact. Dean Irby was the director, and again Mr. Carter supervised the fine set.

"TERRACES," by Mr. Carter, is set—by Mr. Carter, of course—in a quite lavish ("pseudo-posh" is the word used in the program) housing development in Harlem, and each of its four scenes takes place in an apartment there. In the first, a young engaged couple come to look at a flat, and by

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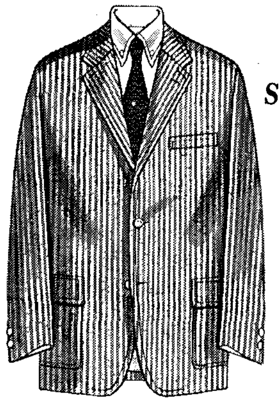

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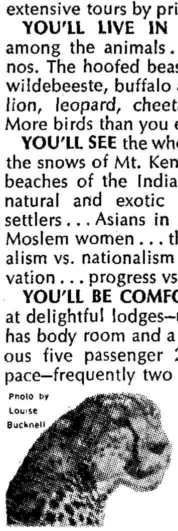

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the time the scene is over they have become unengaged, though hardly disengaged; in the second, a husband and wife, their heads filled with movie-derived ideas of elegance and deportment, meet to settle an episode of the previous evening, when the husband caught the wife in bed with another man; in the third, an older man and his wife try to conceal from each other, with false cheerfulness, their sadness at the way their grown children neglect them; and in the fourth a birthday ceremony takes place that is so startling and hair-raising that I wouldn't dream of revealing the plot, on the chance that this play (which is also an ideal dramatic exercise) might be done again. The actors this time were Robert Christian, Mary Alice, Mr. Morenzie, Miss Shay, Miss Hanley, and Mr. Sanchez, and, under the direction of Frances Foster, herself one of the star actresses of the N.E.C., the performance went very well indeed. Mary Alice, doubling in two leading roles—the old woman in the third scene and the birthday celebrant in the fourth—was particularly impressive.

—EDITH OLIVER

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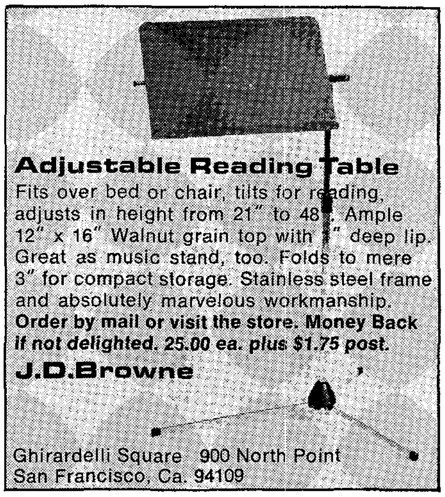

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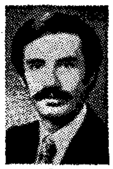

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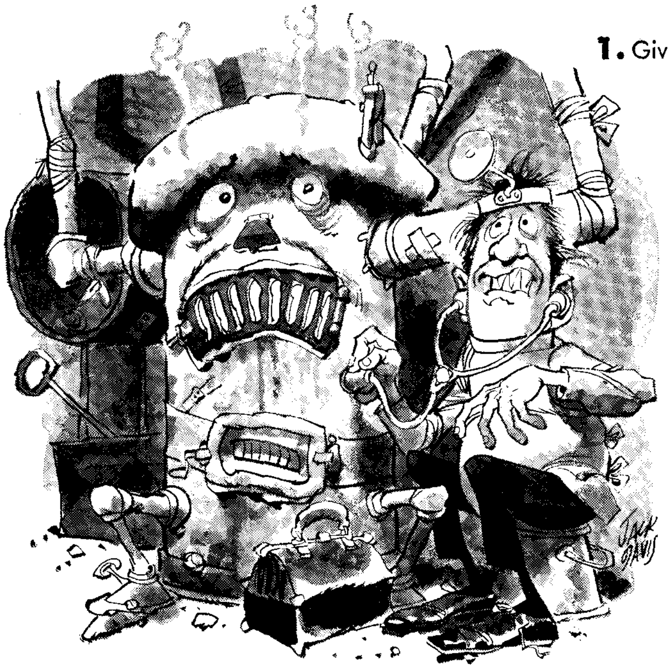

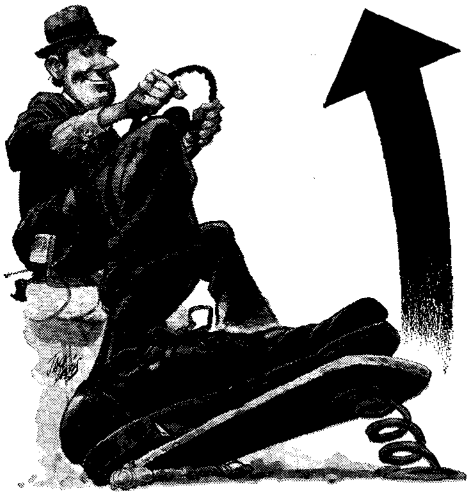

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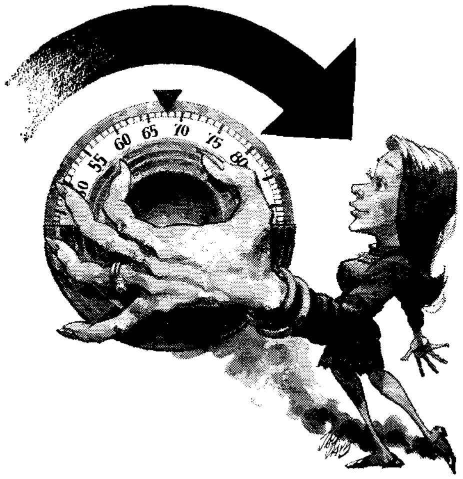

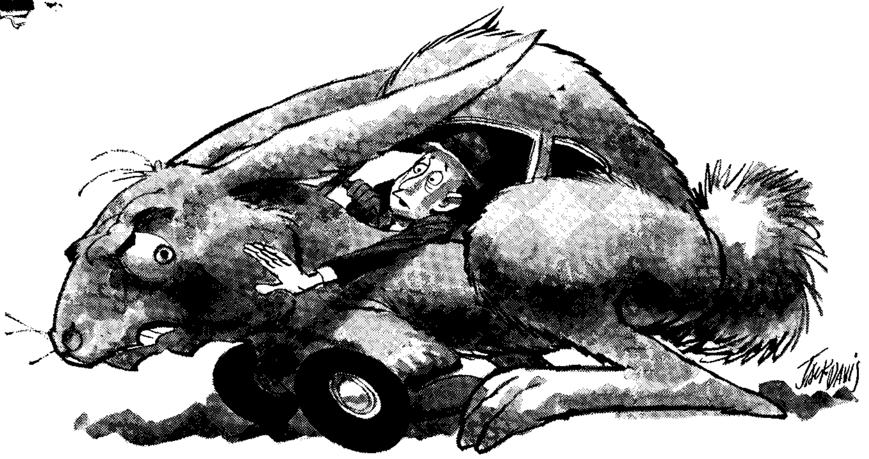

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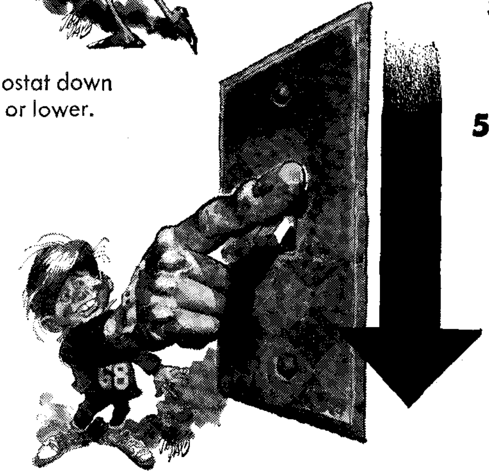

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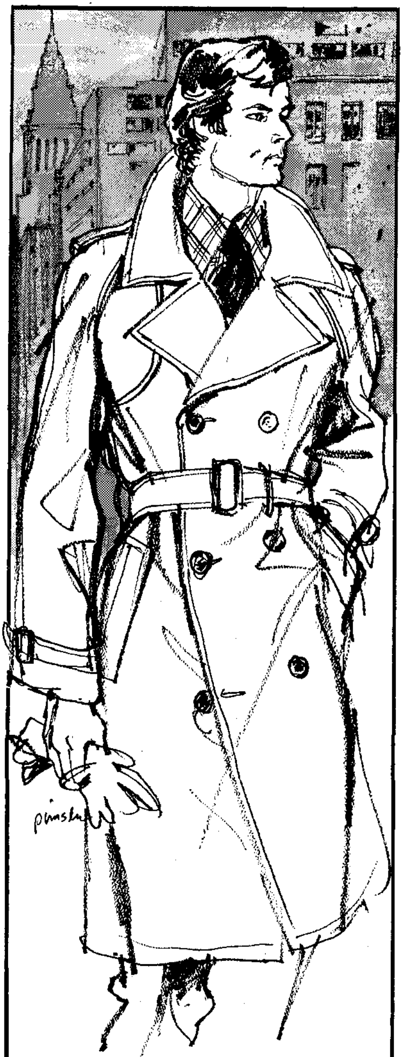

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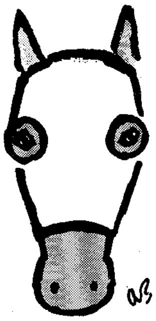
THE RACE TRACK

Luck Will Find a Way

LUCK, as the old song has it, is a strange thing. It comes and it goes. Ask any trainer—Laz Barrera, for one. He had entered Everton II for the $20,000 Triplicate purse at Aqueduct last Saturday, but when he learned that the favored Prove Out was not going to run in the $56,400 Excelsior Handicap, because he had hurt a leg in a workout, Barrera took Everton out of the $20,000 race and put him in the $56,400 one. As a good many in the crowd of thirty thousand anticipated, Everton, a Chilean-bred five-year-old, won, coming in slightly more than a length ahead of Prince Dantan, the winner of the recent Santa Anita Handicap, and paying $8.20 in the mutuels. Three or Less was third. Everton's form at Santa Anita last winter was nothing much, but it has improved sharply since his return East. He had a six-pound advantage in the weights, and that probably helped him in the sloppy going.



Johnny Campo's aficionados are wondering if he will have a change of luck this weekend when he saddles Protagonist for the Wood Memorial Stakes at Aqueduct. The colt has been beaten in his two starts this year. There will probably be so many starters for the Wood that it will have to be run off in two divisions. This department has no selections; Colonel Martingale's abacus burned out a bearing trying to get one. Of the thirty important races for three-year-olds so far this season, there have been twenty-eight different winners.

AS the list of probable starters in the Kentucky Derby continues to grow, so do the problems of the Churchill Downs management, one of which is to provide preferential seating arrangements for the owner of every horse in the race. As expected, Mrs. Marion DuPont Scott and her trainer, Downey Bonsal, have changed their minds and decided to run Bushongo in the Derby after all. The big colt arrived at Keeneland last week for the Blue Grass Stakes this Saturday. Set n' Go and Lexico, two Derby colts from Venezuela, will come direct from Miami to Louisville. Lexico, by the way, runs in the name and colors of Mrs. Vincenta Baptista, whose husband owned Canonero II when he won the Derby in 1971, and he will be ridden by Avila, the boy who rode Canonero. Expected from France any day now for the Derby is Raymond Guest's Sir Tristram. He is a bay colt by Sir Ivor, winner of the English Derby and the International at Laurel, from a mare named Isolt. Which reminds me that years ago the Wheatley Stable had a very good mare named Iseult, and Jim Fitzsimmons, who trained her, called her Isolate.

THE result of last weekend's Hialeah Turf Cup, the final prize in six figures of the Florida season, was a surprise. Big Whippendeal, whose name I hadn't heard since he won the Illinois Derby last year, won it comfortably from Buffalo Lark, who finished second but had his number taken down and was placed fourth for bearing out in the stretch and bumping Santorin II, the big horse from Peru. Outdoors was placed second and Santorin third. London Company, the even-money favorite, finished seventh of the eleven starters.

WILLIAM HAGGIN PERRY usually does well at Santa Anita, and this year was no exception, his Astray winding up among the leading stakes winners of the long meeting, with victories one after another in the $60,000 San Luis Obispo, the $100,000 San Luis Rey Stakes, and the $125,000 San Juan Capistrano Handicap. The good-sized bay colt by Carlemont was at his best in the last-named, which was run on April 6th. Carrying top weight of 126 pounds, he was well placed throughout the mile and three-quarters over the turf course, and in the stretch he wore down El Rey, to whom he gave thirteen pounds, to win by a neck. Big Spruce was third. The time of 2:45⅗ for the distance equals the track record, which has stood for many years. Four days later, after Santa Anita closed, Hollywood Park opened with a gay new coat of paint (the color scheme is orange and white and tomato red), and my favorite observer says I would hardly know the place. The meeting will run through July 22nd.

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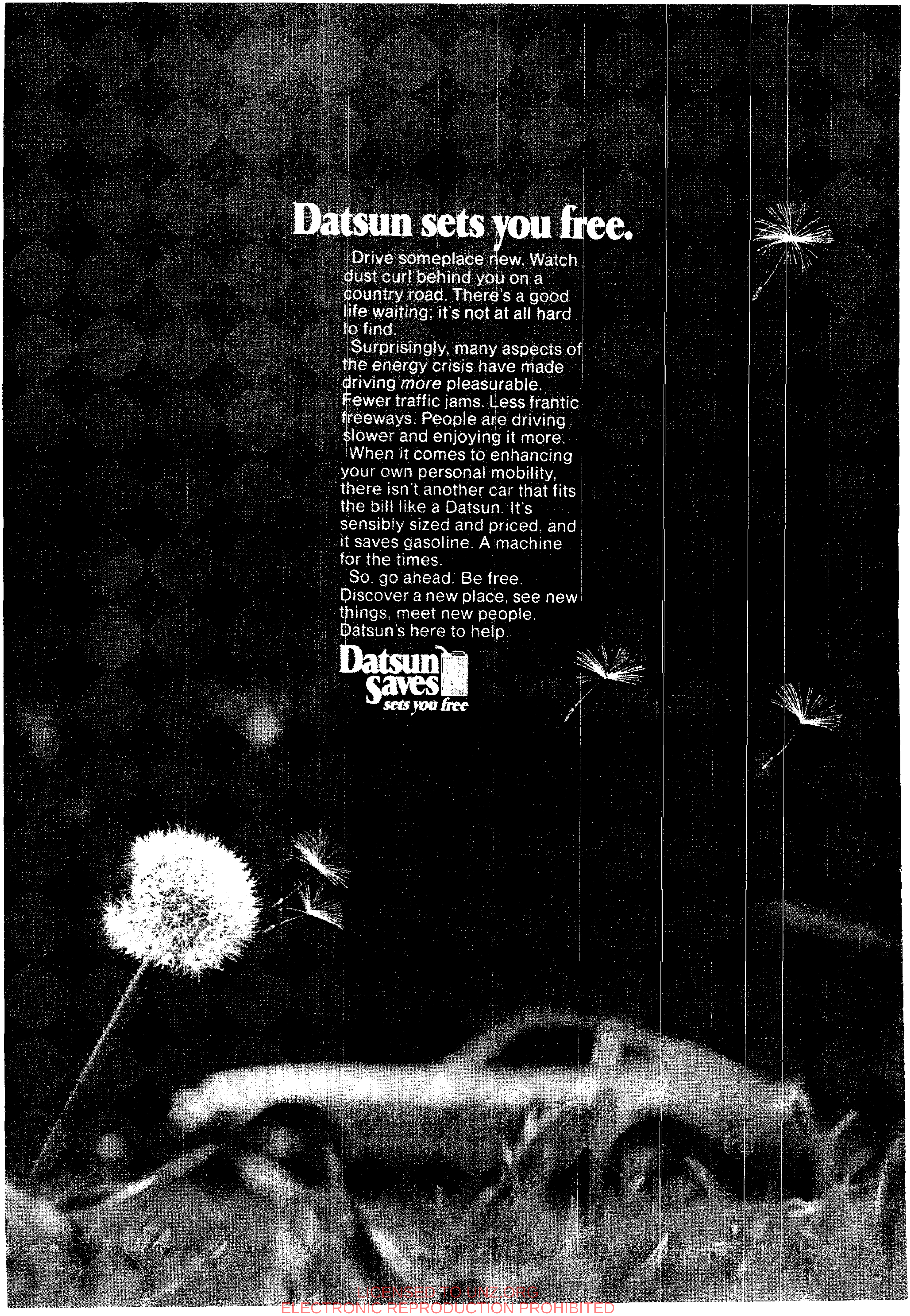

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THINKING IN TIME

THE painted caves of the Ice Age are profoundly mysterious to us. More than two hundred caves with prehistoric paintings or carvings on the walls have been discovered so far in Europe, the majority in an area that extends from the Dordogne Valley, in south-central France, to the Cantabrian Mountains, in northern Spain. The earliest cave drawings may be as much as thirty thousand years old. They represent not only the earliest surviving art of man but by far the longest and most durable art "movement" of all time—a movement that continued virtually unchanged in its basic techniques and subject matter for at least twenty thousand years. And yet we still know next to nothing about the origin, the purpose, or the meaning of these magnificent images. Prehistoric rock art also exists in Africa, Asia, Australia, and the Americas, but the European cave paintings are considerably older, and a great deal more impressive aesthetically, than those of other regions. Nothing comparable to them appears again until the rise of civilization in Mesopotamia and Egypt, around 3000 B.C., some six or seven thousand years after the cave painters followed the animal herds north in the wake of the retreating ice cap.

Serious study of the cave paintings has been going on now for nearly a century. In 1879, a Spanish landowner named Marcelino de Sautuola, who was also something of an amateur archeologist, went to dig for prehistoric artifacts inside a cave on his property, in the province of Santander. Flint tools and small bone implements on which images of animals were engraved had been turning up in Europe since the eighteen-thirties; at first they were usually identified as Celtic (the catch-all term for many items of uncertain origin), but by the eighteen-seventies a large number of such objects had been found, many of which bore the images of long-extinct animals, and de Sautuola was convinced that they must have been made by men who were contemporaries of the mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros. While Don Marcelino was probing the earth inside the cave, his young daughter happened to look up at the ceiling and saw that it was covered with paintings of bison. Altamira, as the cave came to be known, was visited in due course by eminent prehistorians, who pronounced it fraudulent; the bison, they suggested, had probably been painted not long before by an artist friend of de Sautuola's. As more and more decorated caves were discovered, though—La Mouthe in 1895, Pair-non-Pair in 1896, Les Combarelles and Font-de-Gaume in 1901—the evidence grew harder and harder to refute. Darwinism had already undermined the religious resistance to investigations of man's antiquity, and popular interest in archeology was increasing. In 1902, Abbé Henri Breuil, at the start of a brilliant career that would establish him as the "father of prehistory," and Professor Émile Cartailhac, the dean of French archeologists and one of those who had decided that the Altamira pictures were fakes, went together to reëxamine Altamira. Soon afterward, Cartailhac, in an article that he called "Mea Culpa d'un Sceptique," publicly recanted his doubts, and the archeological study of the caves began in earnest.

Breuil spent a large part of his life in the caves, making beautiful (if not always strictly accurate) copies of the painted or engraved images, and gradually evolving a stylistic chronology, which has stood up reasonably well in the light of recent carbon-14 datings. He was more interested in dating and documenting the art than in interpreting it. However, he accepted and helped to spread the theory, first advanced by the French art historian Salomon Reinach, that the cave art was essentially a form of "hunting magic," intended to bring about success in the hunt or fertility among the animals on which the Ice Age hunters fed.

Before Breuil's time, curiously, the prevailing theory had been that the men who painted, or drew with flint points, on the cave walls were simply expressing their innate "creative" instincts. Surrounded by an abundance of game, well sheltered in commodious caves, possessors of fire and a well-developed industry of flint and bone tools, the hunters, so the theory went, had plenty of leisure time, some of which they devoted to decorating the walls and ceilings of their dwellings. This pleasant "art for art's sake" notion soon ran up against insuperable obstacles, though, such as the discovery that the decorated portions of many caves were deep in the interior, hundreds of yards from the entrance and far from any sign of human habitation. Toward the end of the nineteenth century, the publication of Sir James

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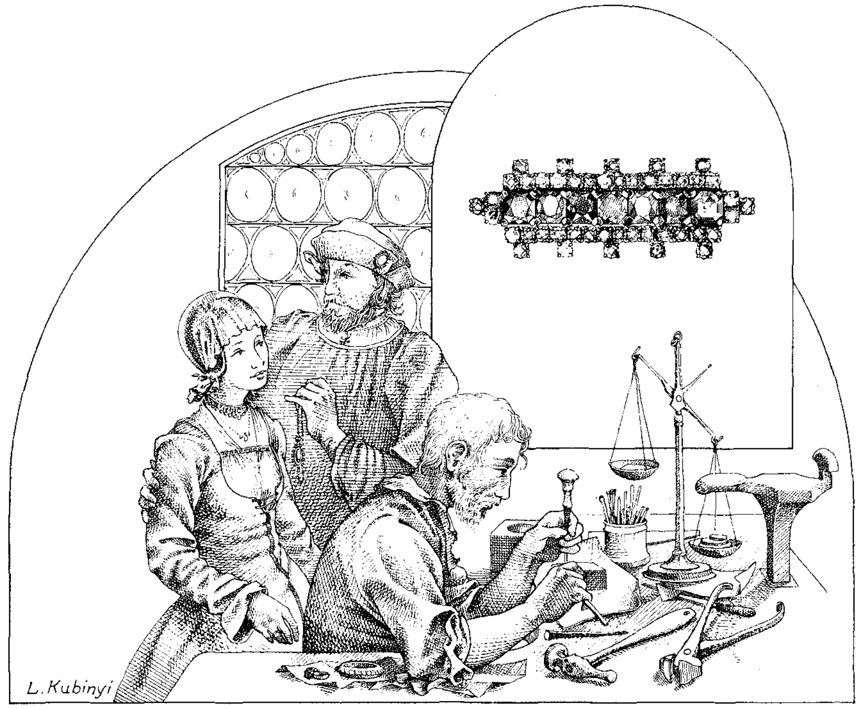
Frazer's "The Golden Bough" and other studies of the life and culture of living primitive peoples led Reinach to adopt an ethnological approach to prehistory. Because contemporary Stone Age tribesmen in Australia or Tierra del Fuego were shown to have elaborate rites and practices aimed at gaining magical powers over the animal kingdom, it was assumed by analogy that the hunters of the Upper Paleolithic period, at the end of the last Ice Age, had had the same. The theory seemed to make sense. Animals are the primary subject of Paleolithic art—mammoth, rhinoceros, cave lion, bison, horse, wild cattle, ibex, deer, reindeer, bear, and a few others. The fact that some of the animals on the walls appear to be wounded by spears or darts, while others are apparently pregnant, seemed to offer confirmation of the "sympathetic magic" thesis. Breuil saw no reason to doubt the theory, at any rate, and it is this theory that one hears today from the tour guides at Altamira, Font-de-Gaume, and other well-known caves.

The most awe-inspiring and the most perfectly preserved of all the painted caves is Lascaux, situated in the Dordogne region, near the town of Montignac. Abbé Breuil visited Lascaux soon after its accidental discovery by a band of Montignac schoolboys in 1940; he remarked subsequently that its paintings "*pose plus de questions que je n'en puis résoudre.*" The freshness of the colors; the size of the great black bulls in the Rotunda (the largest measures eighteen feet in length); the skill and assurance with which the hundreds of animals have been rendered (nearly all are shown in movement: running, jumping, swimming a river, even falling from a cliff with legs in the air); the unsolved riddle of the Shaft, a deep pit at the bottom of which are the images of a wounded bison, a schematic human figure with a bird's head, a stick that also has a bird's head, and a rhinoceros leaving the scene—all this becomes, in the underground setting, an experience of overwhelming intensity. The cave was closed to the public in 1963, because bacteria brought in by thousands of visitors had led to the proliferation of fungus-type growths that threatened to destroy the paintings. Lascaux, which has since been given to the French government, was privately owned in 1963, as many of the prehistoric caves still are. The government, however, exercises a certain jurisdiction over the works of art in all French caves, and in the case of Lascaux, whose magnificent images had been preserved almost intact for fifteen thousand years, both the government and the private owner, Count Charles Emmanuel de la Rochefoucauld, agreed that their continued preservation was paramount. After seven years of study and investigation, a team of experts concluded that the only solution to the bacteria problem was to keep the cave closed permanently to the general public. (La Rochefoucauld, a man of imagination in keeping with his famous name, has commissioned an exact replica, in a new cave hewn from the native limestone some three hundred metres from the original.) In the last years before its closing, at any rate, Lascaux was attracting more than a hundred and twenty thousand visitors a year, and it had become second only to Versailles as a French tourist mecca. Its fame had also led to a tremendous growth of interest in prehistoric art.

LASCAUX did indeed present many more questions than could be resolved by the theory of hunting magic, and it is probably no coincidence that ever since its discovery French paleontologists have felt the need to question these assumptions and to take a new approach to the problem of interpretation. The man most closely associated with this new approach is André Leroi-Gourhan, the director of the Musée de l'Homme, in Paris. In 1957, Leroi-Gourhan undertook, in effect, a sort of Lévi-Straussian structural analysis of animal images from more than sixty caves, the results of which he tabulated on punch cards and submitted to a computer. By limiting his questions to the actual archeological evidence, he argued, he might be able to receive answers that were at least in Paleolithic man's own language "and not in the accents of nineteenth-century Tierra del Fuego or the contemporary Sudan." Some of the answers were revealing. It is true that there are paintings of animals marked with wounds or darts, but when these were counted up it turned out that they accounted for fewer than ten per cent of the total; many of the wounds, moreover, were in odd places, such as the ankle. Prior to Leroi-Gourhan's research, it had been noted that the reindeer, which formed the principal staple of the cave hunter's diet (its bones predominate in his excavated hearths), played a surprisingly small role in the cave paintings. "Paleolithic artists did not portray just any animal but animals of certain species," Leroi-Gourhan concluded, "and these did not necessarily play an important part in their daily life." The animals most often encountered were the horse and the bison, followed in diminishing order by mammoths, ibexes, aurochs, hinds, stags, and reindeer. Bears, lions, and rhinoceroses were also seen, but far more rarely, and usually only one to a cave.

Leroi-Gourhan and Annette Laming-Emperaire, a former student of his who was working independently in the field, came more or less simultaneously to the same conclusion, which was that in many caves an entire wall could be viewed as a deliberate composition, with specific animals grouped together intentionally. What had been looked upon previously as a random placement of images, Leroi-Gourhan and Laming-Emperaire saw as "*tableaux*," with certain animals "paired" according to an elaborate symbolic system. Leroi-Gourhan's thesis, which was nothing if not controversial, was that these pairings and groupings represent Paleolithic man's basic philosophical division of his world along sexual lines. One problem immediately presented by this theory is that very few of the animals in Paleolithic caves are demonstrably male or female, and that in all of Paleolithic cave art there is not a single image of copulation, either human or animal. (A critic of the Leroi-Gourhan thesis has suggested ironically that perhaps Ice Age man was a prude.) According to Leroi-Gourhan, though, the key to the sexual symbolism is to be found in the mysterious abstract markings, or "signs," that exist in a great many Paleolithic caves. He divided these into two categories: single dots, rows of dots, short strokes, and barbed signs, which he said represented the phallus; and ovals, triangles, rectangles, and lattice-like signs, which he interpreted as variations of the vulva image that appears on the Aurignacian "Venus" figures and other very early carvings. Spears, darts, and harpoons took on a new significance in this analysis, and so did wounds. Association of the male signs with the horse, the ibex, and the stag in cave after cave led Leroi-Gourhan to see these animals as symbolically male; the bison and the aurochs, which were more often associated with the abstract vulvas, he saw as female. On this basis, Leroi-Gourhan constructed his theory of a fundamental male-female symbolism underlying whatever



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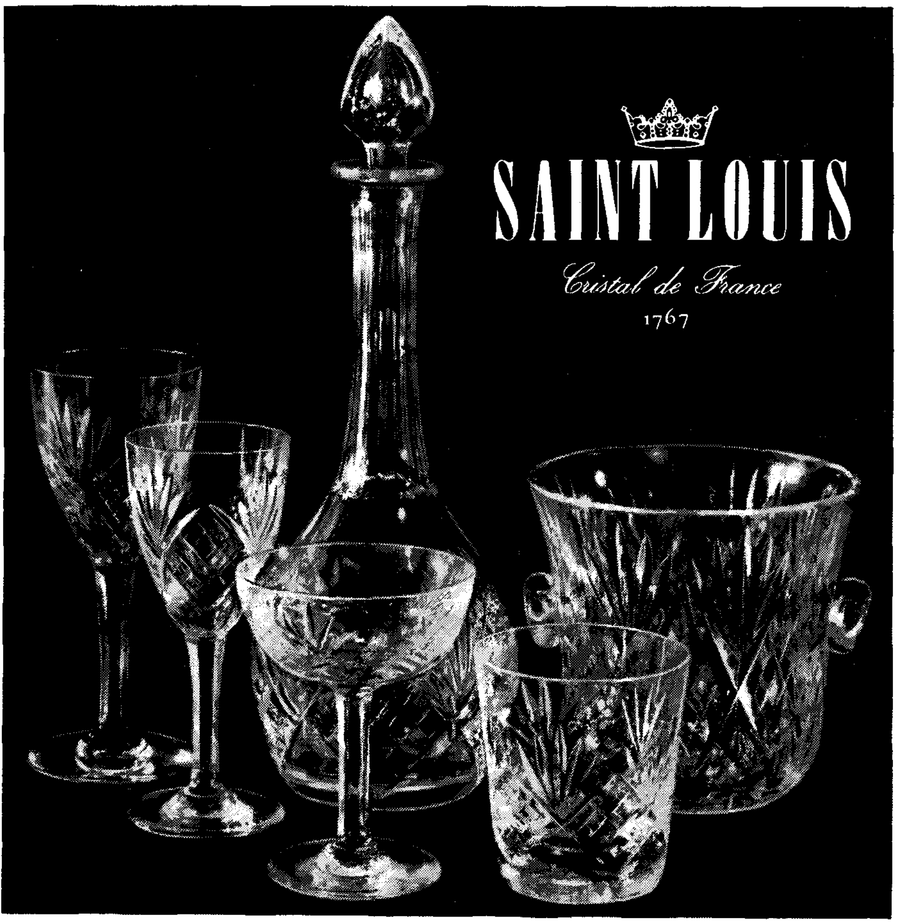

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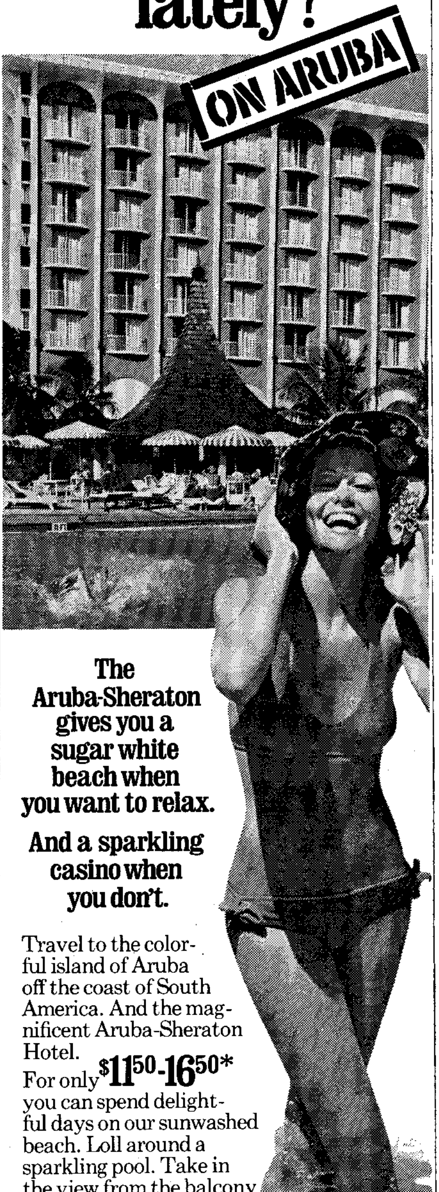

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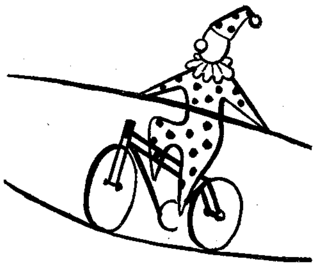
ceremonies or rituals took place in the caves.

Whether or not one accepts Leroi-Gourhan's conclusions, his work pretty well demolished the hunting-magic interpretation. As Laming-Emperaire pointed out, if the ethnological method were applied correctly one would have to look for analogies between the cave art and the *art* of living tribes, rather than their customs or rituals, and the truth is that Paleolithic art is essentially different from the art of any known primitive tribe, living or dead. The intense realism of the animal imagery, coupled with the strange, often crudely drawn abstract signs and markings; the relative rarity of the human image, which, in contrast to the animals, is hardly ever presented realistically, and which is always unarmed; the "imaginary animals," such as the so-called "unicorn" in Lascaux, which may represent a human or animal shaman; the absence of landscape or of images that appear to tell a story or depict a real event (if the "scene" in the Shaft at Lascaux represents such an event, as some people believe, it is one of the very few in Paleolithic art); the superimpositions, in which an animal may have been redrawn or re-engraved so often that it has become a virtually unrecognizable maze of lines; the fact that in many caves the paintings are hidden away and almost inaccessible—these and other factors seemed to indicate that the art of the caves was a sacred art, conceived in relation to a complex mythology and to a system of religious observance that had developed over many thousands of years. It had become apparent to the post-Breuil school of paleontologists that the Ice Age hunter was a far more complicated individual, living in a far more complex society, than the hunting-magic theorists had thought possible. Through his art, Laming-Emperaire wrote, "we see . . . the beginning outlines of an unsuspected world, a world of myth already rich in traditions, which are without doubt preceded by other traditions lost forever."



UNFORTUNATELY, neither Leroi-Gourhan nor Laming-Emperaire seemed able to throw much new light on the nature of the myths, ceremonies, or religious rites of this amazingly gifted individual, who is known to modern archeology as Cro-Magnon man. Even his origins remained largely obscure. The first true *Homo sapiens* in Europe, he had appeared about thirty-seven thousand years ago, perhaps as an emigrant from the Near East. Tall, large-boned, powerful, with a brain capacity larger than contemporary man's, he was a far more advanced specimen than Neanderthal man, whom he supplanted and presumably destroyed. The local Neanderthal culture—called Mousterian, after a dig at Le Moustier, in the Dordogne—had existed rather successfully for almost a hundred thousand years. Mousterian man, in spite of his brutish appearance, employed sixty-three types of flint tools, hunted effectively for large game, and apparently engaged in primitive burial rites that suggest a belief in an afterlife. By about 35,000 B.C., however, the last traces of the Mousterian culture had vanished in Europe.

The new man, whose thoroughly Ivy League-looking skull was first discovered in a limestone-rock shelter that now forms the rear wall of the Hôtel Cro-Magnon, in Les Eyzies (France's "capital of prehistory"), had developed the technique of striking off long flint "blades," which he shaped in various ways. He had ninety-three types of chipped-stone tools and a great many more made of bone. The Cro-Magnons were a hunting-gathering people, who lived in bands of as many as a hundred—much larger than any Neanderthal grouping. Centuries of erosion by underground streams had hollowed out the limestone caves that gave the Cro-Magnons shelter from the intense cold of the Ice Age. There is evidence that many of the caves were occupied continuously for thousands of years. Paintings, engravings, and bas-relief sculptures are found at the mouths of some caves, which is where the cave dwellers lived and cooked their food, but a much larger number are situated in the deep interior. In addition to the cave art, the Cro-Magnon hunters produced a large body of engraved tools, weapons, and objects that the French call "*art mobilier*"—female figurines, pendants, weapon-launchers, and carved bone implements that are called "*bâtons de commandement*" but whose function is unknown.

Breuil and his followers divided the long epoch of Paleolithic cave art into several periods, each dominated by a different culture or racial strain. The chronology has become exceedingly complex, but Breuil's three major divisions still form the basis for dating: the Aurignacian, lasting, roughly, from 35,000 B.C. to 20,000 B.C.; the Solutrean, from 20,000 B.C. to 15,000 B.C.; and the Magdalenian, from 15,000 B.C. to about 10,000 B.C. The earliest rock engravings of the Aurignacian seem stiff when compared with the great Magdalenian polychromes, but there is nothing crude or amateurish about them; the same can be said of the famous Aurignacian "Venuses," small statuettes, found from the Pyrenees to Siberia, of a naked female figure with exaggerated breasts and pelvis—the earliest depiction on record of the human image. Little or no cave painting is associated with the Solutreans, who were masters of bas-relief stone cutting; many of their exquisitely worked "laurel leaf" flint points are clearly too delicate for actual use and must therefore have been made for ceremonial or aesthetic purposes. By far the greatest number of cave paintings date from the Magdalenian period, when Lascaux, Pech Merle, Altamira, and other famous sanctuaries were filled with their myriads of glorious forms.

One of the most striking characteristics of Paleolithic art, however, is that from beginning to end it represents to a very large degree a single, coherent aesthetic tradition. The same non-representational markings that appear in La Ferrassie, one of the earliest caves, continue to crop up right through to the end of the Magdalenian. The same pigments are used—various shades of ochre, ranging from clear red, through red-browns and bistre, to clear yellow; manganese oxide, for black and violet; and charcoal—and they are applied in the same ways: by hand, by tampon or brush or feather, and sometimes by being blown through a tube of some kind. The animal subjects appear almost invariably in profile, with no background detail, and with seemingly total indifference to correct proportion; a tiny mastodon may show up, for example, between the legs of a much larger horse. Occasionally, the natural irregularities of the rock wall are put to use as elements of the design, as in the case of the bison ceiling at Altamira, where the contours of the rock actually seem to have suggested some of the forms painted there, but more often such contours are simply ignored. There is no evidence in Paleolithic cave art of the schematic human figures and lively anecdotal scenes of the rock paintings in southern Spain and in Africa, which date from

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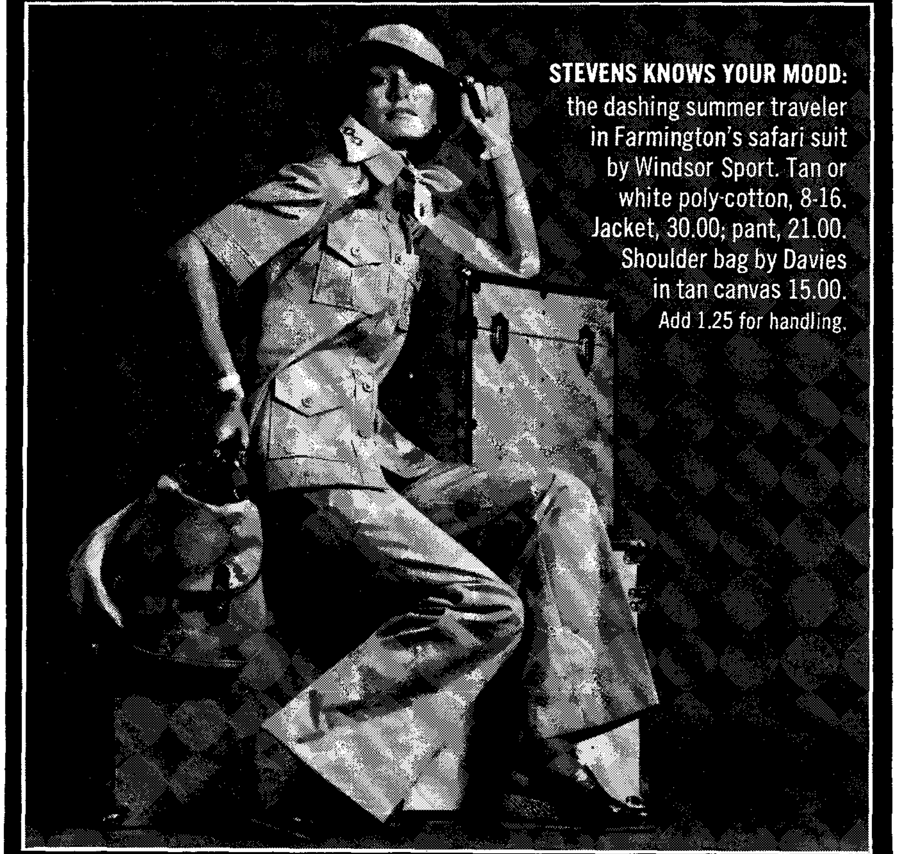

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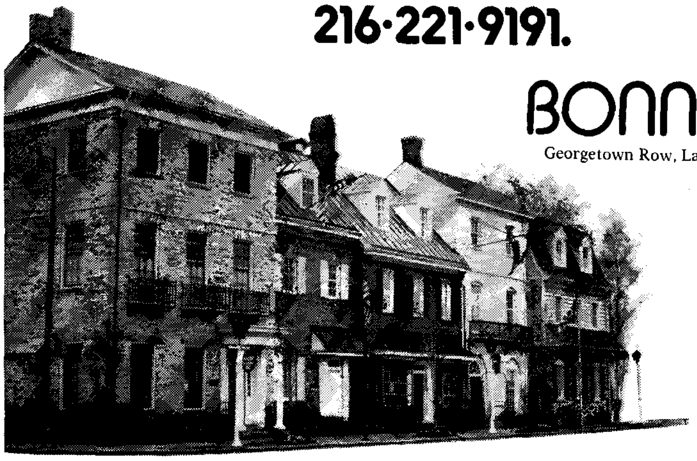

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a later period. When the human figure does appear in Paleolithic art, it is nearly always grotesque: the woman becomes a symbol of sex and fertility, as in the Aurignacian "Venuses;" the man sometimes wears an animal headdress or takes on, perhaps shamanistically, animal form. "The evolution of European Paleolithic art is homogeneous and continuous," according to Leroi-Gourhan, "and . . . it implies the cultural continuity and homogeneity of the human groups that produced it."

Considering the amount of evidence now available on the subject, one might think that we would be in a position to understand a good deal about the art of the Cro-Magnon hunters, but it has not worked out that way. The British anthropologists Peter J. Ucko and Andrée Rosenfeld, in their recent volume, "Palaeolithic Cave Art," concluded somewhat gloomily that "very little indeed" was known about Cro-Magnon man's reasons for making art. "Until it is known what exactly Palaeolithic man was doing inside caves, apart from painting and engraving on their walls," they wrote, "all interpretations of parietal art can be only tentative hypotheses."

ARCHEOLOGY has always had a special fascination for the layman, and laymen have contributed to some of its most important discoveries. Heinrich Schliemann's finding of Troy and Jean François Champollion's deciphering of the Rosetta stone are the most spectacular examples, but there have been many others, and it could be said that most of the nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century prehistorians in Europe were, in the best sense, amateurs. Excavation methods are far more sophisticated than they used to be, however, and digging things up is only one aspect of the professional archeologist's trade. What would appear to be extremely unlikely is that an untrained amateur could evolve a theory, work out the methodology by which to test it, conduct all the necessary research himself, and arrive at results that would revolutionize the study of Paleolithic archeology—and yet this is what a number of professional archeologists believe has happened in the case of Alexander Marshack, who entered the field, almost by accident, in 1963.

Marshack, a tall, cheerful second-generation American with a brimming self-confidence that he works hard to keep in check, got involved with paleontology by way of the Space Age. As he describes it in his recent book, "The Roots of Civilization," he and

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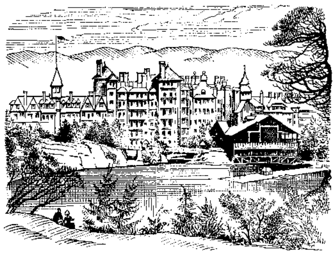

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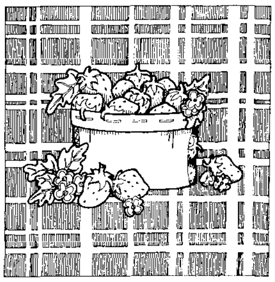

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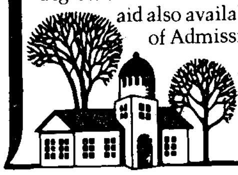

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the physicist Dr. Robert Jastrow, who was then director of NASA's Goddard Institute for Space Studies, signed a contract in 1962 to write a book explaining how man had "reached that point in science and civilization to make it possible to plan a manned landing on the moon, and . . . to explain the modern scientific and engineering problems involved." Marshack was to be responsible for supplying the historical and scientific background.

For the next year, as Marshack went around the country interviewing scientists and gathering information, he was persistently nagged by a sense of "something missing" in the record of man's intellectual development. How was it, he asked himself, that such human achievements as the calendar, agriculture and stock-raising, writing, science, and art had developed more or less "suddenly," with no evidence of the steps leading up to them? What changes in the human mind had made these and other advances possible? By the spring of 1963, he had nearly finished writing his part of the lunar book, but the question of how science had originated in Mesopotamia and Egypt had not been answered to his satisfaction. At that point, he went back and read, for the first time, an article he had clipped from *Scientific American* and filed away some months before. The article had to do with a small piece of bone—a tool handle with a quartz tip—excavated from a Mesolithic site near the headwaters of the Nile. The bone had three rows of notches scratched along it lengthwise, the meaning of which was unclear. Jean de Heinzelin, the archeologist who had found the bone and written the article, remarked in it that the notches appeared to be divided into groups or sets, which seemed to hint at a numerical system, and he suggested that they might conceivably represent a primitive arithmetical "game" of some sort. Studying the photographs, Marshack found this explanation hard to accept. Why would a Mesolithic hunter be playing arithmetical games? The divisions of the notches did strike him as looking intentional, though. Could they, perhaps, be *notations*? A sequence of something observed and marked down for future use? For example, a count of the phases of the moon? Acting on his hunch, Marshack tested and found that the marks conformed very neatly to the phases of a two-month lunar cycle. "I was dizzied," he said. "It seemed too easy, and I distrusted it." For five weeks after that, he continued to worry the problem, trying to

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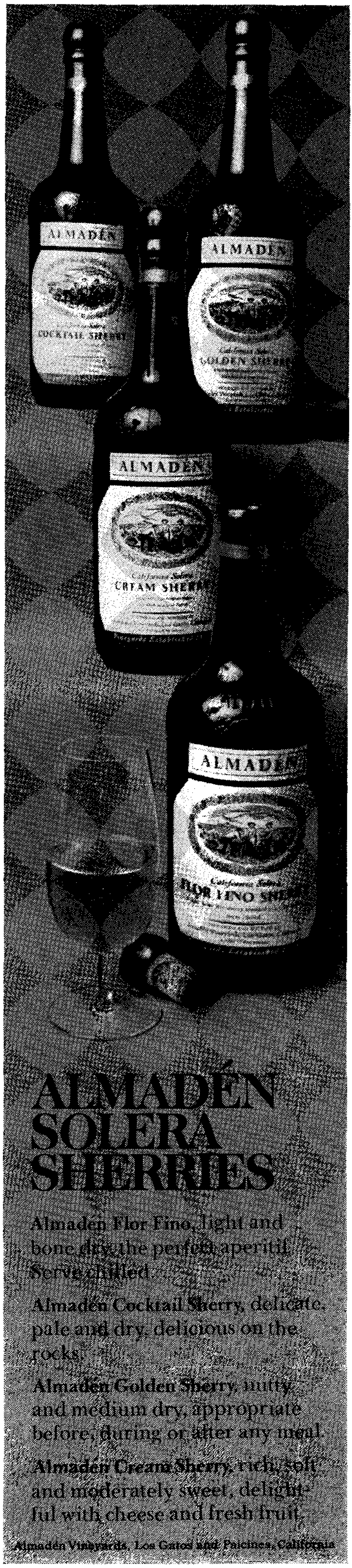
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disprove his hunch. In the end, it became an obsession.

Marshack abandoned work on his nearly finished manuscript on the lunar program and spent the next five years doing research on a theory that became the basis for "The Roots of Civilization," which was published by McGraw-Hill on February 12, 1972. By a stroke of extraordinary ill fortune, its publication was immediately preceded by the spectacular public downfall of another McGraw-Hill author—Clifford Irving, whose book (on Howard Hughes) turned out to be somewhat less scrupulously researched than Marshack's. McGraw-Hill's editors were in a state of shock that week, and the press conference and advertising campaign planned for Marshack's book slid quietly through the floor. Largely ignored by the trade press as a result, "The Roots of Civilization" nevertheless caused an immediate stir in scientific circles. The Columbia anthropologist Ralph S. Solecki, a leading expert on Neanderthal culture, called it "a marvellous breakthrough in prehistory." The book was described by Vladimir Kabo, of the Leningrad Institute of Ethnography, as "a great event;" by Carleton S. Coon, the Harvard anthropologist, as "a revolutionary document;" and by F. Clark Howell, Berkeley's authority on the evolution of man, as "a major advance toward a deeper understanding of Cro-Magnon people."

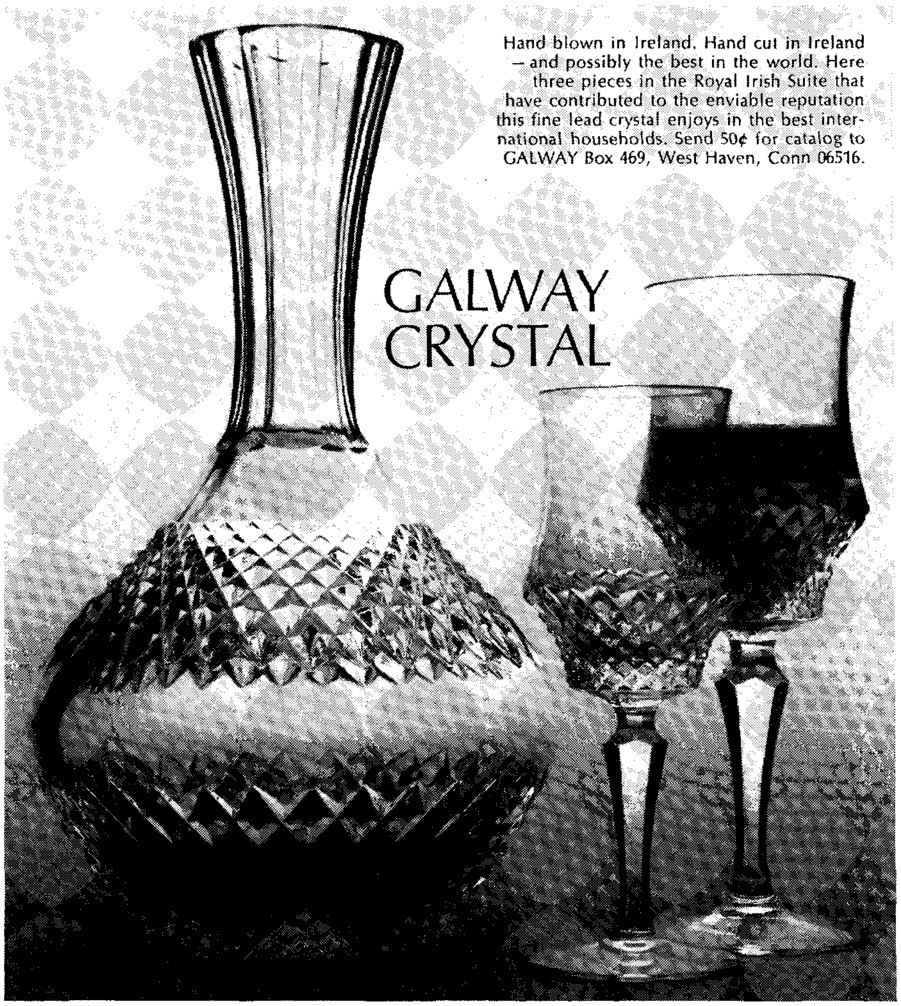
Marshack was gratified but not inordinately surprised by these comments. In the course of his research, he had consulted the recognized experts in the field, many of whom had offered their help and encouragement; he had worked through the correct academic channels, publishing short articles in the scientific journals as his findings accumulated; and in his book he had provided an immense amount of careful documentation. (One of the criticisms of "The Roots of Civilization," in fact, was that there was *too much* evidence, a redundancy that sometimes got in the way of the argument.) He had conformed to the highest professional standards in his research, and, whether or not his argument turned out to be correct, he was sure his methods were sound. He also had been very careful to avoid any exaggerated claims on the basis of his evidence. Although Marshack has considerable confidence in his abilities, he is acutely aware that in the scientific world a lack of proper academic credentials can seriously affect the manner in which one's work is received. "There's nobody I know of in this field who has done anything but follow the straight path from M.A. to Ph.D. to fieldwork and so forth," he said not long ago. "I've been all over the goddam map—and I don't want that to become part of the discussion."

IT could be argued that, in a period when specialization has become suspect and the barriers between scientific disciplines seem to be breaking down somewhat, Marshack's background was not a bad preparation for his present work. Born in New York City in 1918, the son of a Russian father and a Polish mother who had come here before the First World War, he went through the New York public-school system and graduated from City College with a degree in journalism. His first job was with *PM*, as a cub reporter. He went on to do some work in radio, wrote television scripts, and eventually became a producer-director for C.B.S. and then for the Municipal Broadcasting System. Turned down for military service in 1943 because of severe allergies, he served as director of publicity for the Red Cross in the Atlantic area. After the war, he returned to journalism, reporting and photographing for both *Life* and *Look*, reviewing books and plays for the *Saturday Review* and on the radio, and, increasingly, writing articles on scientific subjects for various newspapers and magazines. When a publisher suggested that he do a book on a subject of his own choice, Marshack chose the International Geophysical Year, a coöperative effort by scientists of many countries to study solar-terrestrial relationships during 1957 and 1958, a period of intense sunspot activity. Marshack travelled extensively, talked with a great many scientists, and became an international authority on the I.G.Y. He lectured on it in Russia, and he was made science consultant to N.B.C. In the process, he discovered that he felt very much at home in the company of scientists in many different fields. "I could speak their language, understand their concepts, grasp what they were trying to do and what the problems were."

It was through his I.G.Y. research that he met Robert Jastrow. Jastrow subsequently asked Marshack to collaborate with him on the projected book about the lunar program, and Marshack agreed. "About a year later," Marshack says, "I suddenly found that there was something far more exciting than the future, and that was the past. I called up Jastrow and said, 'We have a problem. I want to write a different book.' "

Thinking back on his decision one day last spring, Marshack said that he had really had no choice in the matter. Sitting with a visitor in the living room of a comfortable four-room apartment in Washington Square Village, where he and his wife, Elaine, now live between field trips, he leafed through a copy of his book and stopped when he came to the photograph of the Mesolithic bone, magnified to show the notches in clear relief. "Let me ask you this," he said. "If you found that photo in a scientific journal, showing an eight-thousand-year-old bone with markings on it that nobody could explain, and you had a hunch, and said, 'Hey, you know, that might be a calendar,' and you tried it out and it *was* a calendar, what would you do? I got excited as all hell. I got in my car and went to a lot of universities, talked to a lot of calendric specialists and Egyptologists. I asked them, 'When does your calendar begin?' And every one of them said approximately the same thing: 'When we find it, it is already developed.' The official Egyptian calendar appears between 4000 and 3000 B.C., but Egyptologists feel that it must go back thousands of years before that. When I said that I thought I'd found a prehistoric calendar, every one of them told me, in effect, 'There's no reason it shouldn't be there.' It just locked for me. I seemed to have stumbled on a prehistoric beginning—and nobody else was working on it. If the scientists I talked to had told me that somebody in Germany or Russia was working on this problem, I would have just abandoned the whole thing. I'd never done any scientific research, never even been tempted to do any. But from the beginning everybody said that the problem was fascinating and the answers should be there, but nobody had ever tried to find them."

The Mesolithic bone was dated 6500 B.C. Marshack was well aware, however, that similar marks and scratches had been found on much older Paleolithic objects—the so-called *art mobilier* that was associated with the cave painters—and it was to this material that he now turned his attention. The more he studied, the more evidence he found of calendric notation. After working for a



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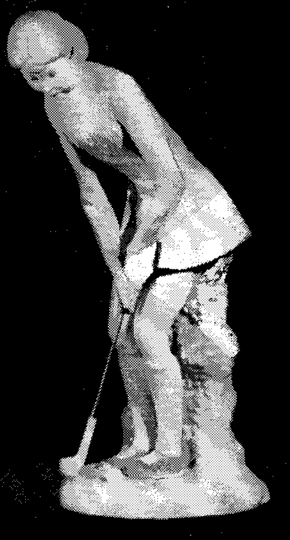

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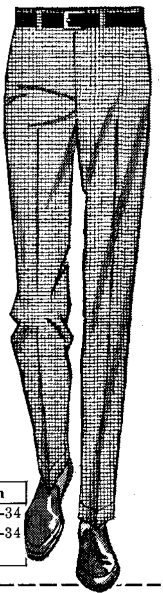

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full year on his own, Marshack went to see Harvard's Professor Hallam L. Movius, Jr., the leading American authority on the European Upper Paleolithic. Movius was impressed by the lunar hypothesis—so impressed, in fact, that he arranged for Marshack to be made a research assistant at the Peabody Museum of Archeology and Ethnology, at Harvard. (He has since been promoted to research associate there.) Having no advanced degree and no academic affiliation, Marshack was not eligible for government research funds; as an assistant to Movius at the Peabody, he could receive a salary paid by the National Science Foundation. Movius was also instrumental in helping him get substantial research grants from the Wenner-Gren Foundation to study the Upper Paleolithic material firsthand in Europe, and Marshack himself secured funds from the Bollingen Foundation to publish his findings.

MARSHACK spent thousands of hours looking through a microscope at the Paleolithic material in European museums and private collections. Surprisingly, it had never been examined in this way before. Many of the objects had been known and published for a hundred years and had been studied extensively by Breuil and others; the markings had usually been interpreted either as decorative designs or as "*marques de chasse*"—tallies of animals killed by the object's owner. Never before, though, had they been subjected to this sort of exhaustive microscopic analysis. Using the most sophisticated equipment available, Marshack was able to show, for example, that a series of marks on a piece of ivory had been made by a number of different flint points, in a number of different styles. This in itself offered a useful clue to intent and purpose: if a sequence of marks had been made with one or two tools, held in a certain way and executed in the same style, it could easily be decorative; if the sequence had been made by many different points in many different styles, it was probably not decorative, nor was it likely to be one man's record of the game he had bagged. Time and again, as Marshack studied these objects, he found markings whose pattern seemed to him to conform to the lunar cycle. The implications of this hypothesis were enormous. If Cro-Magnon man had been able to observe and accurately record the phases of the moon, then he was *thinking in time*, in a truly modern sense. Marshack called this "time-factoring"—"the cognitive ability to

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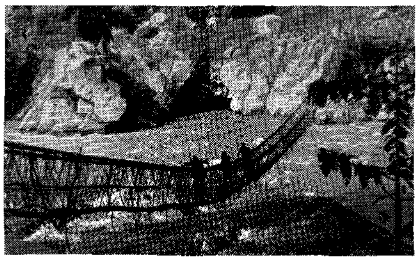

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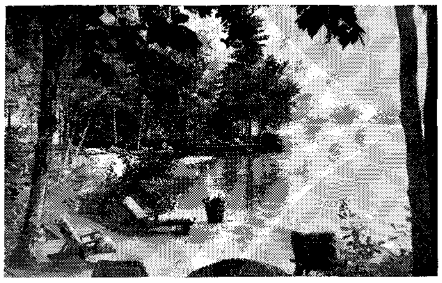

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think sequentially in terms of process within time and space."

Archeologists have always tended to look on man primarily as a toolmaker. Marshack's insight led to a different point of view. He saw the essential human trait as the ability to understand and communicate a process or a relationship in time—the capacity for observing, and for remembering for future use, the cyclical patterns of the seasons and the plants, and of the animals, whose inability to think in time gave man such a powerful advantage over them. This slowly evolving tendency, he reasoned, was what had led to such human developments as toolmaking and spoken language. At any rate, by the time of the European Upper Paleolithic, about 30,000 B.C., Cro-Magnon man was clearly thinking in modern terms. In order to record and act upon his lunar observations he must have had a spoken language of great range and expressiveness. His notations on stone and bone clearly foreshadowed writing. He was becoming a master of art and symbol. And his art and symbolic notation, as Marshack delved deeper into the material, began to seem more and more complex.

Looking through the microscope at some of the famous "decorated" stone and bone objects of the Ice Age, Marshack saw things that ran counter to much of the literature on the subject. According to the British anthropologists Ucko and Rosenfeld, Paleolithic parietal art "contains no example which convincingly represents any kind of vegetation." Under the microscope, though, any number of markings previously described as spears, barbed harpoons, darts, or (as Leroi-Gourhan would have it) symbolic male signs could now be seen as beautifully drawn plants. The plant images, moreover, were often associated with animal images that strongly suggested a seasonal reference: fawns and calves, molting bison, salmon that could have been observed in the valleys of the Dordogne or the nearby Vézère only during the spring spawning run, and stags and bison bulls showing every sign of being in the rutting period of late summer or early fall. And on the same object there would often be abstract "notations" that Marshack could decipher calendrically. "The complexity and interrelation of these storied meanings cannot easily be explained by any generalizing theories propounding concepts of hunting magic, fertility ritual, or sexual symbolism," Marshack concluded. What the associated images implied to him was a profound knowledge and understand-

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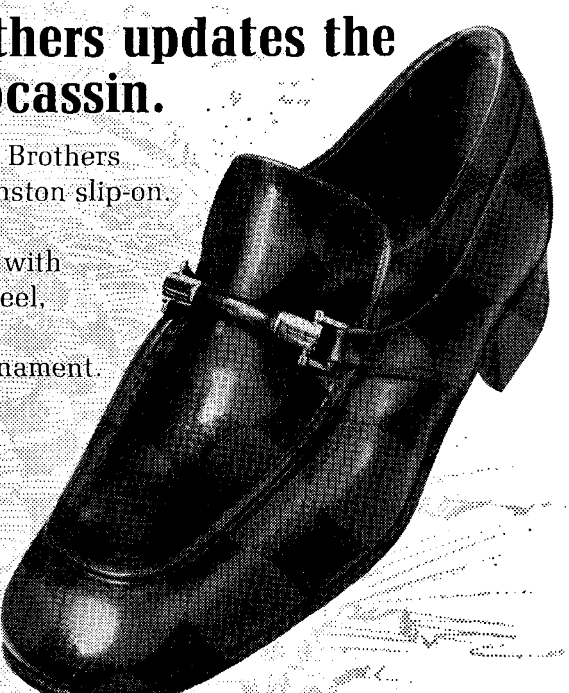

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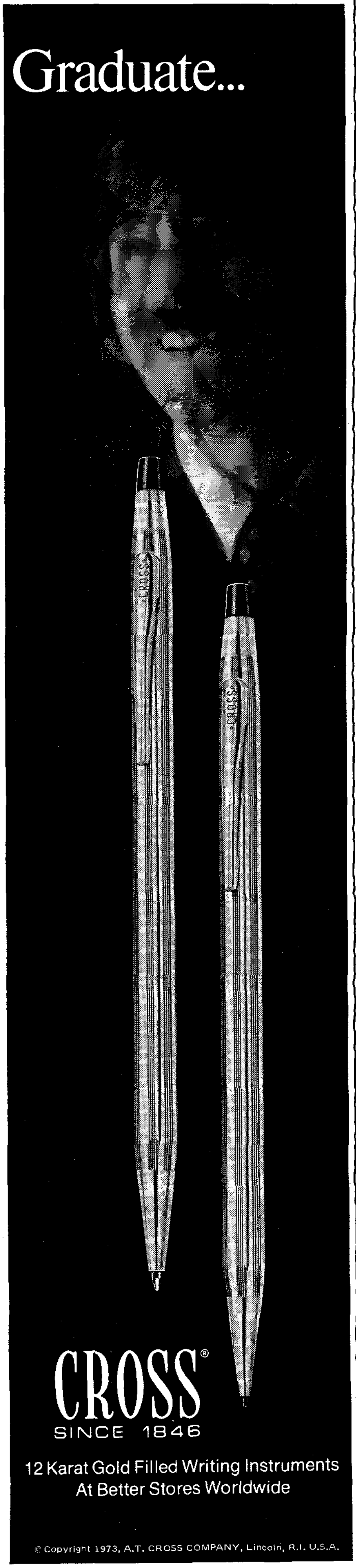
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ing of "diverse animal and plant ranges, directions, and seasons, all of which were unified by story, rite, and art." When the image was of an animal pierced by darts or spears—and most often it was not—Marshack theorized that what we saw was not a piece of hunting magic but a mythical "story," which was understood in symbolic terms by Paleolithic man. These were not simple food images; they were "*substitute* mythological killings via art and rite."

For all its copious analysis and documentation, "The Roots of Civilization" stops short of offering a comprehensive interpretation of Paleolithic art. Marshack was interested mainly in laying out a new approach to the problem, and also, no doubt, in establishing his own scientific credentials. The book nevertheless managed to challenge all the current theories on the subject, and it has come in for some hostile criticism as a result. Those whose theories are most threatened, however, have been far from hostile or dismissive. André Leroi-Gourhan has told Marshack that, while he does not agree with all the conclusions in the book, he considers the research of primary importance. Annette Laming-Emperaire has written to Marshack to express her enthusiasm. The American archeological establishment has been generous in its praise, and Hallam Movius recently remarked that the book was "one of the greatest things to appear in this field in my lifetime."

MARSHACK's work on Upper Paleolithic tools and other objects led him quite naturally to the art of the caves. While studying *art mobilier*, he noticed that many of the animal images had been engraved over and over again. "To the eye, it looked like one animal," he said last spring, "but through the microscope it looked as though the person had come back time after time to *reuse* the image. This kind of use and reuse posed a whole new set of questions. Because if the horse, for example, is never really killed, or if the deer can be renewed simply by adding an ear or an eye, then obviously that image has a kind of constancy. It was the microscopic evidence that turned me to the art in the caves, and in the caves I found exactly the same thing."

In a sense, nearly all the previous investigators of parietal cave art had approached the subject from either a stylistic or an ethnographic point of view. Breuil had based his chronology very largely on the developing skill of the cave artists, from relatively stiff, linear images to superbly naturalistic designs. Even Leroi-Gourhan, counting and collating the various animal types and associations, had dealt with the images as they appeared to the naked eye, but, as Marshack had learned in dealing with *art mobilier*, the naked eye could not always see everything there was to see in an image carved twenty thousand years ago. Marshack had a number of new questions that he wanted to ask about the cave paintings and engravings, and in order to ask them he had to find or develop a number of new technical methods. He had a special low-power microscope designed and built that could be used on the rough walls and ceilings of caves. He learned about spectroscopy and various means of chemical analysis, and he studied and mastered a complex of photographic techniques involving infrared and ultraviolet light, fluorescence, special filters, and special film emulsions. Learning how to use all this equipment was one thing; getting it into the caves, Marshack found, was quite another.

He had decided to test his new methods in Pech Merle, one of the most important of the French caves. Situated near the town of Cabrerets, in the Department of Lot, Pech Merle had been discovered and opened in 1922. It has an immensely complicated series of polychrome paintings and engravings dating from the latter part of the Aurignacian period, and to Marshack it offered an ideal testing ground. Like Lascaux, however, Pech Merle had been for many years a privately operated, money-making tourist attraction. Its concessionaire, M. Bessac, a former mayor of Cabrerets, had installed electricity, steps, and concrete walkways in the cavern, and knocked down stalagmites and stalactites to provide easier access. In the summer, the cave drew somewhere between five hundred and a thousand visitors a day (most of them French), which had afforded M. Bessac a modest but agreeable profit.

Marshack arrived in Cabrerets in the spring of 1971, bearing a letter from the Ministry of Cultural Affairs, in Paris, that gave him permission to work in the cave. The local authorities informed him, with typical French enthusiasm for the conveying of bad news, that his permit was of no use—that "no one is allowed to work in Pech Merle." A team of photographers from the B.B.C. had come down to film the cave a few weeks before, he was told; they, too, had had official permits, but they had gone back to London emptyhanded all the same. Pech Merle was open only to tourists.

Marshack, who speaks a rudimentary French, spent the next two weeks trying to arrange a meeting with M. Bessac, who had moved from Cabrerets to become mayor of a town about fifty kilometres away. Marshack called him every day. Officials of the Ministry of Cultural Affairs also called him. "A number of people from all over France interceded for me, but he wouldn't budge," Marshack has recalled. "I think he expected me to get tired and leave, as the B.B.C. people did. But I wouldn't leave until I got in. Finally, he came to Cabrerets, and he and I sat down and talked almost the whole afternoon, with his daughter as interpreter. His argument, as far as I could gather, was that as protector and concessionaire of the cave he would have to be present at all times when someone was working in there, and he was too busy to do that. I kept insisting. In the end, he said, 'All right, I'll give you two nights, but you're going to have to pay my guide his full salary for a week.' I agreed instantly—which shocked him, I think. So I got two nights in the cave. And in those two nights I worked out some of the most important techniques I have.

"I *had* to get in there. It's a very complicated cave, with many superimpositions, and I wanted to study the most complicated panel there, the horse panel. I was looking for some system that would do for the painted walls what the microscope had done for the mobiliary material. The microscope allows you to determine different tools and the sequence of carvings; it also allows you to see deterioration and wear and hand polishing and so on. In the caves, I was looking for methods that would break down the paintings—break down the colors and the sequence of their application, break down the superimpositions. Nobody had ever tried using infrared or ultraviolet photography for that purpose. When my results came back, I knew I had what I wanted. Pech Merle was one of the best-known caves, and it had not yet been studied analytically."

In his two nights' work, Marshack found out a great deal. He found evidence that many of the Paleolithic cave paintings had been "renewed" periodically, in various ways. Often, it was a matter of someone's adding a detail to the original image—another pair of horns, a new line for the belly or the rump. In some cases, Marshack discovered, the original image had become invisible to the naked eye but showed

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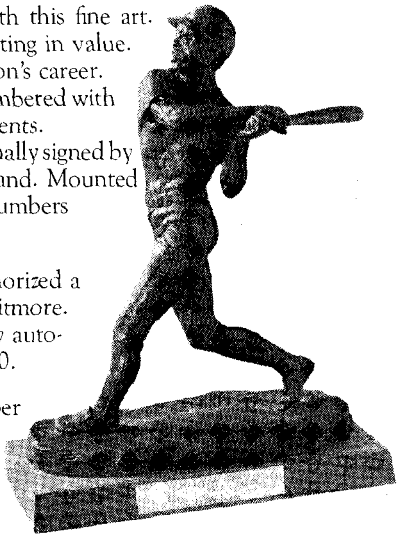

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up clearly under special lighting. Some of the superimpositions turned out to be far more complicated than they appeared, with innumerable images piled on top of one another over long periods. "My work showed that a single image and a single wall could be used many times, for many different processes, and for a whole series of symbolic reasons," Marshack has explained. "Therefore, to say that an animal on the wall has one, and only one, meaning is an oversimplification. What we are dealing with here is something far more complex than the image itself.

"One of Leroi-Gourhan's main theories is that the wall paintings are often deliberate '*tableaux*,' conceived and executed at one time, with certain animals grouped together to represent a composition of male-female relationships. My first analyses indicated that this is wrong. I found in Pech Merle and other caves that the paintings were often made with different ochres, with different blacks, at different times. And the same animal on the wall was returned to later and repainted, or something was added to the animal, so that what looks to the eye like a composition is really a surface that was returned to, perhaps season after season, perhaps year after year. An animal might have four ears, eight legs, any number of belly and back lines. If it was a painted animal, you could engrave over it, or if it was an engraved animal, you could paint over it. And then you could also add symbols to the animal, a number of different classes of abstract symbols, each of them having a different meaning. So the animal becomes more and more complex. It becomes an image in a very, very elaborate symbol system."

Marshack wanted to spend more time in Pech Merle. "There were other things I saw in there that had nothing to do with the paintings but did have to do with how the cave was used," he says. "Certain portions indicated long, persistent use, almost like those feet of Christ in some churches that have been worn away by hundreds of thousands of people touching them. I was dying to go back and photograph these things." The following summer, he returned to Cabrerets and requested more time in the cave; again there was a protracted battle with M. Bessac, who grudgingly allowed him a few more days' work. Marshack spent a large part of that summer (1972) working in Niaux, a famous cave on the French side of the Pyrenees, and it, too, showed many indications of the periodic renewal of images.

Several years before, while working

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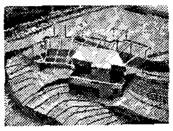

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in a cave in southern Spain called La Pileta, Marshack had seen something that nobody had interpreted before. Examined under a strong raking sidelight, the paintings, executed originally in a layer of wet clay, showed the marks of hundreds of human fingerprints. Evidently, Marshack reasoned, there had been some form of ritual that involved the touching of the painted animal or the wall itself. Could there be a connection between this primitive touching and the unexplained handprints that turned up in a large number of caves? Sometimes these prints had been made by coating the hand with pigment and pressing it against the wall; more often they were negative prints, made by holding one hand against the wall and blowing dry pigment against it, perhaps through a reed or a hollowed-out piece of bone. In the French cave of Gargas, some handprints are missing a finger or a finger joint, but whether this is evidence of a ritual mutilation (such as that practiced by certain North American Plains tribes) or simply a symbolic turning under of the finger is unknown. The handprints occur in Gargas, Pech Merle, El Castillo, and several other caves, but as Leroi-Gourhan has written, "the symbolism of the hand is still obscure."

To Marshack, the finger marks in La Pileta said something new about the image itself, about the cave and its uses, and about the meaning of the painting. Could the touching have been in essence why the image was made? And, if so, could not the handprints in other caves have been evidence of a similar process, which it was very tempting to see as an act of participation in the image, and thereby in the ritual or ceremony that was associated with the image? In the caves where no paintings existed but where images had been engraved with flint points in the limestone, the engravings often had been surrounded, scratched over, or "crossed out" by many crude lines. The good Abbé Breuil used to omit these scratchings from his drawings, in the interest of aesthetic effect. It struck Marshack, however, that the lines might have served the same purpose as the finger marks and the handprints. "The act of marking the wall was probably the same whether it was done by the hand or by a flint tool," he says. "It had no artistic content—it may have been primarily a ritual act of participation."

At this point in his research, Marshack does not want to speculate too freely about his findings. At least five

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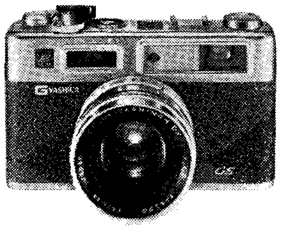

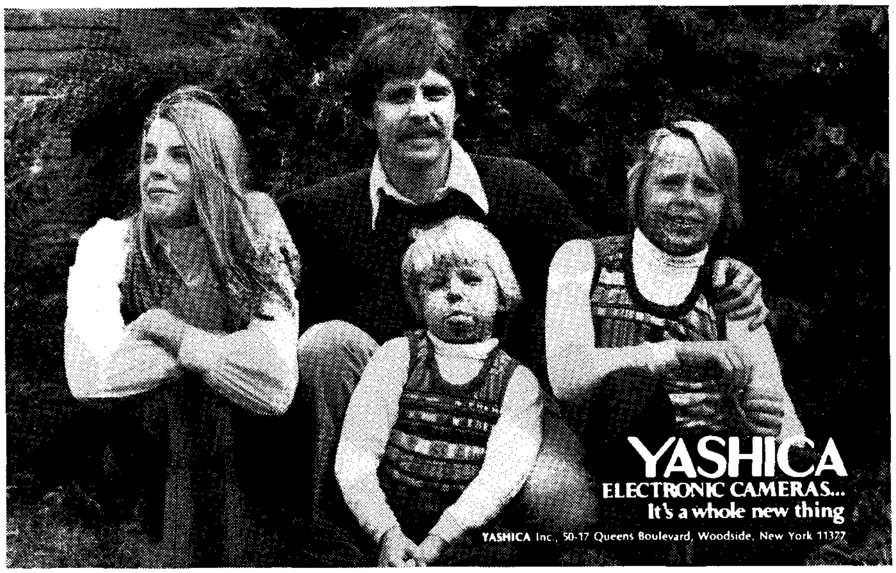
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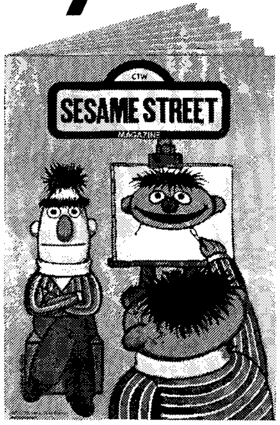

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more years' work in the caves will be needed, he says, before he will be ready to draw any final conclusions. "I'm asking a whole bunch of new questions," he said last spring. "I want to know who went into the caves and when they went into them. What did they do there? How often did they use and reuse an image or a wall? During what seasons? What I'm trying to do is break down the Upper Paleolithic symbolic usage. There seem to be some symbol systems that were used essentially by women and others that were masculine. That doesn't mean that the image a woman used was a female image. If there was a ceremony relating to pregnancy or to menstruation, it could be that the sacrifice of an animal was required, but it wouldn't matter whether the animal was male or female; what matters is that it was killed in a ceremonial act. I'm trying to break down the wall compositions in as many ways as I can. Each method gives me a little bit of data of a different kind. One tells me about the paints that were used, another tells me about the time period between the paintings, a third tells me what in a complex superimposition was done first, and so forth. When all the results are in, I'll start interpreting. But I don't want to start interpreting now, in order to find what I might want to find."

Gaining access to the caves he wants to study is still a problem. The caverns of Les Trois Frères and Le Tuc d'Audoubert, which contain probably the finest engravings in all Paleolithic art, are on property belonging to Count Bégouen, in the Department of Ariège. They are open to no one except by the family's private invitation, and so far Marshack has been able to spend only one evening there. The French government will not let anyone take lights and cameras into Lascaux. Max Sarradet, Lascaux's *conservateur*, allowed Marshack to photograph there for one hour in 1973, to test certain spectroscopic techniques he had developed for studying calcite and bacterial formations. The techniques were of interest to the Pasteur Institute, which is charged by the government with protection of the cave from contamination. After working inside the cave for an hour, Marshack found it very difficult to pack up and leave. "Lascaux has more varieties of color than any other cave," he said later. "It's richer in differences, and it has a whole library of abstract signs. I could work there better than anywhere in France. I think I could show that Lascaux was made in a limited time, and that people came back perhaps once or twice a year to make additions, to add a line or an abstract symbol. The point is that people came back to *use* the images. The animal wasn't something that they worshipped—it was something they came back and added to."

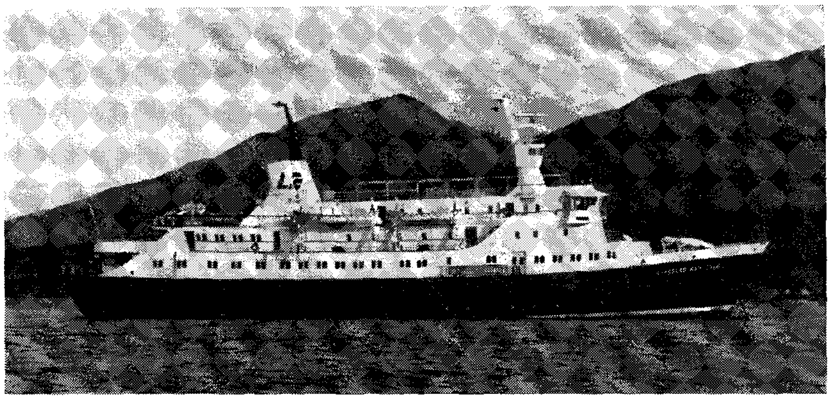
Marshack's tests have also indicated that the paintings in many of the French caves are being destroyed by a number of chemical, physical, and biological processes, many of which had not been observed before. He has brought these findings to the attention of the French cultural authorities, who are studying his results.

THE caves are only one aspect of the larger problem, however, and in Marshack's mind a fairly minor aspect. "You don't have these limestone caves in the North of Europe or in the Soviet Union, yet you do have the same art traditions," he said last spring. "The caves are an accident of nature. The primary tradition was the one engraved on the mobiliary material, and it extends all the way from Spain to Lake Baikal, in Siberia. The caves are part of something that man was evolving, and, dramatic as they are, they're not the whole story.

"It's my feeling that Neanderthal man was making symbols," Marshack went on. "Making images, and perhaps notations. There's not much evidence of it. There was a Mousterian stone found in a grave in France which showed signs of intentional engraving, but it has disappeared. The man who published it is dead. I spoke to his son, who said he'd never seen it. In 1969, another intentional Mousterian engraving was found in Spain. We do know that Mousterian man went into the caves and apparently had rites there. He made circles of skulls, and he buried his dead with tools and other supplies. The contemporary Australian aborigine leads one of the richest symbolic lives on earth, and nearly all of his symbol-making is on wood, on skins, on feathers—surfaces that don't last. Neanderthal man may have had the same kind of thing. Could anything as complex as Paleolithic art have happened suddenly? My answer is no. Cro-Magnon man's way of thinking was fully modern—he was using symbols the way we do today. I feel that this must go back long before Neanderthal man, even. As much as a hundred and fifty thousand years ago, men may have been starting to structure their relationships in time in a modern way."

Last summer, working in the French caves of Gargas and Rouffignac, Marshack turned his attention to the oldest and most widely distributed markings of all, the seemingly aimless, interconnected networks of lines that are usually referred to as "meanders" or "macaroni." The meanders appear on the walls of almost all the European prehistoric caves, from the very earliest to the most recent. Abbé Breuil and his followers saw them as essentially meaningless; Breuil did suggest that the meanders, which looked like idle doodling, might well have led more or less by accident to image-making—for example, when some Paleolithic doodler noticed that the line he had just drawn looked like a mammoth's tusk—but there is no direct visual evidence to support this idea. Although the meandering lines often run right through an animal image on a wall, they do not always seem to do so by intention, in the way that the spears and darts do, and this lack of any apparent relationship with the images may be one explanation, according to Marshack, for the fact that no one has ever bothered to study them seriously. Marshack, however, had seen the same wandering lines on stone objects dating from the Mousterian and even as far back as the Acheulian period, a hundred and fifty thousand years ago. Was it conceivable, he asked himself, that the so-called meander might represent a tradition far more ancient than that of the cave art, a tradition that was not meaningless at all?

Working with the engraved mobiliary materials found in the caves and with the meanders on the cave walls, Marshack discovered several things. The meanders, he found, were in each case a cumulative effort, built up by a great many different tools or different hands working at different times. One person might make a short line, or a series of two or three parallel lines; then, later, someone else would add to this, using a different flint point (or, if the drawing happened to be made with the fingers in wet clay, different-sized fingers with different spacing between them could be detected; interestingly, some of the finger marks were of such a size that they could have been made only by children). Subsequent additions might branch off in other directions from the original stem, crossing and recrossing until the end result was an impenetrable tangle that looked, in effect, like a plate of macaroni. To Marshack, the tangle began to look



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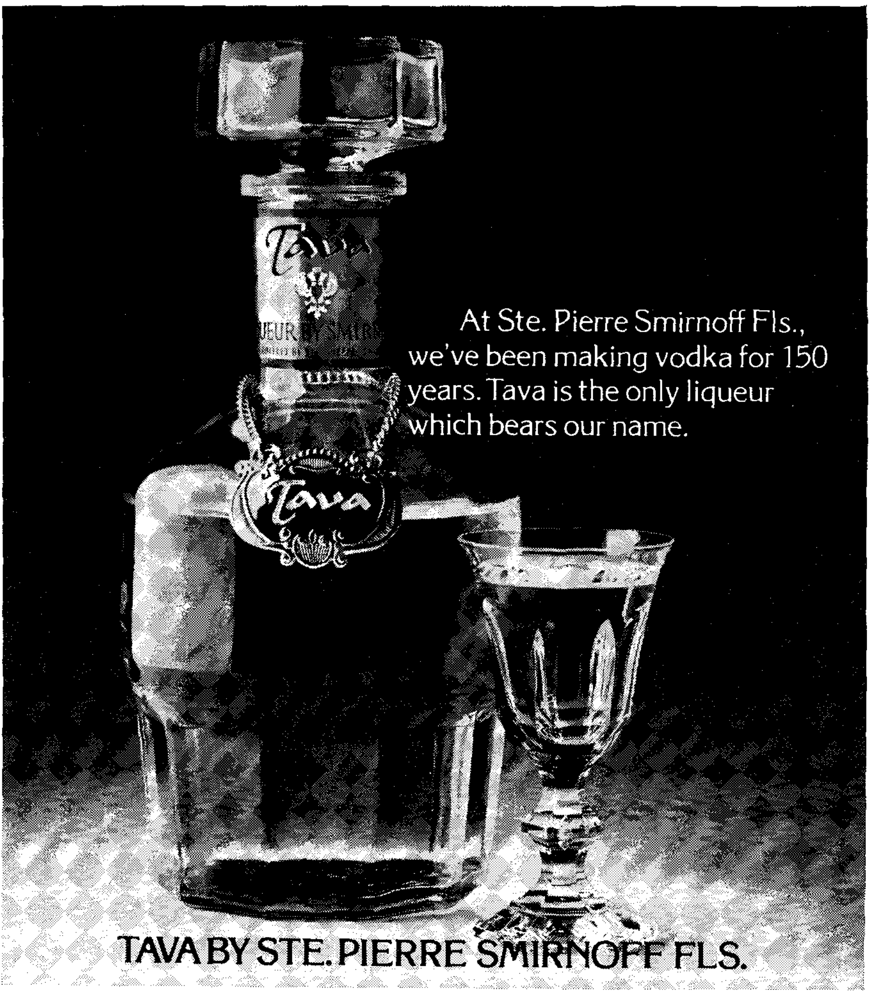

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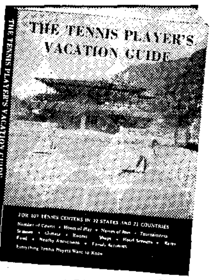

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more and more like a coherent system of some sort. “Obviously, it was intentional,” he said last winter. “It’s not an image, it’s not a form, but it does have a structure that is continuous and cumulative, and the same structure shows up in cave after cave after cave.” It was difficult for modern man to see meaning in lines that wandered through space without any relation to a center or a frame, Marshack said, because our visual tradition demands borders around things; but it was not until the Neolithic period, when men started to farm the land and live year-round in one place, that they began to make their images in relation to a centered space. To a nomadic hunter of the Paleolithic, the uncentered, wandering line may have had a clear and specific meaning. And the mental process involved in the meander—the process of making and then adding to a series of marks—was the same process by which Cro-Magnon man drew and periodically redrew the animals on the walls of the caves. Marshack is convinced that it was an act of participation, a way of participating in a process by adding to it.

“What I’m really trying to do is to put the whole question of Paleolithic art on a new level,” Marshack said recently. “Not in terms of hunting magic, or fertility magic, but in terms of what art and symbol meant to the very early human cultures in helping to structure their experience in time. Suddenly, or so it seems—within a few thousand years—there is a very advanced form of art throughout Eurasia. It’s ironic that a man like this von Däniken should come along now with a popular theory that man’s intelligence was delivered by express, so to speak—by gods in spaceships—just when we’re beginning to see how long and slow the evolutionary process really was. It didn’t happen at all suddenly, of course. By the time we get to the cave painters, we are dealing with a highly developed, highly complex human being, and with a very ancient body of tradition. My question, which is not really an archeological question, is: Why did this art appear? Why the images of naked females? Why the animals? Why the notations? What really happened in the caves? These people came into the caves with intent, periodically, and each time they came they were, in a sense, revitalizing either the image or the myth or the ritual. If I’m right, what the cave wall should indicate is that this chamber was visited periodically, for specific reasons, at specific times, and that each image

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and each animal and each wall represent different aspects of the rites and rituals of the community. The image on the wall somehow helped to structure the life of the group. It's not the image of a meal—it's the image of a process."

The repercussions of Marshack's work have been widening steadily. Archeologists and anthropologists in many different areas have found that his methods shed new light on their own research, and many have written to him, or sent him materials for analysis. Peter T. Furst, chairman of the Department of Anthropology at the State University of New York at Albany and a specialist in pre-Columbian art, suggested to Marshack recently that he apply his methods of analysis to an Olmec mosaic, circa 1200 B.C., that Furst had seen some years before in a private collection. The small mosaic was the most complex artifact of its type ever found in the Americas, and Furst thought that Marshack's sequential analyses might shed light on how and why it was made. Marshack tracked down the mosaic in St. Louis, after a six-month search, and had it sent to New York. His microscopic analyses showed that the mosaic's tiny black stones had been laid in (with astonishing precision) according to an arithmetical sequence; that the sequence conformed to that of a lunar calendar; and that the style of the inlay strongly suggested the late style of Mesoamerican hieroglyphic writing. Marshack's findings were so impressive that Furst was able to convince the owner to send the mosaic back to Mexico as a national treasure.

Marshack's research is of special interest to primatologists working with chimpanzee language, to psychologists studying cognition, and to neurophysiologists, anthropologists, historians of religion, and, in particular, linguists. Man's earliest symbol-making activity has obvious implications for the problem of the origins of human language, as Marshack himself is well aware. "If man in the Upper Paleolithic was capable of highly complex symbolic notation, then it's obvious that he must have needed language to explain it," Marshack said recently. "My feeling—and it's just a feeling—is that every image in the caves is the abstract of a linguistic myth. The abstract of a telling. Nobody ever made an image without having a name for that image and a story to go with it."

In a somewhat unguarded moment last spring, Marshack suggested that perhaps what he had done was to in-

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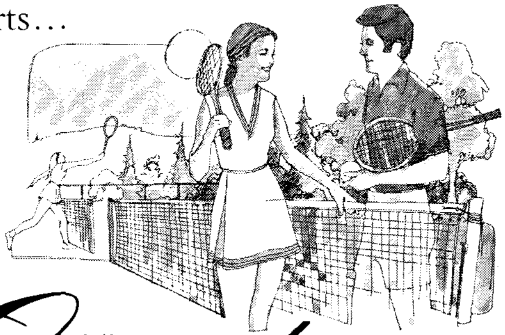

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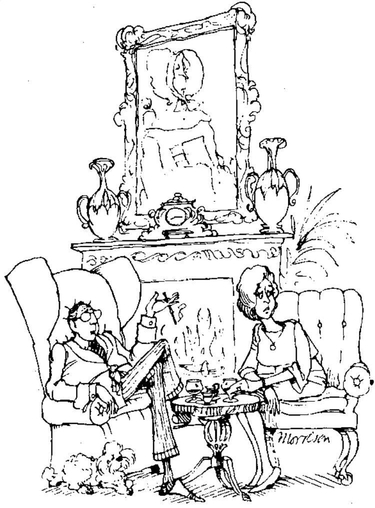

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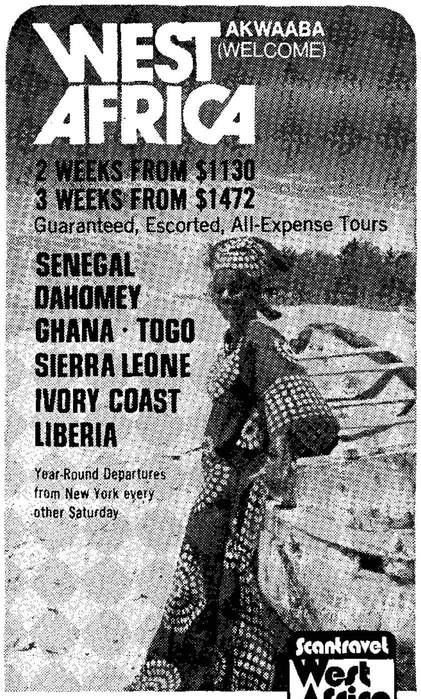

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vent a new branch of archeology. "Everything is becoming interdisciplinary," he said. "Archeologists call in climatologists, paleobotanists, and anthropologists to help them interpret their data. They're breaking down habitation data in all sorts of new ways. They're finding out in what season a habitation was used, and what the activities of the men were in one corner and of the women in another corner, and where the food was butchered and where it was cooked and where it was eaten. The new archeology is beginning to ask questions that relate to the sequence of activities, the specialization of activities. I'm asking how the symbolic material ties in with all this, and I'm tempted to call what I'm doing 'cognitive archeology.' If I can show that the caves were used in specific seasons, and that there were different ceremonies in different seasons, then, putting this together with all the new habitational and botanical and climatological data, I can begin to get a much fuller picture of how the human mind was working and using symbols.

"For a hundred years now, archeology has been digging up stone tools and prehistoric man has been considered primarily as a toolmaker. But the toolmaking and the tools we find represent only one part of what occupied this person. Perhaps a minor part. Man was not really and primarily a toolmaker; man continually had to solve problems, hour by hour, season by season, only some of which could be solved by tools. The rest—weather, cold, distances, seasons, migrations—had to be solved by other means. These solutions did not become archeological artifacts. The bones and the stones last, and so for a hundred years man has been thought of as the toolmaker. But what part did art and symbol play in the evolution of his intelligence?

"I don't really know whether or not I'll get the answers to the questions I'm asking," Marshack said reflectively, "but sometimes asking the right questions is more important than the answers you come up with. At the back of everything I'm asking is the question of what it was that evolved in man to make it possible for him to use symbols as a means of communication. If you can get to that one, then you'll know the answer to how man became man."

—CALVIN TOMKINS

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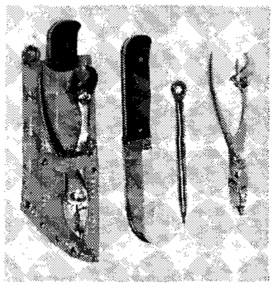

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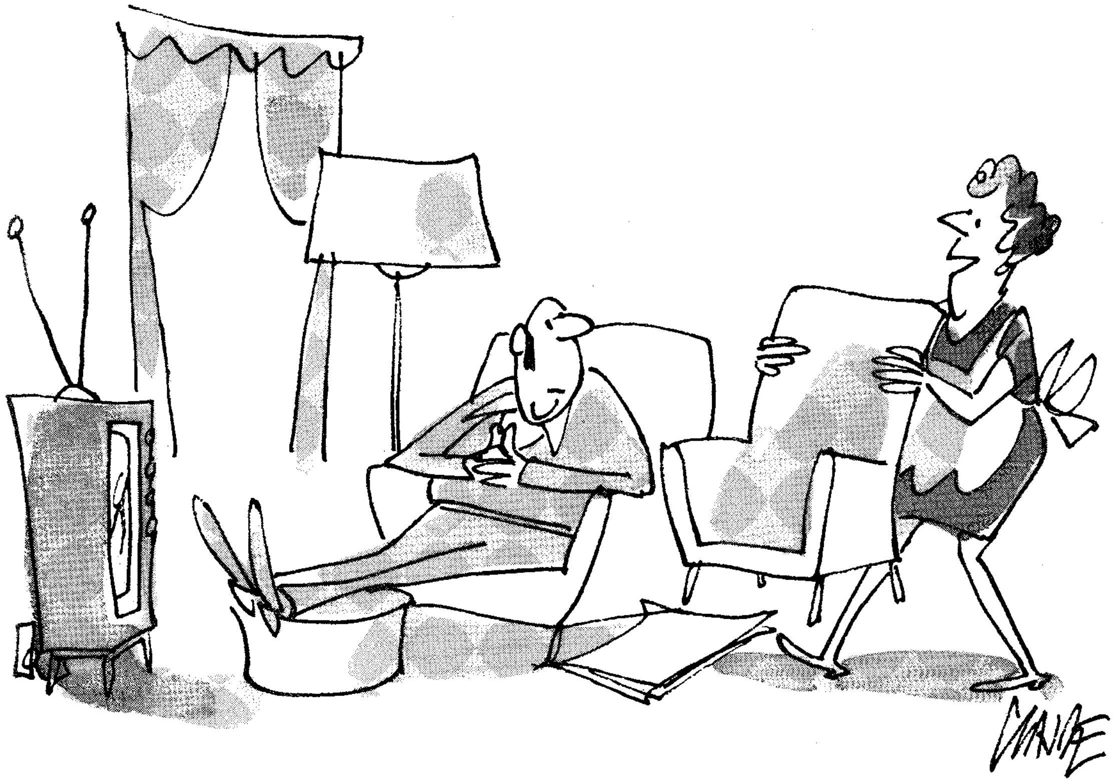
LETTER FROM LONDON

APRIL 11

IT was Harold Wilson who once remarked that a week is a long time in politics, and the past seven days have certainly borne him out. No matter where people look—across the Channel at the Europe to which the majority of English seem not to want to remember they belong, or right here at home, where the Government has been briskly going about its business as though it had a big majority to back its policies—there are suddenly confusing question marks. Until the last few days, it was believed that the Prime Minister would call an election in June, before memory of benefits received had shortened and the present amiable truce between the Government and the trade unions had been broken rudely by new wage demands. Now, because June memories would also contain perhaps unflattering impressions of the Prime Minister's current troubles over the alleged highly profitable land speculations carried out last year by members of his close personal staff, the election has been put forward, apparently to October. For this small mercy citizens who have hardly recovered from the last one are, anyway, thankful.

What caused the troubles is being discussed by everyone with fascination and, in Tory circles, with a good deal of hilarity. The storm that all at once blew up around Mr. Wilson might indeed have seemed to the outside world, and to many people here, almost laughably teacup-sized—there being no question about his own behavior or about the legality of the property transactions concerned—if he had not insisted on treating it as a hurricane. People who had hardly noticed that it was blowing read with astonishment of the scatter of libel writs smartly whirling down Fleet Street from No. 10, and naturally began asking what was up. It is doubtful whether many of them know now, for the newspaper accounts of the affair, its cast of largely unknown characters, and the as yet unsolved mystery of how someone unknown first pinched Mr. Wilson's House of Commons writing paper and then had a not very expert go at forging his signature on a letter about one of the land deals have been addling. But it was Mr. Wilson's extraordinary outburst last week in the startled House of Commons, treated by him to a quite gratuitous lecture on the subject of when land speculation (which is shameful in Socialist eyes) becomes land reclamation (which is public-spirited, and even noble), that made everyone begin to take the thing seriously as a possibly damaging political factor. It must be remembered that countless British in all parties—and especially young couples desperate to find a home and despairing of ever being able to own a nook or cranny at today's astronomic prices—view the much publicized fortunes made in property speculation with great resentment. Especially to the Labour Party, which has a streak of puritanism in its bloodstream, such gains are "obscene" (a word the Prime Minister has used to describe them), and Labour candidates fought the election on a platform that included promises to crack down on the unpopular operators. It has therefore been a shock to Mr. Wilson's bewildered supporters to discover that "land deals"—two words that equate with Tory sin—had allegedly been brought off very profitably by his trusted personal secretary, Mrs. Marcia Williams, and her family. Coming so soon after the budget, which took a generally stern view of the idea of all large financial rewards, it seemed particularly incomprehensible. The reactions of press and public to the long and remarkably unilluminating statement on the affair that the Prime Minister rattled off to the Commons on Monday were cool. The Conservative M.P.s, who have been cautiously keeping rather quiet since their early attempt to bring the Government down came embarrassingly to nothing, were notably restrained in their reception of it. But in private the rank and file of the Party are talking jubilantly of its being their first piece of good luck in months. However it all turns out, they think that some of the doubts it has raised will still be around in October, if the election is run then.

THE sudden big gap in the European air left by the tragic disappearance of President Pompidou added to the uncertainties over Britain's future in the European Economic Community, which have been making for worried or hopeful talk here. It seems that a majority of citizens are still hopeful that Labour will keep its election promise to lead them out of the Community if it cannot induce the other members to set about rebuilding the certainly tottery club structure, and they applauded every blunt reported word of Mr. James Callaghan, the Foreign



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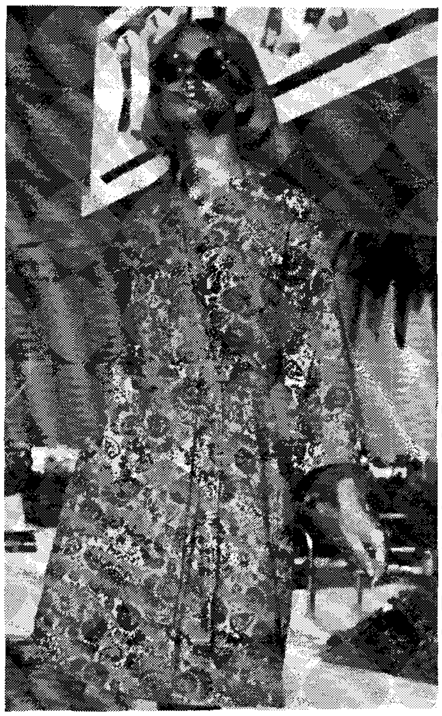

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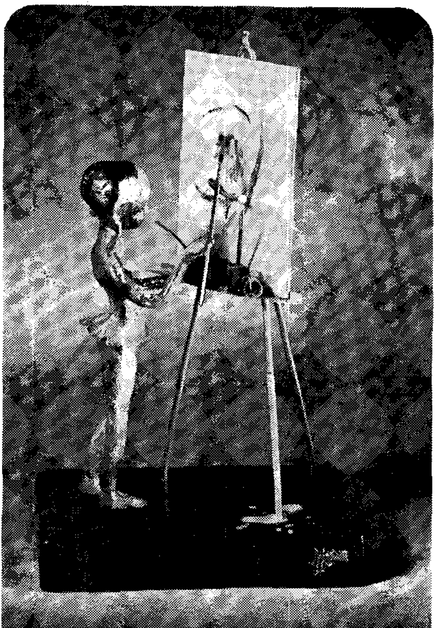
Secretary, on his first appearance at the Council of Ministers in Luxembourg. His appearing, wreathed in smiles, on TV to explain how he had put over Britain's case to the foreigners seems to have pleased these citizens as much as it appalled the worried ones—the enthusiastic pro-Europeans, who have been loud in their criticisms of what they view as his crass chauvinism. Large sections of the population, it should be added, doubtless remained as apathetic toward either view as they did when Mr. Heath led them into Europe; the subject is not a great vote-catcher. The most reliable interpretation of the Foreign Secretary's performance seems to be that it was a quite skillful concoction designed to soothe the rabid anti-Europeans at home while leaving all the options open. Mr. Callaghan is, on the whole, rather a popular figure here—a big, lumbering man whose genial expression, somewhat qualified by an exceedingly shrewd eye, is often described by journalists as "avuncular." Whether his rough broadside at Luxembourg was that of an uncle bent on getting a favorite niece out of an unfortunate entanglement or merely an effort to make the union run more smoothly is being much debated. Many people would like to think that Mr. Roy Jenkins, the new Home Secretary, and other ardent pro-Europeans on Mr. Wilson's team would stand firm in the Cabinet against those ministers who will probably be for rejection of any terms and a quick out. But it is also remembered how prudently, after voting according to conscience on entry into Europe, they fell into line and supported the Party in the subsequent debates on Common Market legislation, so even that is far from certain.

The only thing that is clear enough after six weeks of the new Government is that change is in the air as unmistakably as the fine spring weather. Mr. Wilson lost no time in honoring many of his election promises to demolish the more unpopular reminders of the Conservatives, such as the Industrial Relations Act, due to be dismantled this summer, but he has shown caution over others. Mr. Denis Healey's budget a fortnight ago was the most marked portent of social change now and to come. Many Conservatives feel with gloom that it will be remembered as a fiscal milestone—the first profoundly different Socialist approach to the task of taking wealth away from the individual and redistributing it to the state. All those portions of the Chancellor's operation



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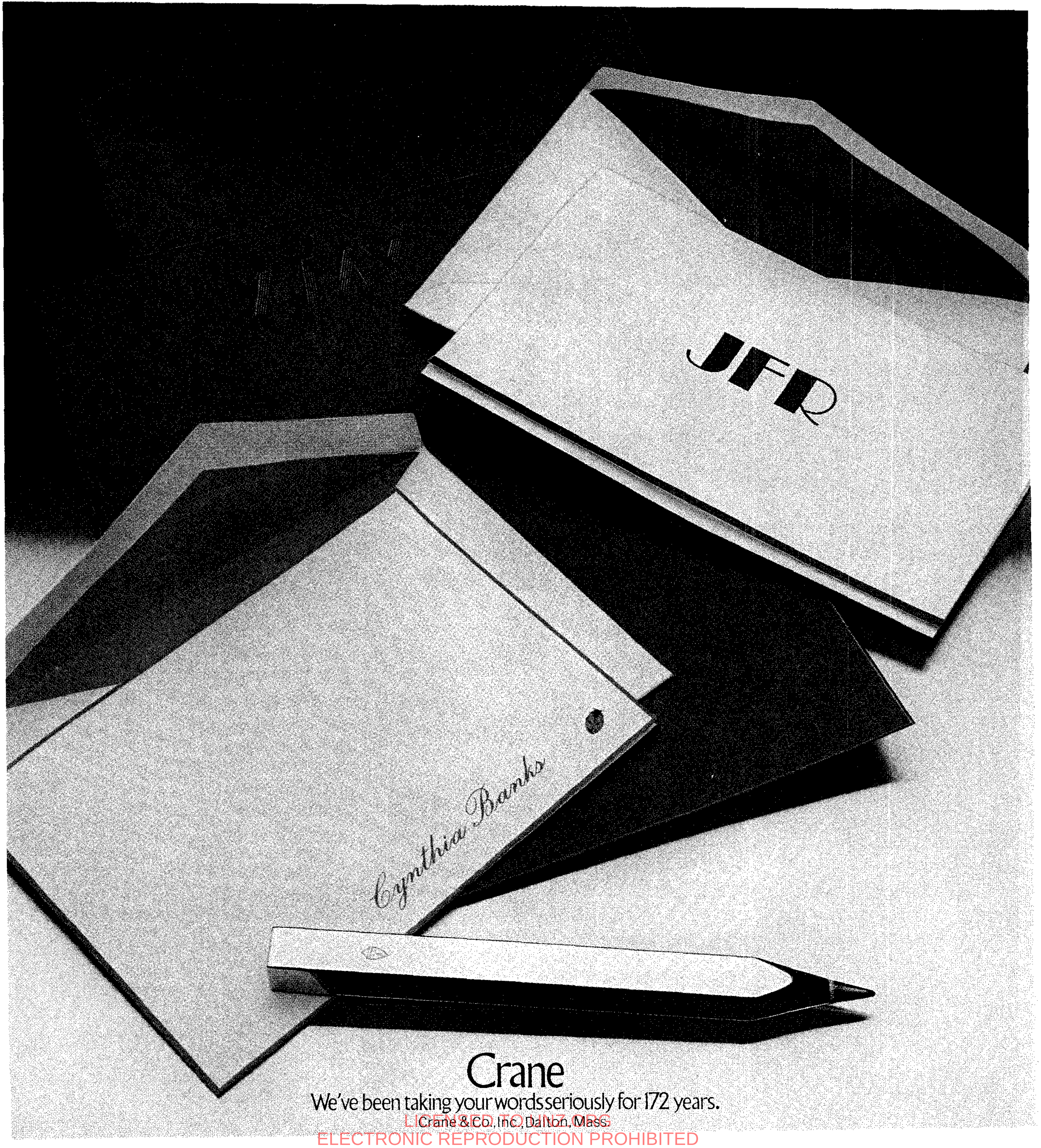

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which drilled into the thin top layer of the very rich indeed and into the much larger seam of the only moderately rich middle class were part of the so-called "social compact" with the trade-union leaders, who wanted something to help them hold back their members' wage claims. The impatient left wing of the Party was disappointed that the promised annual wealth tax was not introduced right away. Alarmed industrialists and businessmen said at first that the new curbs the Chancellor had clapped on them might succeed in killing or seriously hurting the goose that lays the golden eggs, but soothing words from the Government appeared to calm the nervous City. To judge by the second thoughts that the workers have been having, they are not grateful to Mr. Healey for making them fork out more, just as if he were a Tory Chancellor, for their petrol, smokes, beer, wine (England has become progressively more partial to drinking "plonk," as the inexpensive table wines are called), electricity (to go up a whacking thirty per cent in the autumn), coal, postage, and rail fares. The Government was careful, however, to carry out its campaign pledge to do something about the soaring cost of food, which the Conservatives did not and so lost the election. Economists are critical, on the whole, of the Government's bringing in subsidies on milk, butter, and bread, and possibly other basic foods, so that all income groups will pay the same prices, in strictly indiscriminate, expensive Socialist equality. Even with these, the Opposition immediately charged that the bigger retirement pensions awarded by the Chancellor, also as promised, will be swallowed up by inflation almost before their grateful recipients start drawing them.

THE new production of the National Theatre, at the Old Vic—"Eden End"—is an eightieth-birthday tribute to the playwright J. B. Priestley, and it is a gentle, elegiac piece, produced originally in 1934, which makes one wonder why Peter Hall, who has succeeded Laurence Olivier as the National's director, chose it in preference to one of Priestley's more robust works. Eden End is the name of a North of England country doctor's house, set among the moors, which look in almost like another character, seen in peaceful sunshine or in pelting rain through the back window of Carmen Dillon's nostalgically perfect 1912 sitting room. The play is full of ominous, nudging reminders

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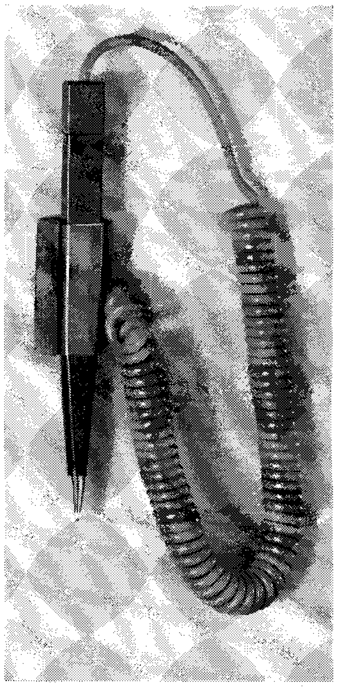

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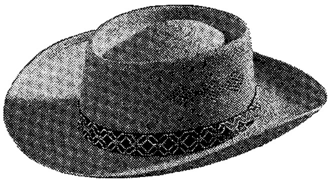

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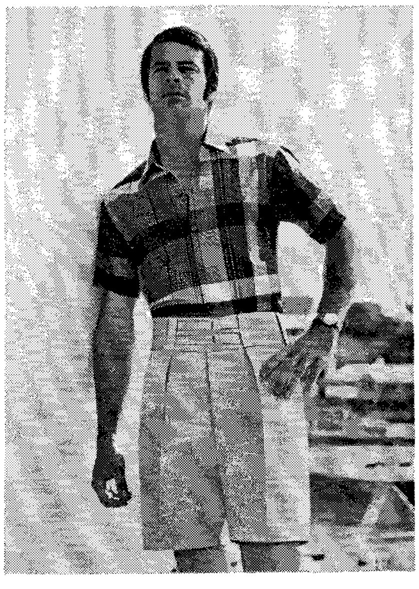

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that this is the last taste of Eden that Dr. Kirby's family are likely to have, for all their optimistic chat about good times ahead; the coming catastrophe will sweep their world away as the Russian Revolution destroyed the people in Chekhov's country houses. Its theme is Chekhovian transposed to Yorkshire. After some years of silence, a daughter who ran away full of ambition to be an actress unexpectedly returns, a mediocre failure, disgusted with herself, her tawdry life, and her broken marriage. To her father, her young brother, and her old admirer, an honest local landowner in knickerbockers, she is a glamorous visitor from another world. The homelier younger sister, who had to stay at home and be housekeeper after her departure, is bitterly hostile. Finally, the visitor—the catalyst of all their private dreams and regrets—leaves Eden End forever. Joan Plowright, in stunning good looks, plays her very beautifully. The *affectionate production* by Laurence Olivier (his first as a guest director) is so rich in the usual marvellous touches that now and then—just now and then—it might be authentic Chekhov.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

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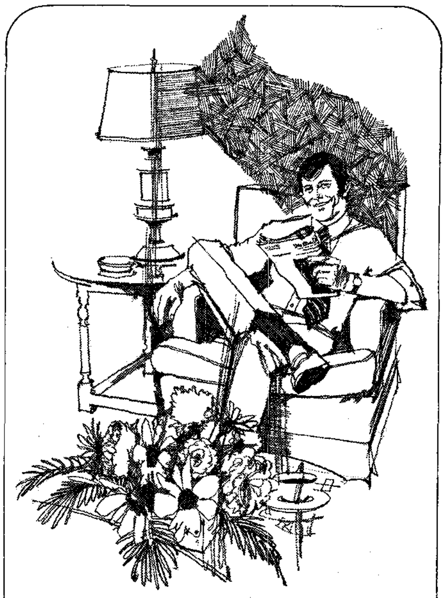

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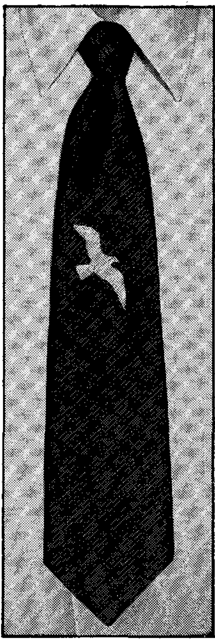

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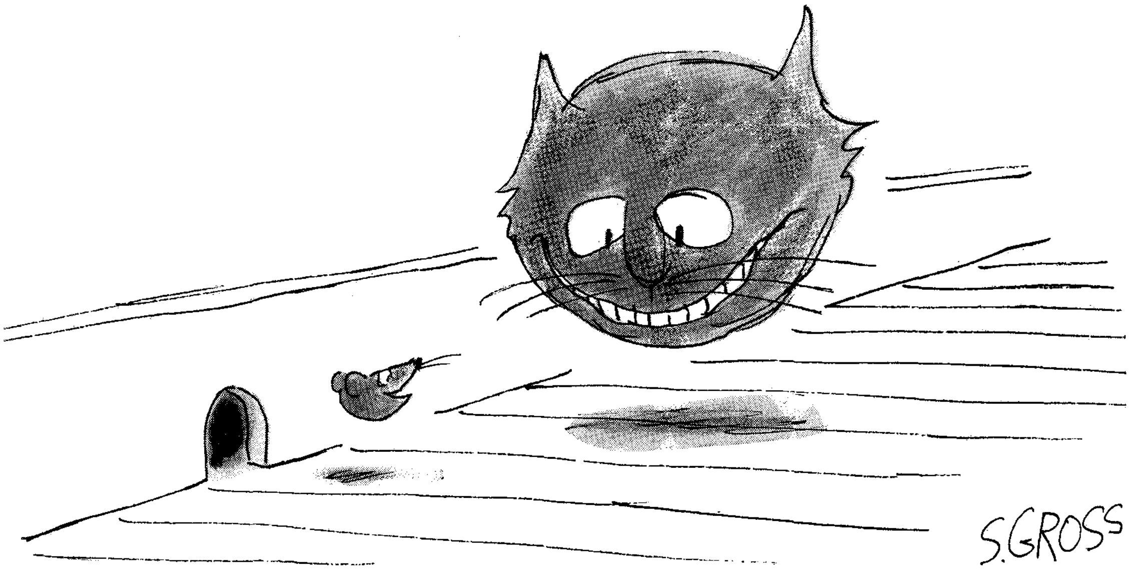
Record of a Rascal Hunter

HE crouches over his newspapers and *Congressional Records*, the great and irreplaceable I. F. Stone, political maverick and unique muckraker. His spectacled eyes and pen-sharp nose are as close to them as Toad to the steering wheel in "The Wind in the Willows" when Toad is spiritedly studying the road and honking an ancient motor horn, much as Stone has sounded alarms in hand-printed broadsheets and rapscallion articles unmatched in English-speaking political affairs for two centuries. The marvellous nuisance-man of Washington hunts down fallacies in newsprint which even editors miss from one week to the next, and finds rascals in bound volumes that bore other reporters into a doze. He consumes print with an intensity as maniacal as Toad's in burning up the road, partly because of a deafness that led him to read instead of listen. Stone seems to grasp at this disability with tacit and stirring thanks for the way it focusses his senses. Head down, he quickly tears out scraps of the dozens of newspapers and magazines he regularly reads, being too impatient to use scissors, and orders them by a system that looks more like piling than filing. Yet he can find a reference in ten seconds—or immediately if it is in his mind, where it is usually stored.

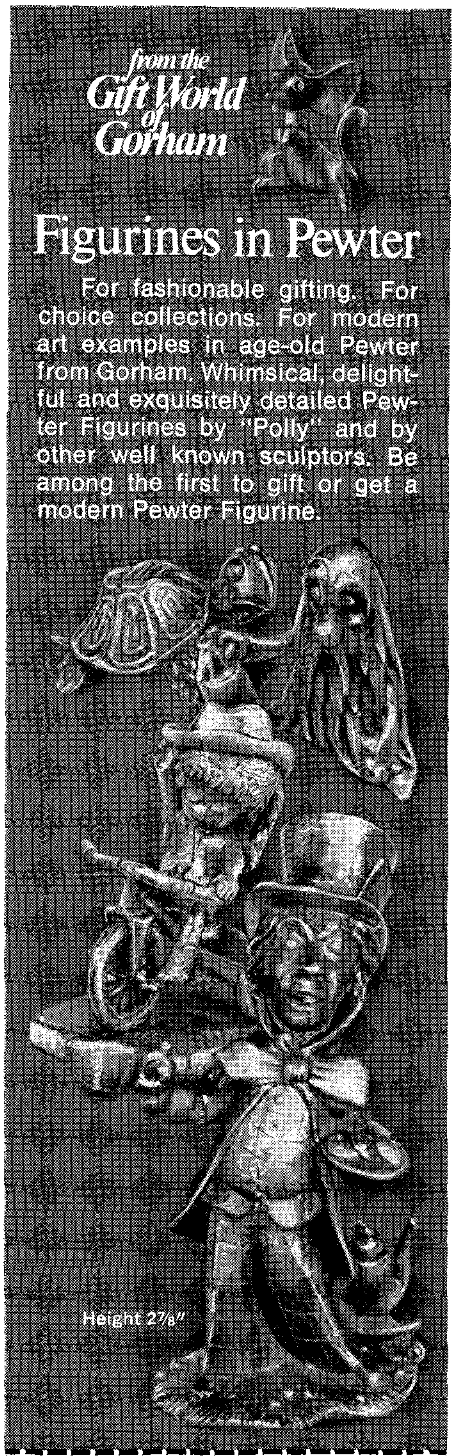
An unobtrusively deft documentary called "I. F. Stone's Weekly" records the way he works. It was made by Jerry Bruck, Jr., with a lot of Stone's own fanaticism. The film commands a moved respect for its hero, who has been a loner all his life yet who has sustained a contagious sort of conviviality in his reporting. When people started subscribing to the newsletter called *I. F. Stone's Weekly*, which was a single-man job if there ever was one, they felt among friends because of his company. His voice carried. He sounded always as if he had air, repose, and comrades around him, even in the McCarthy days, when no newspaper would employ him. He had long since been forced to resign from the National Press Club for trying to entertain a Negro judge at lunch there. He was one of the first to go into the high-level lies about the Tonkin Gulf. No man has ever been more adept at hunting down bland whoppers, at detecting the hidden hush money for pressmen that is implied in their dining with canny political figures whom they might otherwise be free to bombard tomorrow, and at reporting world affairs with a mixture of scrupulous worry and the guttersnipe humor that is the sinew of America. The mixture is heartening, rare in life, unequalled in the history of modern lone reporting, and, above all, brave. Jerry Bruck shows us this modest man racing through bookshops for foreign newspapers and magazines, picking up books and dropping them again in the same movement as he looks for another to add to his pile, getting his newsletter off the presses (with a voice-over interpolation from the printers about his paying bills almost before they are sent). At an unaccustomedly swanky ceremony, to give Stone the Polk Award, he thanks people for "my first establishment award" and promptly goes on to talk exclusively about the forgotten achievements of George Polk in reporting the Greek struggle against "our first Vietnam."

The famous *Weekly* began with a tiny circulation. Until it was discontinued, in 1971, the circulation manager was Stone's wife. She is seen saying briefly in the midst of feeding the Addressograph that if her husband stopped to organize his files he wouldn't have time to do his reading. There is a shot of Stone sending requested back issues of the *Weekly* himself, walking to the mailbox laden with batches of them. Another week, one sees him darting excitedly for records that a young assistant, later worn out by Stone's energy in research, admits to finding boring. Stone must have fatigued junior helpers by the dozen into taking to their beds. He has always been virtually alone.

Jerry Bruck, in putting his film together, shows much the same stamina and much the same style of seizing the point. (The movie is now showing in Chicago commercially, and at campuses all over the country. On April 24th, it opens in Texas; in mid-May it will play in New York.) When Stone is talking about the dread consequences of lunching with power for any impartial reporter, Bruck quietly cuts in a sequence of Ron Ziegler playing tennis at an athletic club with men who know how to deal with a social bribe even better than how to deal with a ball. Stone's own happy croak alternates with narration by Tom Wicker. Stone tells an audience about the day when he started tracking down a lie about underground atomic testing which "really began in the mind of that scientific screwball and real nut Edward Teller, because as we got close to an agreement with the Russians, he began to say, 'Suppose they test underground, or suppose they test on the dark side of the moon. . . . How will you know?' " Stone got his regular *Times* the next morning. As he puts it in the film, the *Times* wrote that underground tests the day before conformed "to the expectations of the experts, meaning Teller and Latter . . . that the tests would not be detectable more than two hundred miles away." But somewhere else Stone got a city edition of the *Times* with a shirttail saying that Toronto had detected



"I'm a Cheshire mouse."



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them. In the late city edition, he found other shirttails, one from Rome, one from Tokyo, saying that *they* had detected them. "I thought, gee, I wish I had enough money to cable those places and find out what's going on." But he hadn't, so he stacked all the stuff in his basement, this elating man who can detect casuistry thousands of miles away yet hasn't the cash to send a cable about atomic testing. He waited. Events developed. The great powers came close to a test ban. The U.S.S.R. offered listening posts about five hundred and eighty miles apart. "Two days later the Atomic Energy Commission, which is in my opinion the most mendacious government agency in Washington," released to the press a report saying that tests could not be detected more than two hundred miles away. The obvious purpose—obvious to Stone, that is—was to make a liar out of Harold Stassen, who was negotiating with the Russians for President Eisenhower, and to undercut agreement. Stone says that he said to himself, "I've never been on a seismology story before," and he discovered by telephoning around town that the Commerce Department's Coast and Geodetic Survey had a seismology branch. So he jumped in his car and went down there. "And they were so glad to see a reporter. I don't think they'd seen a reporter since Noah—since there was a tremble from Mount Ararat when Noah's Ark landed and there was a wide squiggle on the seismometer." We are glad to see a reporter, Mr. Stone—all the rest of us, who have read you all these years—and we thank Mr. Bruck for this footnote to your nobility and funniness, though I don't suppose that you would want us to dwell on compliments.

Now Bruck is investigating ways that independent filmmakers might distribute their own films, circumnavigating the present vagaries without having to join tennis clubs or send cables. Bruck really does modestly exist in the footsteps of the indispensable I. F. Stone. On to the next piece of research, and the next discovery drawn from records devotedly stacked in the basements of good men's minds.

My name's called Molly. Guess I'm known as Lovin' Molly round these parts. Mr. Sidney Lumet directed a real nice-feelin' picture about me, called by my name of "Lovin' Molly." I'm from Texas, which is the biggest, proudest state you ever did see. My men in my youngmost days would ride miles just to have the chance of eating popcorn with me. I looked mighty pretty then in my blue-and-white dress that you see in the movie. They tell me that all my lovin' and breedin' through the years since then has made me prettier than ever, like the times when my father would hit me and one of my men comforting me for my black eye would admire me for my beauty. Guess that was because a black eye's natural now and then in Texas.

Well, I guess you've got to love what's natural. I never had my shoes on before Christmas, and I prided myself on having them off by Washington's Birthday. So I guess I just can't help the lovin' and breedin' you see in this film. Guess those newfangled women's-liberation magazines wouldn't understand me, taking into consideration I'm no man's object. I create a man-child. I breed him, and then maybe later his father hits some other man who's wanting to fight for my appreciation. (*Character sounds happy.*) But I guess those magazines would say my great fondness for lovin' and breedin' ain't liberated. Well, you should see my men burying their faces in my hair when I've just rinsed it in vinegar and they enjoy it like eating vinegar cobbler. That's liberated, ain't it? And I guess you should see me in the film running into the water with nothin' on but my skin, which is even prettier than my dress and makes a man glad to be born. (*Puzzled.*) Sure don't know why the man I have with me at the time in this scene looks about to die.

Anyway. All my girlhood and my womanhood I were residing in these parts where there weren't but eleven people able to vote. My old man was the most bribing official these parts ever had, besides the most drinking. He got elected sheriff because of those eleven people. He gave every one of them a bribe and still only won by one vote. He stole the ballot boxes afterward and found out who voted against him and raised hell and got his bribes back from them. That's the kind of man he was. The movie doesn't dwell on my sufferin', but you can guess at it from my expression and my black eye. The gracious lady who pictures me in the movie goes by the name of Blythe Danner, which is a name I like on account of its naturalness for an actress playing someone as blithe as Lovin' Molly. Guess I got my love of naturalness from my old man, who was fearsome natural before he died, enough to put most people off their beans and biscuits. Guess I may have been the only person in the world to love him, on account of my propensity for lovin'. (*Contempla-*

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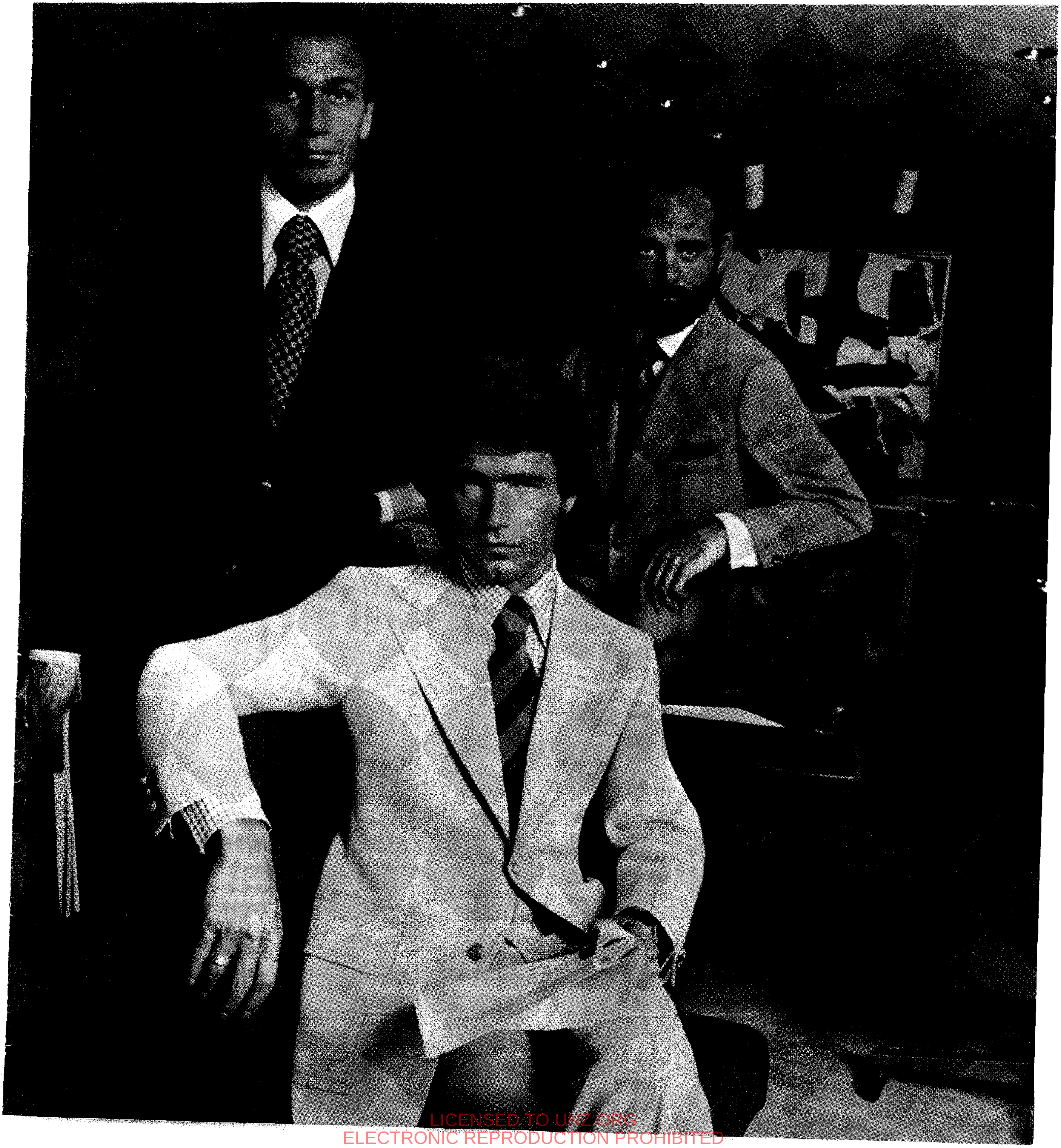

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*Product made in U.S.A. Available in department stores and fine pharmacies. ©1974 The Pantene Company, Div., Hoffmann-LaRoche Inc., Nutley, N.J. 07110 *tive.*) My part certainly is perfectly took by Miss Danner. It looks like the costume department padded her hips, so you feel you could go harrowing with them.

As I was saying, these several men in the film are in love with me. One of them gets to marry me. He's called Eddie—Mr. Conard Fowkes pictures him—but he's away in the oil fields most of the time and dies before we can do any breedin'. I just remembered something. I was going to cut a big patch of cockleburrs today. (*Her normal distraction. No pause.*) Well, anyway, poor Eddie was a rotten drunk. Guess I was thinking of my dad when I said yes. So there I am, alone, except that I can't help lovin' my two other men I'm not married to, which is pictured in the film by Mr. Beau Bridges as my Johnny, Mr. Bridges being a fine actor with a home-baked face who looks as if he growed right out of the earth, and Mr. Anthony Perkins as my Gid, Mr. Perkins being another fine actor, kinda slim for my taste when he's plowing in the movie, but his collarbone and shoulders put me in mind of a dairymaid's yoke with two buckets full of good fresh milk hanging off of them. Mr. Perkins is a beautiful performer, because you can tell how much he loves me, for all his shyness. When people say he looks like he comes from a town, I could hit them for it.

Me and Johnny and Gid, that's what the movie's about. Guess I just can't help men lovin' me, no more'n I can help lovin' them. Mr. Lumet directed the lady who pictures me real fine, this Miss Blythe Danner. Guess the reason he skipped a lot of the regular movie stuff about why things happen was on account of the length of a person's life, which he wanted to get into ninety-eight minutes. Or maybe he suffered from me exhausting him, which is sump'n I appear to do to people who love me. I love them so much I wear them out like as if they was a pair of my jeans when I'm farming. As for Gid and Johnny, I just hung around them and waited for them to walk over to me. *I* don't know the reason why I didn't marry one of them in the first place, any more than Mr. Stephen Friedman does, who wrote the movie.

Well, anyway, the film just starts at the beginning and goes right on through. The makeup department and the wig department on location must have been workin' like plow horses. You get the theme of breedin' when Gid helps a cow to give birth and I just can't help kissin' that calf. So soon Gid and I have a son, though I do hear

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say that Gid first went out into a big patch of cockleburrs and was sick to his stomach after I kissed the calf, which just proves he is a man and real frail. (Guess you see his frailness most when he's supposed to be old in the movie, with his hair dyed a color that puts you in mind of barbecue coals all burnt out and full of clinkers, though the movie people still let him have that smile I never could resist.) Guess Mr. Lumet ruralized him real good, like they radicalize people out East these days.

So then there's all the lovin' and sufferin', and my two sons die—the other was fathered by Johnny—and then I'm on my own, and Miss Danner has to keep going to the makeup people to help her depict me. They give me hair like stubble and they wrinkle all our faces like the hands of women who're washing laundry for a week, though the movie says *I'm* still supposed to be pretty. Well, I guess my men think stubble's pretty to bury their noses in, and I guess we all have these wrinkled faces for the sake of movie audiences, on account of explaining the way a lifetime of lovin' and breedin' and sufferin' can slip by in these ninety-eight minutes. You understand why the film is named after me, of course, though Gid and Johnny is equally important on account of my lovin' them. It's because of the times we're livin' in. Women are sump'n at last, like I always knew. The writer, Mr. Friedman, was also the producer, and he caught on to the idea real fast. He got it from a mighty long book written in this way of talkin' by Larry McMurtry, called "Leaving Cheyenne." Mr. McMurtry wrote the books that the movies "Hud" and "The Last Picture Show" came from. "Lovin' Molly" will seem a mite earthy if you don't like earth that much, and there may be more to other women than there is to me in this story, but Mr. Lumet directed the small parts with a real sense of people living together. That's a gift of his. But there ain't enough of these people showing, not even my two sons; and there ain't much talk going on around the three of us. Our habitancy was a bigger one than the book or the picture makes you think, and in any picture you want details and side people you can do without in books. And, all right, I guess there was a mass of talk through the years about me and Gid and Johnny, not to speak of poor Eddie. I'd like to have seen Mr. Lumet and Mr. Friedman latching on to those gabbers. Mr. Lumet could do that. People who saw "12 Angry Men" in 1957 or thereabouts say he was doing it fine way back.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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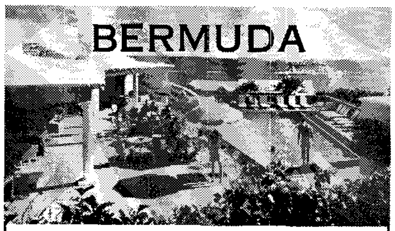

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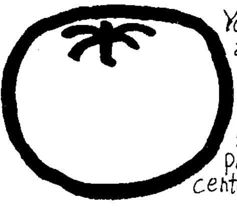

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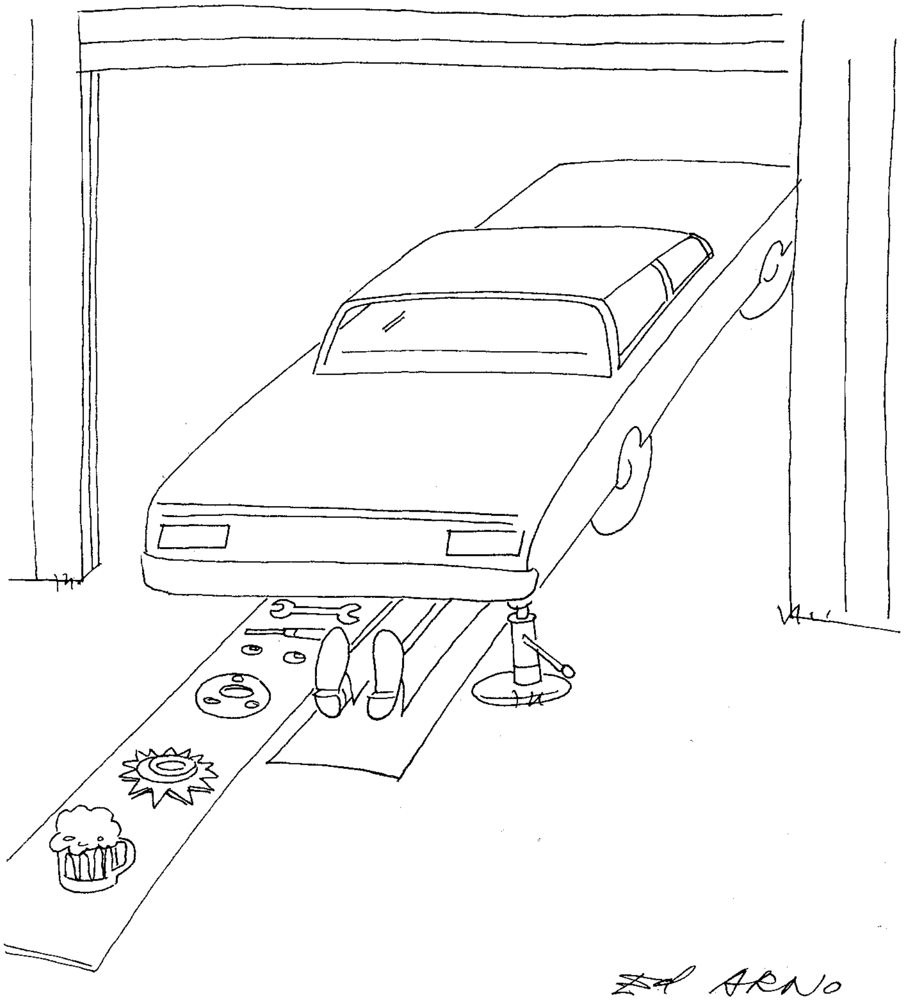
DANCING

Harkness Blue

LIKE the English major in Mary McCarthy's "The Group" who had some relation to literature, Rebekah Harkness has some relation to dance, and it grows fainter with every appearance of the Harkness Ballet. The company is playing its first New York season in five years, this time in its own theatre—Mrs. Harkness's gift to the city and to the world of dance. It's the theatre, rather than the company she has been supporting for ten years, that will probably bring this most munificent and muddled of American dance patrons the fame she has been courting for so long. She has refurbished an old vaudeville house on the southern rim of Lincoln Center, and although a lot of its small-scale charm is killed by the cattle-baronial swank of its new décor, the Harkness Theatre is in its proportions ideally suited to dancing. The auditorium is broad and steep—a fan rather than a horseshoe; except at the sides and top of the house, the sight lines are good; the stage has presence. The Harkness may become the most useful theatre in the city for small dance companies; already it's one of the most comfortable. Mrs. Harkness, with her customary devotion to dancers' physical needs, has laid a springy new stage, and all the available space backstage has been converted into warmup areas and efficient modern dressing rooms.

The public part of the theatre—all blue velvet and black marble with a surfeit of mirrors and chandeliers—may also make it a tourist attraction. The taste of Mrs. Harkness's designer, the Spanish artist Enrique Senis-Oliver, runs to Louis XIV chairs on the orchestra and first-balcony levels instead of the usual theatre seats, and sculptured gilt fixtures (and more chandeliers) in the toilets. An audience that is likely to bang its head on crystal sconces and struggle with hot-water taps in the shape of cupids knows that this is no longer an ordinary theatre even if it once was. And Senis-Oliver hasn't been content with restoring the old plaster gingerbread or with carrying his patron's favorite shade of blue wall to wall or with filling the place with sconces and cupids; he's also painted a stupefying mural called "Homage to Terpsichore." One gazes up through the Harkness-blue air at this vision of sepia nudes cascading around the proscenium arch and dirty jokes start cascading through the mind. The nudes aren't cheerful; they're grisly, super magic-realism nudes, and Senis-Oliver's anatomical survey has nothing to do with dancing. The style suggests that he once mixed dung and tempera for Salvador Dali, and he has thrown in a few three-dimensional effects: bunched drapery laps over the frame, painted hands carry real candelabra, a "real" hand sticks out of the wall. (He's also thrown in a portrait of Mrs. Harkness wrapped in an ivory cloak.) What it all suggests is the solemn, genteel pornography that Harkness ballets usually remind me of, and as long as her company is playing in her theatre, the mural and the ballets will seem to be saying something about each other. Senis-Oliver's nudes toy, among other things, with a painted version of the stage curtain; like ghastly cherubim, they seem to be pulling it up, and the curtain itself, an apricot-colored jabot-style affair in a filmy material, looks like nothing so much as the hem of a giant peignoir. When it rises, as it does all too often in the course of a Harkness evening, the act constitutes indecent exposure.

I have passed two evenings there since the start of the season. On the first, I experienced the torture of dullness; on the second, the dullness of torture. Both evenings opened with the same Norman Walker ballet—different titles, different music, different dancers, but essentially the same ballet product that Walker has been turning out for years as mindlessly and endlessly as wallpaper. But Walker isn't the world's worst choreographer; the Harkness repertory gives him too much competition for that title. His contribution was followed, on the first evening, by "Sebastian," Gian Carlo Menotti's unstageable and typically factitious little fable about love and death in seventeenth-century Venice. Its story about the lovely, exotic slave boy getting stabbed through the arras has some resemblance to the climax of "The Medium," and it's unstageable because the music keeps prolonging sentiments instead of moving the action. Vicente Nebrada's choreography, replacing John Butler's, represents the Harkness's second attempt to get something out of this work. It fails, but it was probably foredoomed. The designer, Sandro LaFerla, did one of those eerie carnivals that are such bores on the stage, and the two leading dancers, Christopher Aponte and Clara Cravey, were trapped by the inexpressive and repetitious dances. Cravey,



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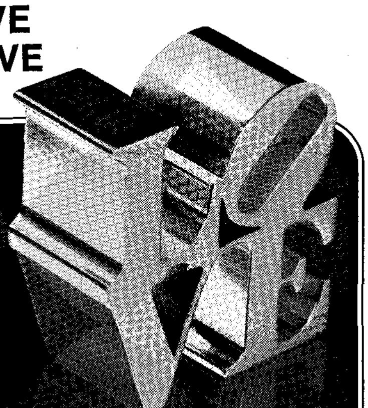

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of all the girls the engagement has presented so far, has come the closest to suggesting that she might be a ballerina, or at least a witty actress, if given the chance. Since 1969, the company has been virtually reconstituted. None of the soloists are familiar to me, nor can I tell why some *are* soloists. There are a few open terrors among them. In general, the women look more expensively cared for than the men; they have enough tiaras and seed pearls and dyed toe shoes to equip ten other companies, but no one seems to know how to choreograph for them. Wistful attempts at sensation are made with the men, who were shown off in two other Nebrada creations. "Gemini" was a sentimental homosexual pas de deux (the frailer-looking of the boys did all the lifting) set to the dance-worn adagietto from Mahler's Fifth Symphony, and "Percussion for Six-Men" contrived some cheap effects by the use of classical technique as tricks and stunts. Only when the choreography crossed the border into acrobatics did the display become exciting, but then the dancers ceased to dance. Dancing, as distinguished from the taking of steps and positions, is something I haven't yet seen the company do, and in this, and in some other key areas, it seems to have fallen off sharply since its last visit.

Todd Bolender's "Souvenirs," an expertly organized farce about vamps, gigolos, blind husbands, and foolish wives, is the kind of thing a good company relaxes in but an inferior company has to push hard, and the way the dancers tore into this piece may be a sign that they're aware of the decay around them. After ten years, the Harkness has yet to produce a single good original ballet or develop a dancer of note, but five years ago, when it was under the direction of Benjamin Harkarvy and its principal dancer, Lawrence Rhodes, it was on the verge of becoming professional and responsible. The contracts of Harkarvy and Rhodes were inexplicably not renewed, and both are now with the Pennsylvania Ballet, while Rebekah Harkness lists herself as artistic director. Is it by accident, whim, or choice that the repertory has grown artier and at the same time coarser and more violent? "The Brood," with choreography by Richard Kuch, originally done for a dance festival at Connecticut College and later by the Repertory Dance Theatre of Utah, is a brutal fantasy on "Mother Courage" in which the four main characters have become sadistic monsters who torment each other with-

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out mercy. The beatings-up and the silent screams outnumber the dance steps in this fetid little piece, and it's incredible that the director of a dance company, having seen what it looked like on another stage, would actually wish to import it for her own.

The second evening ended with Brian Macdonald's "Firebird," not seen here since 1967, when its costumes and décor, by Rouben Ter-Arutunian, and its choreography—Macdonald actually may be the world's worst choreographer—set a record for ostentatiousness and ugliness. The record still stands. This production uses, I believe, more of the Stravinsky music than any other current version of the ballet. It gives us not only the longest and costliest but also the *most* of "Firebird," with three Firebirds choreographed into the piece and doing the work of one. Macdonald, who was artistic director of the company at the time, has never bothered to adjust the action so as to explain why he has made the change; he's apparently assumed that if one Firebird is good, three must be great. The Firebird(s) goes up on one point with the other foot flexed *sur le cou-de-pied.* This motif, plus some ludicrous "electric" body vibrations, must suffice for characterization; Macdonald has no other ideas, and everything else in the ballet is travesty on the same level. Now it seems that this is the level toward which the whole company is sinking again.

The Harkness philosophy has been aptly summed up as "Why spend less when you can spend more?" The question of what ballet means to Rebekah Harkness has never been answered. A few blocks down from the new theatre, on Columbus Circle, stands the Harkness's sister palace, the art museum that Huntington Hartford built in 1964 and dedicated, with an engraved quotation from Kipling, to "the God of things as they are." The Harkness aesthetic embodies no such coherent if untimely vision of things as they are, and it offers no view of things as they should be—no polemic, no passion, not even the sense of an alternative to other companies. Just a series of cold, swaggering gestures.

—ARLENE CROCE

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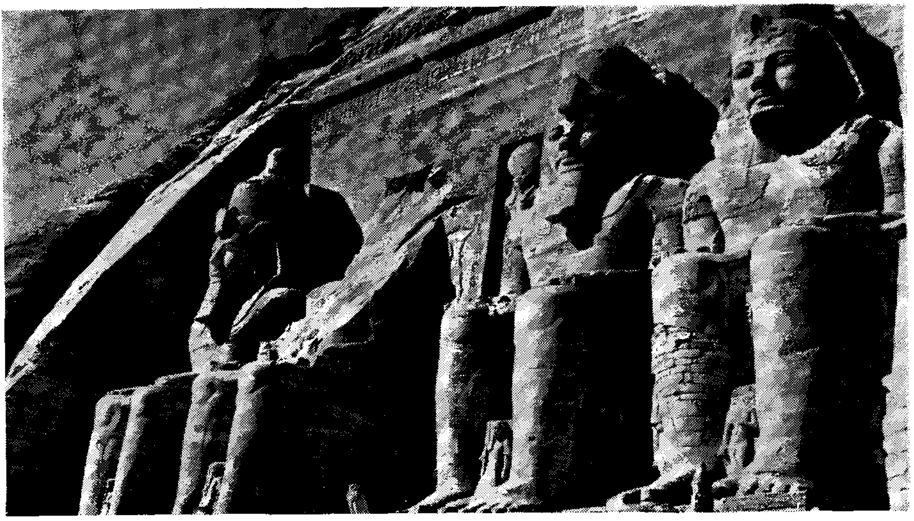

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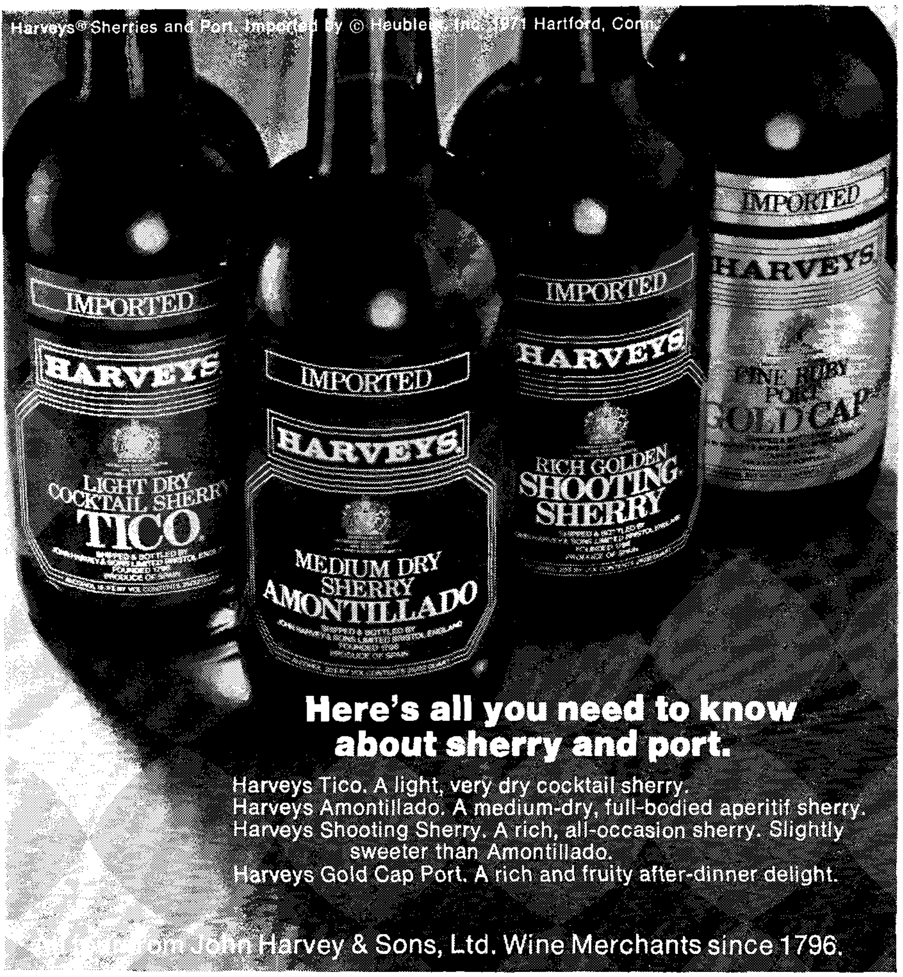

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Going to Pieces

DISARRAY has been a constant characteristic of the operatic scene this season. Not only in New York, where the City Opera's strike, the Met's financial travails, and an apparently infinite series of indispositions, public squabbles, and resignations have fed the daily press to the point of saturation. Consider Florence, the cradle of opera: a similar set of convulsions brought about complete cancellation of the season's first production, and the eventual opening night took place with a last-minute-replacement tenor. Or Italy's operatic capital, La Scala, where the dress rehearsal for a new investiture of Donizetti's "La Favorita" had to be cancelled and a substitute conductor pressed into service for the première, which turned into a battle of lungs between performers unready or unwell and a ferocious, unforgiving audience. Locally, of course, some sort of record was set when the indisposition of a soprano led to four changes of bill during eight days.

Resources, clearly, are thin, and the operatic system, which used to cope with such emergencies fairly well, looks to be breaking down. There aren't enough good singers to meet the ever-growing demand, and talented ones all too frequently run aground before reaching what should be the prime years of their careers. Old, often silly or careless modes of mise-en-scène linger on, side by side with new and equally silly ones; the rare fresh and valid approaches are speedily and mindlessly imitated, sometimes even by their originators, in wildly inappropriate contexts. Few composers find the ambience of the large opera house congenial: the hidebound conservatism of audiences; the limited skills of performers, at least in terms of what their contemporaries outside the opera house can do; the crippling inadequacy of rehearsal time to prepare known works of even moderate complexity, let alone new and difficult scores. The genre that once brought forth innovations affecting the entire musical art is now stagnant and repetitive.

The continuity of traditions is visibly rupturing. More than fifty years of recordings offer the young singer a bewildering superfluity of incompatible models. Conductors, many of them trained primarily for symphonic work, know little about the functioning or nurture of the voice, or about the stylistic niceties of operatic interpretation. French opera, for example, has already vanished, except in alien, irrelevant contexts, and the Paris Opéra, having frittered away the heritage it was intended to preserve, has been transformed from a national embarrassment to a standard international theatre, where French opera is served up as ineptly as anywhere else in the world. Increasingly important sources of talent know the traditions either at second hand (America) or not at all (the Far East), and bring forth singers in a stylistic vacuum. The strongest and best learn how to overcome this, but they must, in effect, fight the system to do so.

Although composers and impresarios will never agree as to which are at fault in the matter, one fact stands out: the contemporary operatic scene, with rare exceptions (such as, possibly, Great Britain), lacks the nourishment that in earlier generations was provided by the continual fresh infusion of new works, challenging singers and gradually reformulating ideals of vocal writing and technique. The successive impulses, in the nineteenth century, of bel canto and grand opera, of Wagner and Verdi, and, later, of Puccini and Strauss kept the art of singing as well as the art of opera in a state of fruitful evolution. The nearest approximation that recent decades have been able to offer is the revival of the virtually defunct bel-canto repertory, inspired by the imaginative example of Maria Callas; much of the most vital and accomplished singing on today's stages stems from the challenges presented by the technical and expressive demands of that literature. (Composers are, of course, still writing for the voice, in new and fascinating ways, but their contacts with institutionalized opera are sporadic and mostly unsatisfactory.)

The other day, I heard a young, bright, and talented conductor say that traditional opera is "mostly *Schlamperei* and *Dreck*." Anyone who attends the opera at all frequently knows just what he means: those performances at which you wouldn't be especially surprised to run down the program credits and find "Costumes by A, Wigs by B, *Schlamperei* by C, *Dreck* by D." Weary run-throughs. Improbably proportioned lovers waving their arms about while addressing passionate declarations to a conductor who is doing little more than directing traffic. A hoarse and motley chorus, unreasonably moving in perfect unison—except on occasions when such concerted action might be justified. An undermanned orchestra, ragged and raucous. The faded scenery flapping in the breeze—or, alternatively, the new and garish "unit set" resolutely withholding information from the audience. The evenings when nothing really happens at all unless the tenor decides to disagree with the conductor's tempo, or to outlast the soprano on a high note.

Schlamperei it is, and no responsible operatic management should allow it. But even in the present debilitated state opera has its rewarding evenings as well. Sometimes a single singer is enough. Beverly Sills, in Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," at the City Opera (April 9th), was pretty irresistible, singing with more accuracy and tonal polish than she has commanded for some time past. She knows the traditions yet doesn't just follow them mechanically; not all of her added flights of coloratura are convincing, but they are fleetly and expressively intoned—a refreshing change from the "standard" ones that for decades have made a mockery of the idea of virtuoso ornamentation. She shapes the simplest line, convinces with the most ordinary gesture. Alas, she is so good that everyone else on the stage of the State Theatre looks and sounds inadequate: stiff and unspontaneous in both bodily movement and musical phrasing. Not untalented, these others lack authority, and the whole presentation is skewed thereby.

If we don't hear many new works, at least there are "new" ones, such as Verdi's "I Vespri Siciliani." A return visit (April 11th) to the Metropolitan production, with all the original principals replaced, disclosed some lessening of detail and impact, making the limitations of the Dexter-Svoboda staging more troublesome. Cristina Deutekom hardly approached the suavity and control of Montserrat Caballé's Elena, while Franco Tagliavini (Arrigo) bleated and bayed in the upper register, many steps below the level of Nicolai Gedda, the least satisfactory member of the original cast. Furthermore, the customarily expert shaping hand of conductor James Levine seemed weary that evening. Still, the best parts of Verdi's score—Elena's parable and exhortation in Act I, the celebrated bass aria, the great, arching finale of the ballroom scene, nearly all of the (original) fourth act, and the trio in the last act—are characteristically eloquent and wonderfully well made. Customers at this performance were deprived of Arrigo's charming serenade in the last act (presumably omitted to avoid the ordeal of a top D for Mr. Tagliavini), for which Paul Plishka's intense, fanatical Procida was ample compensation.

Only at the season's last "Götterdämmerung" (April 6th) did I catch up with the Brünnhilde of Rita Hunter, a lady of uncomfortably square proportions but really imposing vocal and interpretive powers. Perhaps because she first sang the part in her native English (with London's Sadler's Wells Opera, in Andrew Porter's translation), Miss Hunter "reads" the German lines with uncommon sensitivity and awareness, and her warm, vibrant sound is sympathetic as well as heroic. She fitted well into Rafael Kubelik's rich and broadly paced conception—certainly the most distinguished Wagner interpretation New York has heard in years. He, it seems, will not be back; let us hope Miss Hunter will.

"Parsifal," which returned to the Met on Good Friday, was rather more routine, for William Steinberg, a capable conductor for the static outer acts, hardly drew from the still extraordinary harmonic and instrumental adventures of Act II the full potential of variety and color. He wasn't much helped by the garish set and tediously circular blocking of the seduction scene, or by Jess Thomas's dry, physically clumsy Parsifal; the Kundry, Janis Martin—once a secondary singer at the Met, now returned from extensive European experience—owns a powerful voice and an arresting presence, if less than the security on the high notes that her soprano billing implies. John Macurdy was a strong Gurnemanz, and the others sang capably; no part of the evening was inspired, but it was decent repertory work.

Something very special did happen the next night at the Met, during the season's final "Otello." James Levine—a busy man, having just finished a matinée "Don Giovanni"—led the best first act of Verdi's opera I have ever heard, strongly paced and fully characterized from the opening outburst of the storm music, through the feathery lightness of the fireside chorus and the whipcrack chord that asserts Otello's authority after "Put up your bright swords," to the sensuous cello chords beginning the love duet. This act is the best part of Franco Zeffirelli's work as producer, the crowd scenes imagined with the same picturesque richness that first

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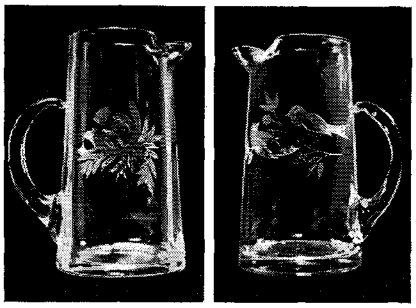

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burst upon us when the curtain rose on that Verona street scene in the Old Vic "Romeo and Juliet" some years back. Zeffirelli's management of the principals is often stagy, contrived, and prop-oriented, but the storm and celebrations of this first act are filled with movement that always reinforces the gestural connotations of Verdi's score. This was brilliant, as, too, was the evocative lighting transition from storm to moonlight.

The second act lost a little headway, for James McCracken (Otello) compounded his part's inherent credibility gap by too speedy violence, and Cornell MacNeil, a plangent and well-spoken Iago, lacked a countervailing subtlety. The third act built again, with the orchestra playing superbly, the chorus singing out bravely, and Kiri Te Kanawa, vocally impeccable, figuring a Desdemona of unusual grace and vulnerability. In the last-act "Willow Song" her movements and inflections conveyed a barely concealed terror, and the "Ave Maria," fragile but unfaltering, left the audience so breathless that for once we heard, unmarred by applause, that terrifying chasm between the final high violin chord of the prayer and the bottom note of the double basses signifying Otello's approach. The subsequent dénouement brought all this latent tension sizzling to the surface, and at the end Levine stretched out the solemn chords as if reluctant to let pass an occasion of such moment. I wished that the young man worried about *Schlamperei* and *Dreck* had been there. —DAVID HAMILTON

CONCERT RECORDS

Half a Loaf

AN attempt at a revival of Max Reger appears to be going on. Never before has his work been dug out en masse by the recording companies, but now it has been released on excellent discs. Reger's is a curious case. Born in 1873, he died at the early age of forty-three, but he produced far more music than many a composer who lived twice as long. Most of it is considered incredibly elaborate, tedious, and lacking in inspiration. But perhaps the time has come to reëvaluate it. Is Reger a long-misunderstood composer, like Bruckner or Mahler, or was the judgment of immediate posterity correct? An answer may be found in a two-album release by Vox (SVBX-586/587; six sides each), played by the Bell'Arte Trio and Ensemble and the Reger Quartet—"Reger: The Complete Chamber Music." The title is a misnomer; about half of Reger's chamber music is in-

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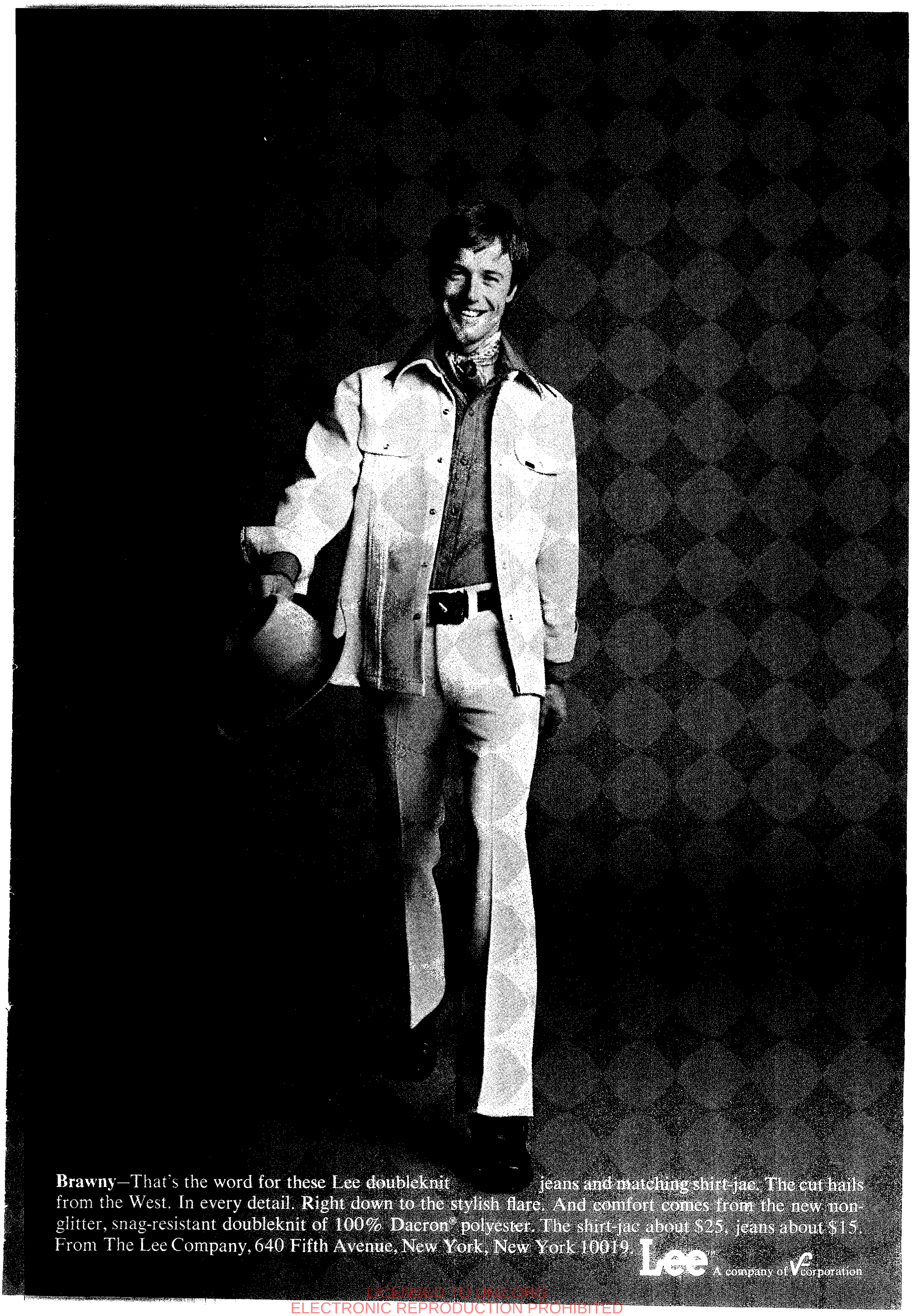

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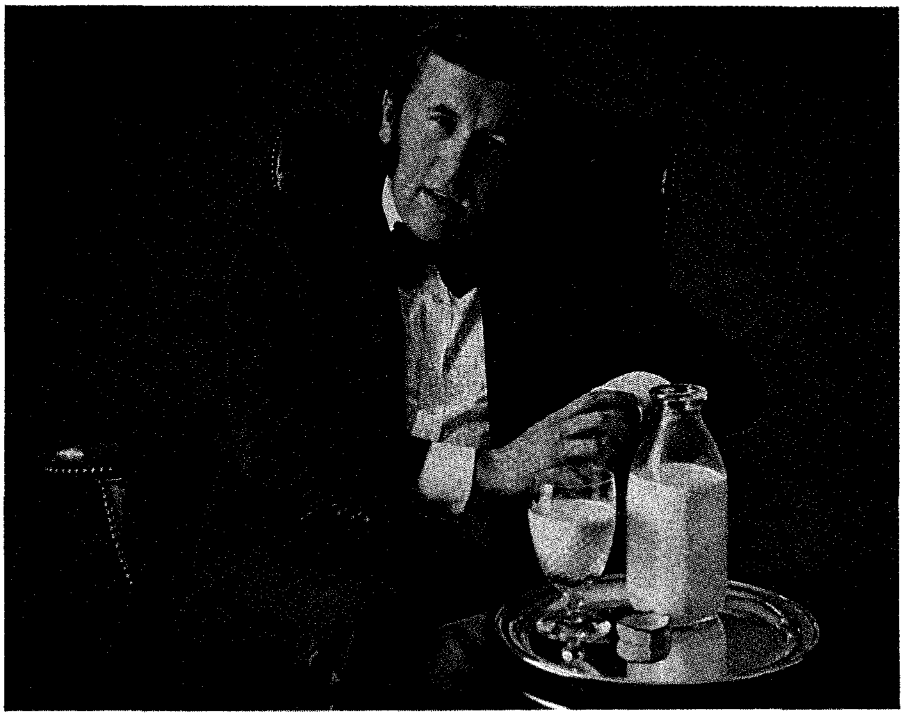

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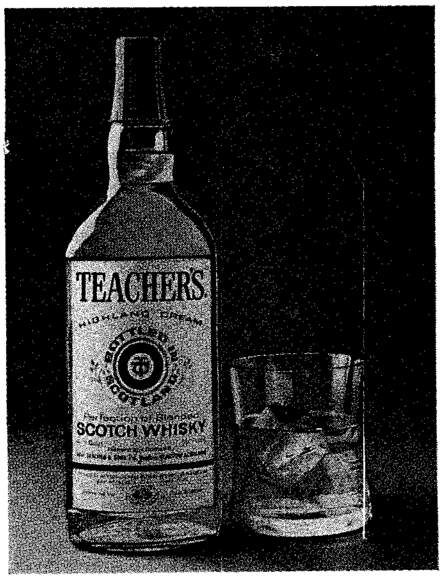
Nevertheless, food in London can be an unforgettable experience. It's difficult to pick the number one restaurant but, if any three from Keats, Le Gavroche, Le Coq d'Or, Chez Solange, Parkes, Carrier's and the Connaught Hotel figure somewhere on your list, you will have eaten better than anywhere else in Europe.

Europe, incidentally, is not a subject you will find on everybody's lips in London.

The Market as such remains decidedly Common; 'Europe' is still by definition a place that does not include England; and Hell to an Englishman is still a place where the Germans are the police, the Swedish are the comedians, the Italians are the defense force, Frenchmen dig the roads, the Belgians are the pop singers, the Spanish run the railways, the Turks cook the food, the Irish are the waiters, the Greeks run the government, and the common language is Dutch.

The number one exclusive store in London is still a title shared by Aspreys and Harrods—though it's no longer true that you can walk into Harrods and buy an elephant...you can walk in and *order* an elephant—the number one tailor is Dough Hayward, the number one department store is Marks and Spencer, the number one clubs are Annabel's and the White Elephant, and, whichever statistics you look at, the number one Scotch is Teacher's.

And how's that for a happy ending?



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cluded, and a liner note admits that the recording contains only those string quartets published "while he was alive." However, the two albums do give a cross-section of his work, and any representative release of this composer's work requires great courage on the part of a recording company. My reaction to the compositions included—among them Nos. 1 and 2, Opus 54; No. 3, in D Minor, Opus 74; No. 4, in E Flat Major, Opus 109; and No. 5, in F Sharp Minor, Opus 121; as well as the Quintet for Clarinet and Strings in A Major, Opus 146; the String Trios, Opus 77b and Opus 141b; and an Allegro for Two Violins, Opus Posthumous—is that he was a remarkably uneven composer. The liner notes present him as the precursor of Schoenberg and Bartók, but there is not the slightest trace of atonality. There *is* a pervasive influence of Brahms, and a remarkable restlessness, a piling up of notes, and a busy garrulity nearly everywhere. One work, the Quintet for Clarinet and Strings, comes close to being a masterpiece, and one other—the Quartet Opus 74—is a highly respectable affair. Aside from this, Reger will bore any but the most patient of listeners. His contrapuntal technique is colossal, but his inspiration is apt to be shallow. The performances, on the other hand, are superb.

The five Beethoven Piano Concertos are performed by Vladimir Ashkenazy and the Chicago Symphony, under Georg Solti (London CSA-2404; eight sides). Ashkenazy is a high-powered, youthful pianist, and his playing, along with that of the Chicagoans, is of the most brilliant sort imaginable, but it lacks a certain refinement. This is an excellent modern recording of the Beethoven concertos, but I prefer the one done by Artur Rubinstein with Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony. Another Beethoven Ninth Symphony has now appeared, conducted by Carlo Maria Giulini, with the London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, plus Sheila Armstrong, Anna Reynolds, Robert Tear, and John Shirley-Quirk as vocal soloists (Angel SB-3795; two sides). Giulini's way with the Ninth is sensitive and smooth. The Scherzo is not hammered out, as it sometimes is, the slow movement is notable for its clarity and restraint, and the Finale is admirably held together, the soloists singing their difficult parts in tune and with style. There are many recordings of the work, but this one stands well up on the list.

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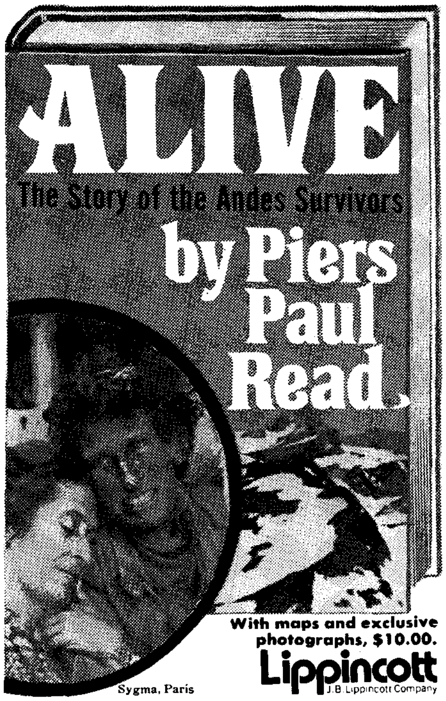

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3797 (four sides). It offers all of the first act of "Die Walküre" and Wotan's Farewell, conducted by the late Otto Klemperer, with Helga Dernesch, William Cochran, Hans Sotin, Norman Bailey, and the New Philharmonia Orchestra. This is a performance of great passion and Romantic freedom of tempo, slow and supremely eloquent. Dernesch is a warm Sieglinde, while Cochran, Sotin, and Bailey—as Siegmund, Hunding, and Wotan, respectively—are up to the highest standards.

"Robert and Clara Schumann: The Complete Piano Trios" is the title of an album that includes Schumann's three trios for piano, violin, and cello (Opuses 63, 80, and 110) as well as his wife's trio, Opus 17. Clara is not quite as forceful and original a composer as her husband. Her trio is somewhat Mendelssohnian, but she lived her life surrounded by other great pianists, and the derivations of her music are obvious and excusable. Robert's trios are among the gentlest of Romantic works, though Opus 110 has generally been considered inferior to the others. It has its points, however, and the performances of all the music in the album, by the Beaux Arts Trio, are splendid (Philips 6700-051; four sides).

The magnificent Russian pianist Igor Zhukov has completed his project of recording all the Scriabin sonatas with Album 3, which contains Nos. 5, 6, 8, and 10 (Melodiya/Angel SR-40218; two sides). These are late Scriabin, sometimes obscure, but fascinating for their visionary quality, and certainly lucid compared to most contemporary avant-garde composition.

Karl Weigl, who died in New York in 1949, was the last of the Viennese lieder composers. His songs are performed on Turnabout 34522 (two sides) by Judith Raskin, Colette Boky, Betty Allen, George Shirley, and William Warfield, with David Garvey as pianist. Weigl is not well served by his interpreters; Mr. Warfield in particular is in terrible voice.

Prokofieff's Cello Concerto, Opus 58, and the Khatchaturian Cello Concerto (1946) have been recorded by the cellist Christine Walevska, with the National Opera Orchestra of Monte Carlo, under the baton of Eliahu Inbal (Philips 6500-518). Miss Walevska is a fine virtuoso cellist. The Prokofieff is a distinguished work, and the Khatchaturian is top-flight Khatchaturian; that is to say, only a trifle trashy, and an excellent showpiece.

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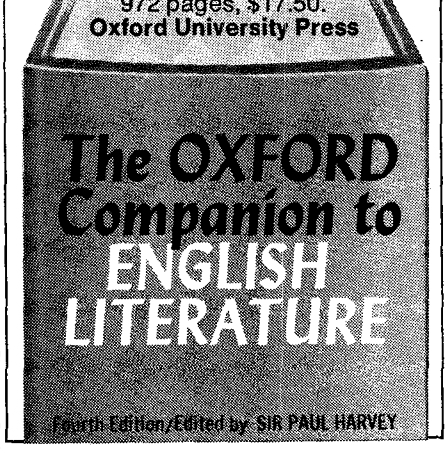
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BOOKS

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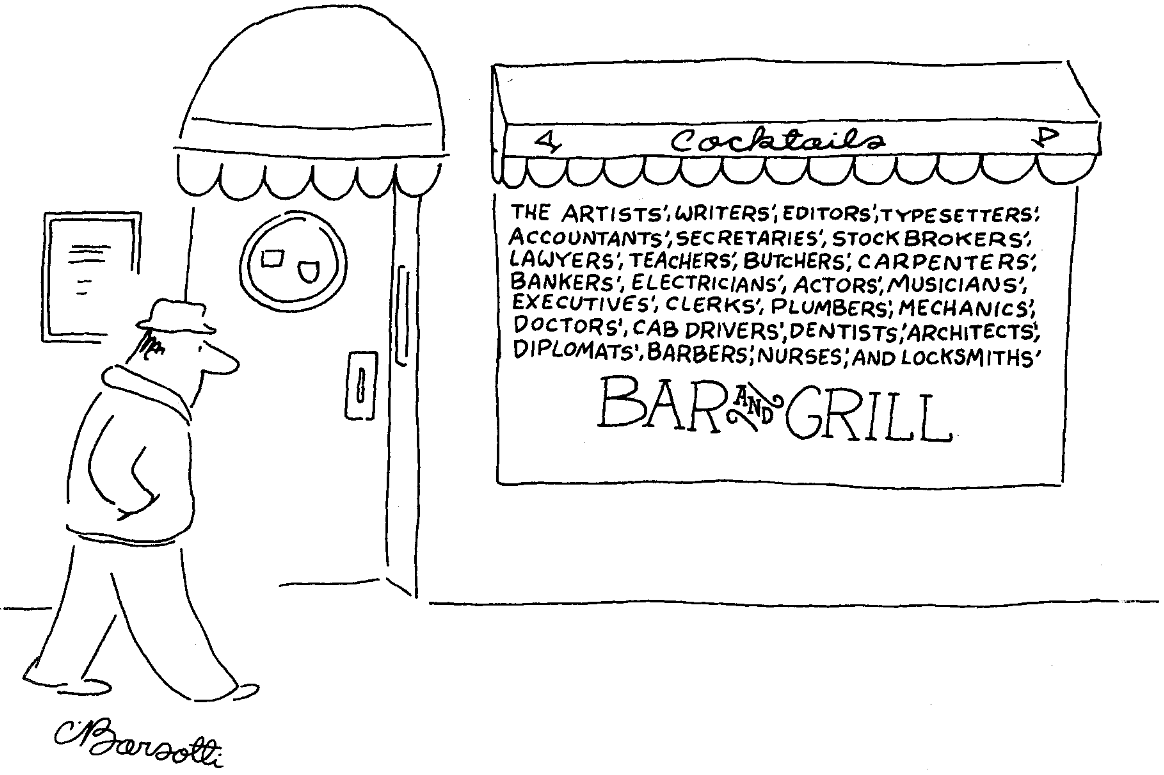
“Coping: Essays on the Practice of Government,” by Daniel P. Moynihan (Random House), is a collection of essays, written between 1960 and 1973, about diverse aspects of domestic policy. Health, education, and welfare only begin to cover the scope of the book, which ranges into political theory, architectural criticism, recent American history, and opinion. Dr. Moynihan has added second thoughts, recollections, or further information to some of his work, but, annotated or not, each article tells what its author felt, hoped, expected, attempted, or achieved, and what lessons he learned; the book has been lived as well as thought. Apart from the attractions of acquaintance, if not intimacy, with the author, this personal quality has another advantage: social thought is as inescapably autobiographical as is fiction, and so it is just as well that social thinkers speak frankly to their readers. Dr. Moynihan reveals that he has always been interested in being effective, in translating theory into practice, which in social studies means political activity. One political problem that recurs is how to persuade somebody—the American public, its agents, or its representatives at any level of government—to take a stitch in time when a number, or many, of the people you are urging to act consider that stitch to be no stitch at all but the thin end of the wedge.

Perhaps his most startling topic, historically, is the safety of automobiles, which he began studying professionally in 1958, for Governor Harriman of New York. In 1960, Moynihan and a medical researcher in the field estimated that “something like one-third of the automobiles manufactured in Detroit actually end up with blood on them,” and Moynihan added, “I understand a Canadian group has raised this estimate to the level of every other car.” These figures impressed nobody at the time. Police campaigns against speeders seemed neither to reduce accidents nor to modify the behavior of drivers. (Moynihan says, with amazement, that Americans, once inside their automobiles, were all used to being stopped by armed men.) The State of New York and, later, the federal government began to think the solution was to build safer cars. They talked to the automobile manufacturers, who regarded everybody except other automobile manufacturers as an outsider trying to tell them how to run their business. But by 1966 the federal government decided to act. “What happened,” Moynihan says, “was that people changed their minds about the automobile. . . . The scientist Michael Polanyi has called attention to how much more common this process is than is generally recognized. One day a society appears to be operating within a well-established and untroubled system of belief, the next day it turns out to have abandoned its old convictions in favor of entirely new ones.” The process Moynihan describes may be like many religious conversions, which appear sudden but have been long in the making, and frequently leave the convert more to do and farther to go. Moynihan thinks plenty remains to be done; he fears, while he takes literary leave of automotive safety, that, as has been the case with railroad regulation, the industry may seduce its regulators.

That kind of continuing concern is typical of this author; across a decade, Moynihan appears as a man who thinks no cause is ever wholly won and none wholly lost. That is how he feels about the problems that cluster around poverty, dependency, and public education and its failure, so far, to cure dependency. He notes that as long ago as 1939 “E. Franklin Frazier of Howard University forecast that, as the bankrupt system of Southern agriculture forced more and more of the rural Negro proletariat into the cities, the problem of welfare dependency of Negro families would become increasingly acute.” Moynihan allows that the Second World War distracted Americans from domestic concerns. Afterward, some farmers went broke, but others got bank loans and bought machinery. The nation put in a spell of self-congratulation during the nineteen-fifties (teaching Khrushchev to grow corn) and then suddenly noticed that a lot of city people, especially women and children, were on welfare; economists began to talk about “structural” as opposed to “aggregate” unemployment. There may have been a politically appropriate time—Moynihan, looking back over the Eisenhower years, seems to think there was not—but no stitch was taken. However, he has plenty of ideas. For one, he has been attempting to persuade the public that a family-allowance plan might help end welfare depen-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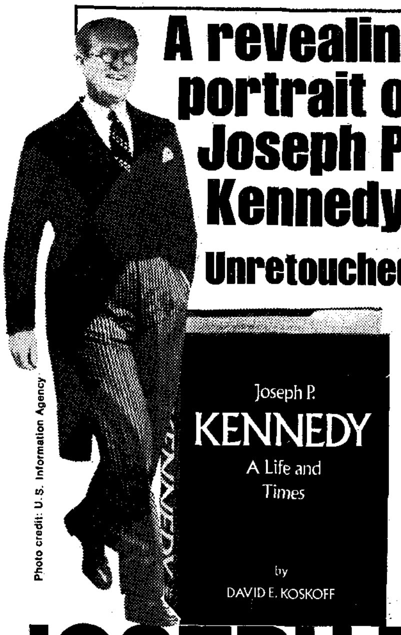
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dency. But to Moynihan setbacks or delays are not the end of the world, or of his hopes; he remembers his own exaggerated expectations, during the Kennedy Administration, of what the government could do to solve social problems fast: most remain unsolved, but many were at least palliated. He has been disappointed, but he does not write like a disappointed man. I have a hunch that something like the change in the attitude toward the automobile has been working in social policy, and that the American population is moving, slowly, toward the "welfare state" without using that (in American politics) opprobrious term. And my guess is that this movement is due less to theory or to propaganda than to the experience of people who are not themselves necessarily poor but who have found, against a background of almost continuous inflation, that the nation's (and individuals') patchwork efforts to provide what have always been expensive goods (a philosophical term; in economics they are called services), such as education and health care, have not been adequate. By the political right, Moynihan's pleas for framing statutes that can pass legislatures and for shaping actions so that they will be attractive to broad sections of the population may be considered the thin end of the wedge. Moynihan argues with people who think they are on his political left, especially if he thinks they are certain that they know what they do not. He is ever more impressed by what we do *not* know—about education, among other matters—and regrets that it is precisely such concerns that arouse our fiercest arguments. But people always quarrel hardest when ignorance is greatest; nobody ever questions that two and two make four.

Moynihan is a mettlesome arguer, and he may multiply his assumptions beyond what is necessary, as when he takes a swipe at the American tradition of individualism because he believes it has not paid enough attention to the family. But the primacy of the individual is far too precious a commodity to be diminished, and, when he is asking for family assistance, it should be remembered that intact families are precisely what breed individuals. Moynihan does not shout, though he does needle, and many of his contentions, both needling and grave, are pleas for moderation in argument as well as for perseverance in action. Here he may be talking about a troublesome point. The social sciences are, I imagine, trying to be "scientific," or, at the very least, self-critical, exact, logical. Politics—es-

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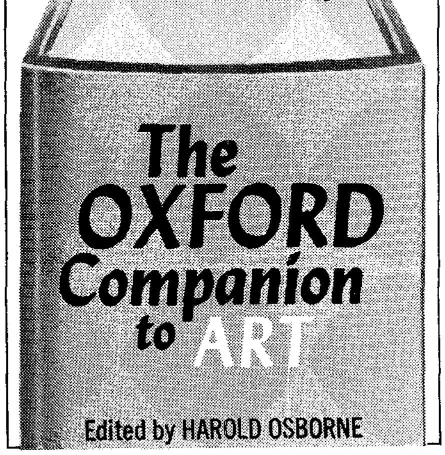

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pecially democratic politics—are not. They are (as Moynihan, sometimes with sorrow, sometimes with glee, reminds us) a sort of rumpus in which nobody ever gets anything exactly right: thus we call politics (inaccurately, when you think of Mondrian, say) an art. When social theory is in the process of translation into political action, both the theory and the theorists get their lumps, and Ph.D.s as well as politicians lose their tempers; everybody screams and nobody gives anybody else the benefit of the doubt. We cannot know whether the promises, or threats, of apocalypse which were so common in the nineteen-sixties, and against which Moynihan argues in several essays, will continue into the seventies. There was, perhaps, a tendency to cry wolf in the past decade—a habit of overstatement in insisting that certain abuses could not exist a moment longer. (Not only by the left, where Moynihan reproves this state of mind most; the right, too, saw doomsday at least twice a week.) Yet, if one looks abroad for lessons, there is the example of British society, which for so long tolerated so much abuse of its working class that it now seems difficult for even Labour governments to win the workers' trust. This does appear to suggest that Americans, whether they speak loud or soft, need to take each other's serious complaints seriously. The difficulty, as with a crying baby, is to know when the complaint is serious; Moynihan thinks the hardest problem is defining problems. As for the end of the world, or of our society, I recall what C. S. Lewis wrote about the Christian doctrine of the Apocalypse: "Crisis-feeling . . . is essentially transitory," but "a thing does not vanish . . . because someone has spoken of it with exaggeration."

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ROSALIND PASSES, by Frank Swinnerton (Doubleday). In his customary charming fashion, Mr. Swinnerton gives us a rich and airy slice of English life. The scene, for the most part, is an extra-pleasant London suburb, where the Maynards—Clarissa and Henry—live a nice, tidy, quite affluent life that is gradually bogging down in boredom, because they aren't all that mad about each other and they have no children to catch their attention. Rosalind, a beautiful young girl of mysterious magnetism, comes into their lives as a visitor and succeeds in completely

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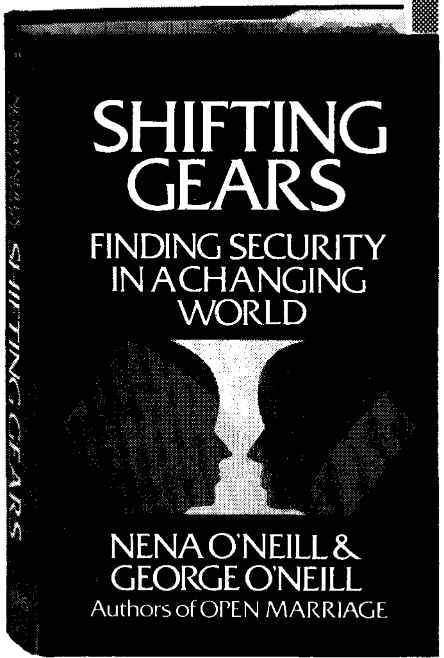
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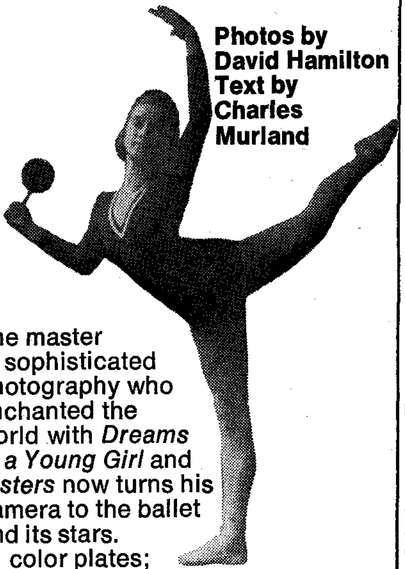

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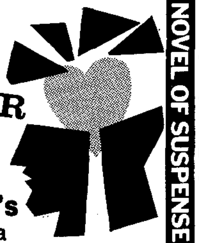

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distracting both of them. She dazzles Henry and disturbs Clarissa so thoroughly that in what seems to be no time at all the Maynards have a daughter, Cherry. The birth of the baby really marks the end of the book, but Mr. Swinnerton goes on to tell of Rosalind's untimely and violent death, and then to show that the general reaction to her passing is one of muted relief: there is no place in ordinary life for beings like Rosalind, and things will be easier without her around. This book, Mr. Swinnerton's fifty-fifth, is not really convincing, but his style is so blessedly familiar and his manner as a storyteller so authoritative that we are not only willing but well able to give in to his spell while the book lasts.

FINAL ANALYSIS, by Lois Gould (Random House). A slick romance about a lonely, disaffected psychiatrist and his guilt-ridden, weepy ex-patient which is occasionally quite funny but pushes feminism and enlightenment-through-psychiatry in the same way that old-fashioned romances used to push love and moral rectitude. The characters here—the woman's friends in a consciousness-raising group, the piggy publishing men who treat her so badly, and even the sloppy, absentminded psychiatrist—never really jell, because they are more like peripheral exhibits in the woman's case history than believable people. The woman herself is sharp and clear. Like most Gould heroines, she's a rather endearing schlemiel who *knows* she deserves a better life than the one she is living, but even she is subjected to too much labelling and packaging (expressions like "I'm functioning" and "needing someone emotionally" appear with depressing frequency), and, throughout, the author's tart, irreverent sense of humor is undercut by the heavy-handed politicking.

GENERAL

ALIVE: THE STORY OF THE ANDES SURVIVORS, by Piers Paul Read (Lippincott). On October 13, 1972, a Uruguayan plane with a crew of five and carrying forty passengers, many of them members of an amateur Rugby team bound for a game in Chile, crashed in the high, snowbound Argentine Andes. Sixteen of the company survived for seventy days by eating the flesh of their dead companions, and the news of their anthropophagous experience, when it became known,

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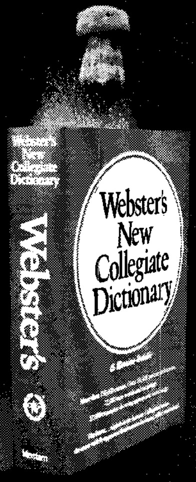

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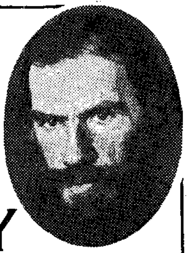

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was a worldwide journalistic sensation. Mr. Read, an English novelist, was chosen by the survivors to write a full and balanced account of their ordeal, and he has done so with conspicuous success. He makes it clear—movingly clear—that although the survivors owe their lives to cannibalism, there was far more to it than that. There was extraordinary courage involved (in the end, two of the group climbed down the mountains to bring about the eventual rescue), there was unusual discipline and a mature sense of solidarity, and there was a great sustaining faith in God. It was, indeed, an adventure both physical and spiritual, with deep and probably permanent emotional consequences for the sixteen surviving young men. Photographs.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE HUMAN PROSPECT, by Robert L. Heilbroner (Norton). Mr. Heilbroner is as learned and eloquent an economist as John Kenneth Galbraith, though he lacks Galbraith's sardonic playfulness, which would be rather out of place in a work as grave and troubled as this one. Looking two or three generations ahead, he sees an overpopulated world, the exhaustion of natural resources, and a host of other difficulties, not the least of which is a vastly overheated atmosphere as a legacy of our technological prodigies. In order to survive, he thinks, the race will have to abandon many of its accustomed ways of doing things. To avoid a catastrophic global civil, or class, war, the well-to-do in the industrial nations will have to either accept a standard of living not much above what we now call the poverty line or else install brutal authoritarian regimes. Technology will have to devote itself to undoing, and perhaps reversing, its earlier triumphs. An unpleasant social discipline may have to be established—and, along with it, a noxious nationalism. Mr. Heilbroner has his doubts as to whether any of this can be accomplished in the time left to us without the kind of Draconian measures that he and all equally civilized men abhor. One may now and then find fault with his diagnoses, and his remedies, in the main, seem only slightly preferable to extinction. To be concealed from depressed relatives and friends.

A HOME FOR THE HEART, by Bruno Bettelheim (Knopf). A voluminous, detailed, and altogether engrossing description of the aims, daily life, and inner workings of the Ortho-

Thomas Jefferson bust by Houdon, New-York Historical Society. Photo by Nina Leen, © 1964-1972 Time, Inc.

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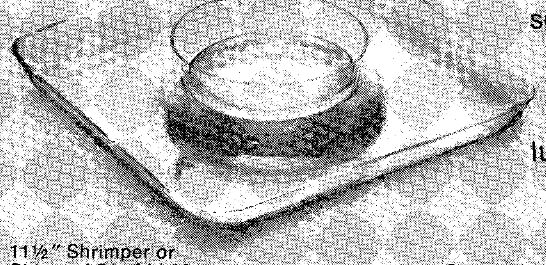

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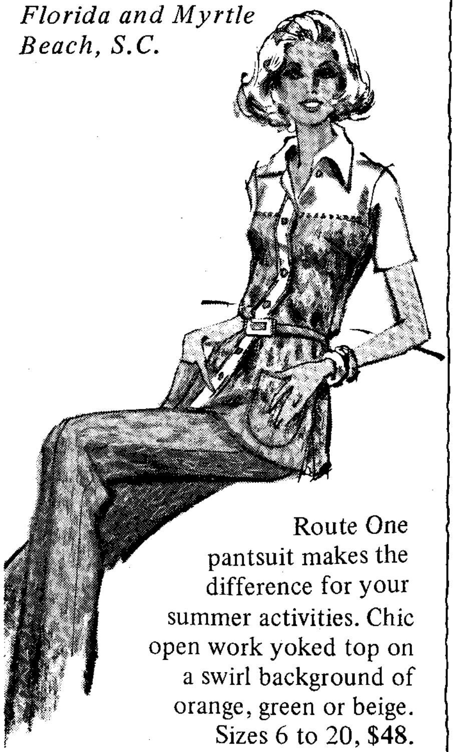

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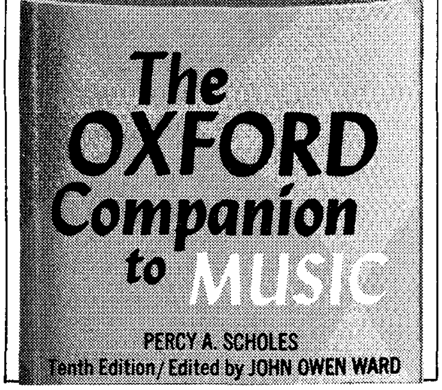
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genic School of the University of Chicago—a small (fifty today) community for autistic and schizophrenic children and young people that Dr. Bettelheim and his extraordinary staff in the last twenty-nine years have transformed into what is probably the most remarkable mental institution in the country. "Milieu therapy," the name of the kind of treatment the patients—chiefly declared "hopeless"—receive, has, in practical terms, meant changing just about every aspect of conventional institutional life: locked doors to open doors; cold, impersonal dormitories to warm, homelike spaces; rules designed to treat the patients as outcasts to rules that stress the patients' needs. More than eighty-five per cent of the patients leave the school to lead "normal" lives. "Nearly all psychiatric hospitals are organized to permit the staff to protect themselves against experiencing the patient," Dr. Bettelheim says. The Orthogenic School proceeds by taking the patients and whatever they do very seriously, and by breaking down the barriers between staff and patients, so that the staff can really find out "what all these annoying, confusing, crazy things they do are all about." This process is described in great detail, and fills one with admiration and profound respect for everyone concerned. One cannot help but hope that this book will serve as a model for all mental institutions—not just children's—in the future.

•

After the ninth University of Minnesota Alumni Survey, the word "affluence" is still an appropriate adjective for the University of Minnesota graduate.—*University of Minnesota Alumni News.*

Except for the English teachers.

•

Jamaica made a frontal assault on the United States for "sheer stone-aged stupidity regarding Cuba" as the climax to another wise cordial Hemispheric conference. . . .—*Kingston (Jamaica) Sunday Gleaner.*

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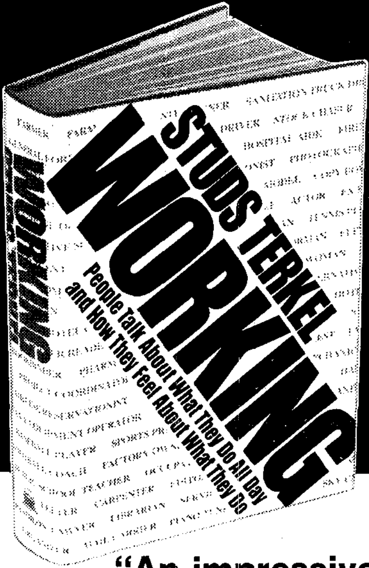
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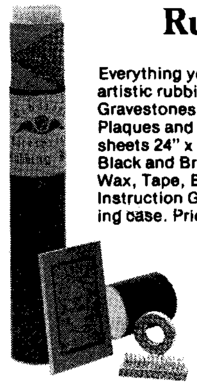

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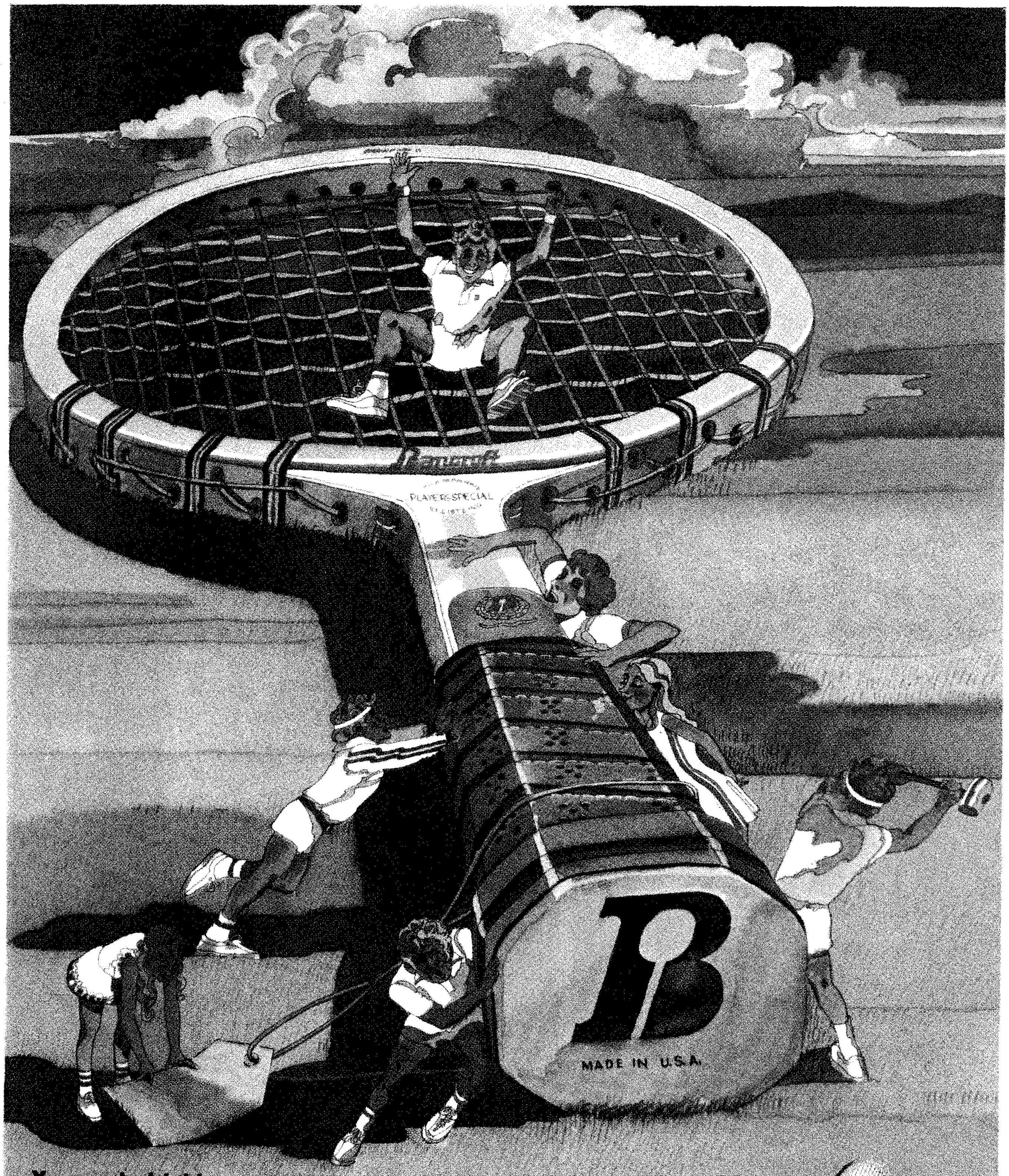

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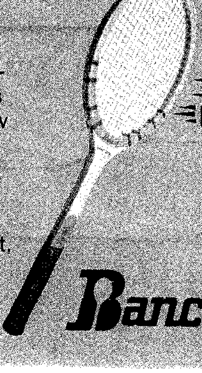

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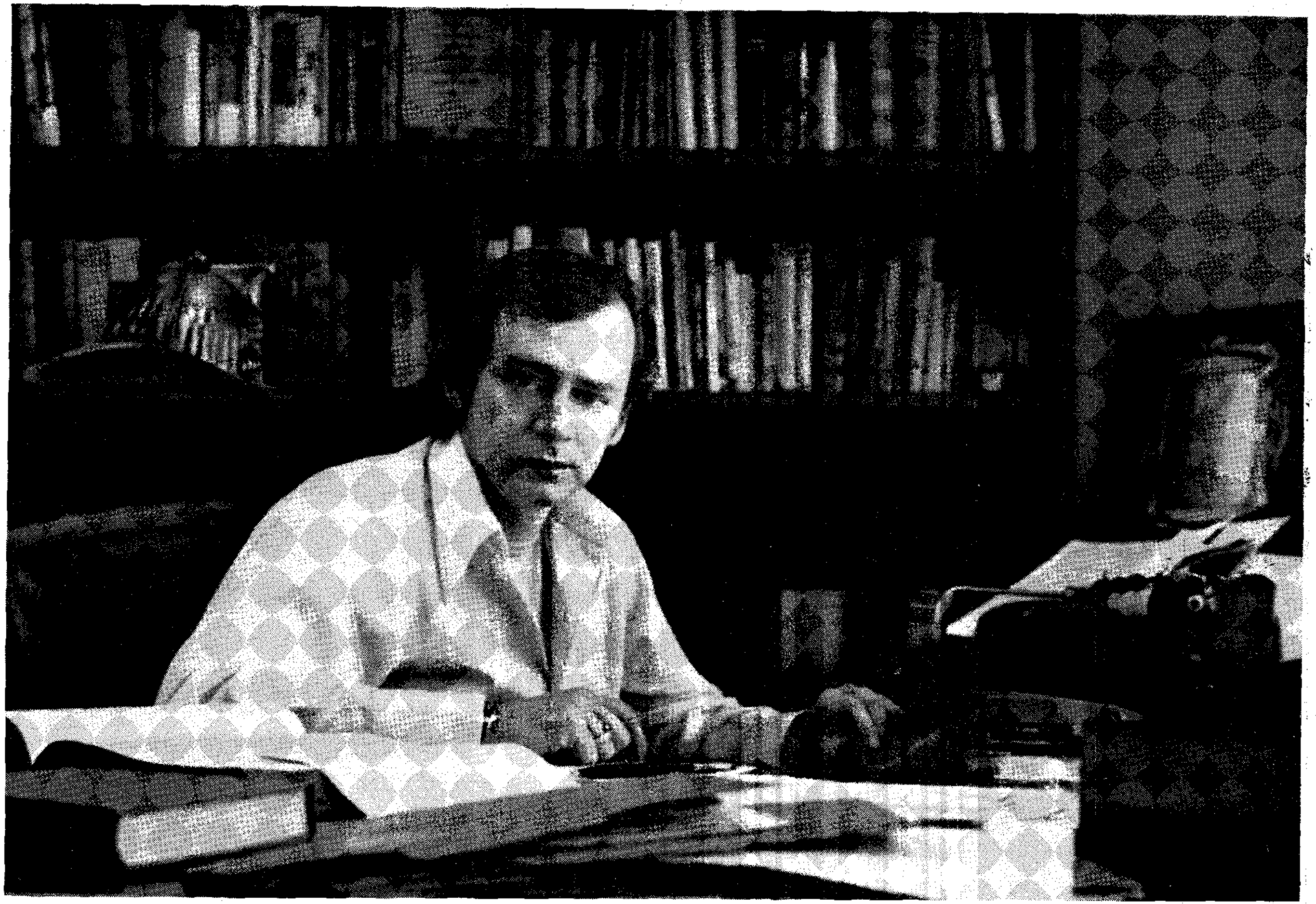

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DENNIS SMITH

HOME: Garrison, New York

AGE: 32

PROFESSION: New York City Fireman. M.A., B.A. Associate Professor of Literature.

HOBBIES: Irish poetry, guitar, bagpipes.

LAST BOOK READ: "Memoirs," by William Butler Yeats

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Author of best selling book, "Report From Engine Co. 82."

QUOTE: "Many people still think of the firefighter as a checker-playing, suspenders-wearing man who occasionally rescues kittens from treetops. It is a brutal, grimy job in which highly-coordinated, split-second action determines whether or not a life will be saved."

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